Commentary

Volume Fifty-nine, Number Four, April 1975

The United States & Israel

Tilt in the Middle East?

Theodore Draper

The Return of Heroin
James Q. Wilson

Golden Age
Bette Howland

The Muse of Ocean Parkway—A Story
Jacob Lampart

In Memory of Richard Tucker
Jacob Cohen

Theater: Our Actors and Theirs
Jack Richardson

Burying the Hatchet
Paul Seabury

Books in Review:
Martin Mayer/Benno Weiser Varon/
Stephen M. Rittenberg/Erich Isaac/Jeane Kirkpatrick

AN EXCHANGE ON OIL & FORCE:
ROBERT W. TUCKER AND CRITICS

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE / $1.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jean-Paul Loup Proudly Presents

THE FIRST LIMITED EDITION CLASSIC ENAMEL PAINTING ON A CONCAVE COPPER PLAQUE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jean-Paul Loup is privileged to make the exclusive offering of a milestone masterwork of unparalleled beauty . . .

Loup/Bétourné's "Winter Scene", the most unique Limited Edition ever done in Classic Enamelling!

Even if you are a knowledgeable collector or admirer of the enameler's art—you have never seen a work comparable to this. "Winter Scene" is the first Classic Enamel Painting ever successfully executed on a concave copper plate. Never before has an enamel painting had such depth and dimension!

If enamelling on a concave copper plaque is so beautiful, why hasn't anyone done it before now? Simply because it requires the perfect combination of intricate technique, skill and experience. Until now, no studio had all the artists, craftsmen and facilities needed to overcome the difficulties involved.

But today, after 10 years of intensive research, the Loup/Bétourné of Limoges, France (world's finest and largest Classic Enamelers) has perfected and patented the process that opens this whole new world of classic enamelling beauty!

Here are a few reasons why the Loup/Bétourné Studio succeeded where others had failed:

- A special enamel that would not crack or deform on the concave surface when fired was the key to success. Jean Bétourné invented such an enamel.
- To suppress deformities in the enamelling plaques during firing, a custom setting was designed for the Loup/Bétourné enamelling oven (the world's largest).
- 40 enamelers (including 4 Master Enamelers) will work night and day for six months to produce an Edition of only 300.
- A total of 15 to 18 days of work will be required for each plate.
- 50 seperate firings with temperatures varying between 1112 and 1832 degrees (depending on the color and chemical mixture employed) will be necessary for each plate.
- Uncounted hours will be spent preparing, hand-shaping and finally framing each plaque.

© 1974 Jean Paul Loup

As if the unequalled beauty of "Winter Scene" weren't enough, it's investment potential is excellent also! When you consider that works of art are today's best investment and that this is the first successful work in a new medium—you get a hint of the investment potential. But the most important factor to consider is that each of these Classic Enamellings will be done free hand—no stencil will be used. **No two will be exactly alike . . . each "Winter Scene" will be an original work of art!**

You will never again be able to buy a work of this type at the low price of $750.00. Now that their concave copper enamelling technique has been perfected, Loup/Bétourné Studio will of course produce different editions. But with the way costs continue to rise, the last few "Winter Scene" enamellings will cost the studio almost double $750.00! So the price tags on future editions will have to be $1,000, $2,000 or even $3,000! It's just economic necessity.

Finished, framed size of each painting is a magnificent 23″ x 20½″ (plaque size is 13¾″ x 10½″). "Winter Scene" will be matted on light brown velvet and encased in an opulent 22 carat gold leafed frame (even the back of the frame is finished in velvet). A richly-engraved "title" plaque will be affixed to each frame. Each enamel painting will be numbered and signed by Bétourné and accompanied by a "Certificate of Authenticity" signed by Jean-Paul Loup and Jean Bétourné.

Based on the tremendous rise in value of our previous Limited Editions, we believe that "Winter Scene" promises to be an investment that cannot go wrong.

Please act now because this Edition is limited to 300. If you are sincerely interested in purchasing "Winter Scene" please fill out and Air Mail the coupon below. We will rush you a beautiful 8″ x 10″ color photograph, full particulars and an order form. **Please do not send any payment or deposit at this time.**

Jean-Paul Loup
Editor of Art—Limited Editions

400 Lathrop Avenue
Post Office Box 216
River Forest, Illinois 60305

Ph. (312) 366-4662
Ph. (312) 366-1130
Telex 721-519 Loup Rifo

Please RUSH me the color photographs, the literature and an order form for "WINTER SCENE".

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

Please do not enclose any payment or deposit.

We welcome: American Express, Master Charge, BankAmericard and Diners Club.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

VOLUME 59 NUMBER 4 APRIL 1975

Articles
29 The United States & Israel *Theodore Draper*
46 The Return of Heroin *James Q. Wilson*
51 Golden Age *Bette Howland*

Fiction
60 The Muse of Ocean Parkway *Jacob Lampart*

Observations
69 In Memory of Richard Tucker *Jacob Cohen*
72 Burying the Hatchet *Paul Seabury*

Theater
74 Our Actors and Theirs *Jack Richardson*

Letters
4 from *Stanley Hoffmann, C. Robert Zelnick, Robert Kaplan, Alan R. Goldman, Henry B. Cohen, Michael C. Nelson, Janet A. Hilbert, Ausaf Ali, Tibor R. Machan, Reuel Shinnar, Arnold M. Kuzmack, Paul D. Hobson, Desmond P. Wilson, Jr., John W. Bowling, Robert W. Tucker, Roger Starr, Herman Jervis, Marvin Maurer, Edward N. Luttwak, B. Bruce-Briggs, Golda Meir, Lev Navrozov,* and others

Books in Review
78 Global Reach, by Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller *Martin Mayer*
82 Aftermath: Martin Bormann and the Fourth Reich, by Ladislas Farago *Benno Weiser Varon*
84 Freud: Living and Dying, by Max Schur *Stephen M. Rittenberg*
88 Ideas of Jewish History, edited by Michael A. Meyer *Erich Isaac*
92 Taking Sides, by Richard J. Whalen *Jeane Kirkpatrick*

Editor: Norman Podhoretz
Executive Editor: Neal Kozodoy
Managing Editor: Marion Magid
Associate Editor: Brenda Brown
Contributing Editors Robert Alter, Milton Himmelfarb, Walter Laqueur
Editorial Assistant: Yvonne M. Lancaster
Business Manager: Ronald Greene
Production Manager: Bruce Lodi
Cover: The Drawing Board, Inc.

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single copy is $1.50, $15 a year; 3 years $40; 5 years $60—Add $4.00 per year for all foreign, including Canada and Latin America—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1975 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in *Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, Public Affairs Information Service, Index to Jewish Periodicals, ABC Pol Sci, Historical Abstracts,* and *America: History and Life*—Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come for the filter.

You'll stay for the taste.

A lot of good taste
that comes easy
through the Micronite filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Elmer L. Winter, *President*

The Commentary Publication Committee

Maurice Glinert, *Chairman*

Donald M. Blinken
Charles D. Breitel
Edward E. Elson
Richard C. Ernst
Robert H. Haines
Sydney M. Kaye
Lewis J. Laventhol
Richard Maass
Bess Myerson
Ned Pines
Frederick P. Rose
David Sher
John Slawson
Harry Steiner
Alan M. Stroock*
Laurence A. Tisch
Ben Touster
Gerard Weinstock

**Honorary Member*

Letters from Readers

Oil & Force

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

A few years ago, Robert W. Tucker marshaled his formidable logical talents to produce a powerful plea for a "new American isolationism." In mid-1978, in discussing his position, I wrote that "it is true that the stability of deterrence insures the physical security of the U.S.; that this security would not be threatened even if a repudiation of U.S. military commitments abroad led to an epidemic of neutralism among ex-allies or to a sharp increase of Soviet or Chinese influence." But I found Mr. Tucker's argument unconvincing for several reasons, one of which was that "no great power has ever *defined its interest in terms of* physical security alone: influence is the name of the game." Another reason was "the fear . . . of the price tag of a hostile world for U.S. imports and exports (even if oil-producing countries would still have to sell oil to us, they could charge ever more prohibitive rates)."

This has indeed happened, and now Mr. Tucker tells us that "even the few among us who have argued for a radical contraction of America's interests and commitments have done so on the assumption that the consequences of an American withdrawal would not be a world in which America's political and economic frontiers were coterminous with her territorial frontiers, and in which societies that share our culture, institutions, and values might very possibly disappear." Having revised his assumption, the articulate champion of military isolationism now becomes the champion of military intervention. Once again, the arguments are superb, the analysis is rigorous, and one is almost convinced. But in both instances the same thing is wrong: Mr. Tucker simply leaves out every point that could complicate or undercut his case.

1) He tends to attribute the general reluctance to envisage military intervention in other than "worst-case" terms to a kind of post-Vietnam melancholia, an "obsession with the West's past sins." Quite apart from the fact that Henry Kissinger is not known to suffer from such dread diseases (indeed, he constantly warns against them), there may be another explanation, less apocalyptic and more cynical. OPEC's decision to quadruple the price of oil may create formidable problems for all industrial nations (not to mention the poorest developing countries), but it has also helped the U.S. restore its challenged predominance over the polices of Western Europe and Japan, given the much greater dependence of the latter on imported oil. The U.S. is in the best position to develop alternatives to OPEC oil on its own soil and to export them to others thanks to its technological advance. In any vast "recycling" facility, such as the one suggested by Kissinger, the U.S. and West Germany will be the lenders of last resort; only the U.S., however, is likely to be the controlling adviser defining the terms on which needy clients will get help. It is in the International Energy Agency, i.e., under U.S. leadership, that the energy policies of Europe will be determined, not in the EEC. In other words, OPEC's action, a disaster for many, was, for the U.S., both a headache and a windfall. Military intervention would be primarily an act of altruism on America's part—and, as Mr. Tucker realizes, one that would not even be well-received by its beneficiaries. Insofar as America's national interest is concerned (the criterion recommended in Mr. Tucker's previous essay), intervention might cure the current headache, but it would both create new ones and throw away the windfall.

2) Mr. Tucker does not distinguish between economic provocations that would leave no real alternatives to the use of force and those that seem susceptible of other measures. The U.S. government has made it quite clear that a new embargo, or price hikes amounting to "strangulation" of industrial economies, could lead to military intervention. But Mr. Tucker suggests that the measures taken by OPEC so far are sufficient to justify such intervention because of "the distinct *possibility* of an economic and political disaster." My question to him is: even if intervention could take place in the optimal conditions he envisages, does he believe that a "possibility of disaster" is enough to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're American Airlines. Doing what we do best.

The Caribbean. A great place for gefilte fishing.

AA The Caribbean is more than a place for sun, sports and swimming. It's a place where you'll find Jewish communities, landmarks, synagogues, even Jewish-style cooking. Where in the Caribbean? Read all about it in our *Tourist's Guide to Jewish History in the Caribbean.* It normally sells for a dollar, but for you...50¢!

Helping you discover a new side of the Caribbean is one of the things we do best.

Columbus gets the credit for discovering America. But the first member of his crew to set foot on the New World was Jewish. His interpreter, Luis de Torres.

The date: October 12, 1492.

The place: San Salvador.

When de Torres got back to Spain, he leaked the news to his friends: "Have I got a place for you!"

Today there are Jewish communities and Jewish landmarks from one end of the islands to the other.

In fact, in Curacao the Western Hemisphere's oldest synagogue still stands.

American Airlines asked Rabbi Malcolm H. Stern, historian, and writer Bernard Postal to put together a *Tourist's Guide to Jewish History in the Caribbean,* and we're pleased to make it available to you.

It can tell you everything from where to find a duty-free camera to where you can enjoy a nice Jewish meal.

Incidentally, if you fly American Airlines to any one of seven Caribbean islands, we can provide Kosher food on board. Just tell us when you make your reservations.

After the flight, you can go where your impulse takes you.

You can shop in St. Thomas, sun in San Juan or nosh at the Plaza Deli in Curacao.

American Airlines
P.O. Box 1000
Bellmore, N.Y. 11710

Please send me your *Tourist's Guide to Jewish History in the Caribbean* for 50¢, before it goes up to full price on June 1.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serve as a trigger, and if so, and every nation behaved accordingly, what kind of a world would we get? That war may remain necessary as a last resort we all know, even if some would deny even this in the nuclear age. But persons concerned with world order have a duty to indicate with some rigor the circumstances in which the last resort must be envisaged. Britain and France thought that Nasser's control of the Suez Canal would lead to "economic and political disaster"; we thought that Hanoi's control of Saigon would lead to disaster; we now think otherwise. Even in the Cuban missile crisis, Kennedy did not order a military expedition: he instituted a blockade.

3) Let us assume that the financial burdens imposed by OPEC are indeed impossible to bear without "humiliating" indebtedness to the OPEC countries or an unacceptably high level of OPEC investments in industrial nations. Let us also assume that the first stages of military intervention can be carried out as easily as Mr. Tucker suggests. What next? First of all haven't we some good reasons to doubt that intervention can be as "surgical" as bombing used to be described by its advocates? Are there no grounds for believing that even if we succeed in seizing the oil fields, terrorism could make of oil shipments a political and environmental nightmare? Second, would the costs of intervention and subsequent occupation be substantially lower than the costs of energy-saving measures and programs for the development of substitutes (which would be highly desirable even if OPEC hadn't shown any *hubris*) capable of bringing down the price of oil, which is the chief goal of intervention? And if Mr. Tucker replies that these programs may not force it down, can he tell us for sure that intervention will? Third, what about the effects of intervention on the regimes around the Persian Gulf? The toppling of a hostile Nasser by Eden and Mollet might not have led to his replacement by a more pliable Egyptian. The toppling of conservative and anti-Communist feudal sovereigns in the Middle East would not be likely to bring about more "cooperative" leaders—certainly not for very long. Would we therefore have to stay in occupation forever?

4) This brings me to the moral and normative aspects of the problem. If the Arabs and Iranians act as they do because they have been humiliated too long, is the best response to humiliate them some more? Even if our purpose is to make cheaper oil available to all, won't our seizure be seen as an act of pure greed and a lurid fling of neo-imperialism? If the new equalitarianism threatens to breed chaos and "an international system far harsher than today's, or even yesterday's," does the best way of creating a new and stable hierarchy consist of an application of brute force by the mightiest nation, which will only harden the determination of all the underdogs to take their revenge? To be sure, a renunciation of the use of force to redress non-military measures of coercion raises serious problems: it puts a premium on the adoption of such measures and seriously embarrasses Western powers which still control vast resources in the so-called Third World. That was precisely the argument of the British and French at the time of Suez. But is there no other answer than the use of force? Superpowers, in some ways, teach by example. Do we want to teach all nations that force is relevant to economic issues, and that political contests over such issues are to be resolved through military means rather than the admittedly slow processes of international institutions? (But are military "solutions" any more rewarding, or any more final, or any less hazardous and frustrating?) Would not the concern for a world system both less brutal and less unfair than that of the past require that we seek solutions that maximize interdependence, entangle the "newly rich" countries in the economies of the old ones, give the former an incentive to avoid —and indeed deter them from— damaging the latter, and commit the old *and* the new rich to improving the fate of the poorest nations?

To sum up: Mr. Tucker is very eloquent in demolishing some of the arguments that have been put forward about the high risks or unfeasibility of military intervention. But a refutation of selected objections does not amount to a persuasive case. As long as he has not dealt with the whole political and moral context, in a realm where ethics is a matter of consequences, not intentions, it is difficult to refrain from the conclusion that his acknowledgment of his earlier errors has misled him into his present blind spots. Whether he advocates isolationism or intervention, this fine critic of American habits and rationalizations exhibits a constant American trait: impatience with uncertainty, and the resulting desire to find a radical solution that will save us, and the world, from having to live in uncertainty. One may understand the longing, without believing that it can ever be fulfilled.

STANLEY HOFFMANN
Center for European Studies
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Many people, including myself, would have no real difficulty in supporting the use of force against a second political embargo, assuming it threatened either ourselves or our allies with economic chaos. Nor can it be credibly doubted that OPEC pricing policies alone could pose so severe a threat to Western financial institutions—and indeed Western governments —as to become the functional equivalent of an embargo, thus compelling a military response.

The question, therefore, is whether events have ripened to this point. On the basis of OPEC's quadrupling of oil prices and the reasonably foreseeable consequences flowing from that action, would we be justified in now undertaking military action bereft of the support of allies far more adversely affected than ourselves and under circumstances requiring violation of the spirit if not the letter of the War Powers Act? (The need for swiftness and secrecy, both to protect our own forces and to prevent massive destruction of the oil fields, would effectively preclude prior consultation with the Congress. This would in turn force the administration to rely upon the so-called "emergency" provisions of the act which, at best, provide questionable justification for so calculated a venture.)

My own inclination is that the question must be answered in the negative and Mr. Tucker offers little in the way of contrary evidence. . . . Let us see, first, if it is possible to determine how disastrous the new high oil prices have in fact been in the year since they were imposed—a year when their disruptive effects were at their maximum—and how disastrous are they likely to be during the next several years.

One obvious measuring rod is in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the balance-of-payments area. According to the December report, *Economic Outlook*, published by the OECD, the 23 member nations went from a small collective trade surplus in 1973 to a cumulative oil-occasioned deficit of close to $40 billion in the year just ended. The deficit was spread unevenly among the various states, with West Germany and the Netherlands continuing to show healthy trade surpluses and Japan experiencing a $4.75 billion deficit in 1974 but expected to move toward a surplus in 1975, while other nations, including the United States, Great Britain, Italy, and France, face substantial deficits in both years. Serious as these current-accounts situations are, few economists see them as foreshadowing economic Armageddon. . . .

In the slightly longer run, the picture is even less bleak. For one thing, as noted by Edward R. Fried of the Brookings Institution, about 60 per cent of the new oil revenues are headed toward relatively poor nations or others with populations sufficiently large to enable the bulk of such revenues to be spent on goods and services purchased from the industrial West. Included in this group are such countries as Indonesia, Nigeria, Iran, and Venezuela where trade surpluses are likely to be shortlived with hard currency soon flowing back into Western treasuries.

As regards the remaining OPEC members, there is no question but that Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Libya, Qatar, and Oman and the United Arab Emirates figure during the next ten years to accumulate perhaps $200 billion to $300 billion more than they can spend. Mr. Tucker is quite correct in suggesting that this is no piddling sum, that it is unlikely to flow back in the form of investments into Western economies with anything resembling perfect symmetry, and that, if concentrated in certain pivotal Western industries, it could give a handful of mischievous regimes inordinate control over the destinies of Western economies.

But as the OECD economists note, long-run trade imbalances would be substantial even were there no OPEC investments to give impetus to corrective action. And it is unreasonable to assume, as Mr. Tucker implicitly does, that Western governments simply lack the resourcefulness to regulate investments by overseas governments and individuals intelligently. . . .

One need not, then, embrace magic recycling formulas in order to emerge with a less apocalyptic view of the short-to-medium-term trade picture than Mr. Tucker presents. Instead, one need only be persuaded that Western governments have both the capability and the will to protect both their financial institutions and their weakest national entities against the short-run danger of insolvency triggered by a shortage of liquid assets.

Most economists make short shrift of the related economic problems of inflation and recession to the extent they are deemed the inevitable consequences of OPEC actions in 1973-74. For one thing, it is clear that the worldwide economic boom of 1972-73, the coincidental crop failures of the same period, the after-effects of U.S. dollar devaluation, the sudden end to wage-and-price controls decreed by the Nixon administration, and, later, hefty wage-and-price increases as organized labor attempted to recoup a portion of workers' lost real income, all served to fan worldwide inflationary flames. The oil-price boosts also played a prominent role, causing perhaps as much as 50 per cent of the 1974 inflation, according to some estimates. But the price increases were non-recurring events. And even if oil prices stay at their current levels, their impact on inflation will henceforth be marginal.

Of greater immediate concern was the reaction of the Western states to the energy-related inflation. Only a handful of economists seem to have recognized higher oil costs as the equivalent of an excise tax taking purchasing power out of the hands of consumers and creating the need for counter-recessionary rather than counter-inflationary government policies. As a result, at the very moment the 1972-73 demand boom was subsiding, most Western governments were busy treating its inflationary after-effects, together with those attributable to the boost in oil prices, rather than the deepening malaise of recession.

We are now living with the consequences, an 8.2 per cent unemployment rate in the United States as of February, and increasing unemployment in most of the remainder of the free industrial world. Mr. Tucker does not suggest, nor would any rational commentator suggest, that going to war is an appropriate remedy for unemployment. Instead, . . . the United States and other Western nations must provide the sort of additional economic stimulus necessary to prevent the situation from getting completely out of hand. There is no reason to believe this cannot be done. There is, in any event, no reason to suppose that a $2 or $3 rollback in the price of a barrel of Saudi Arabian light crude as the byproduct of armed U.S. intervention would instantly restore Western economies to robust health.

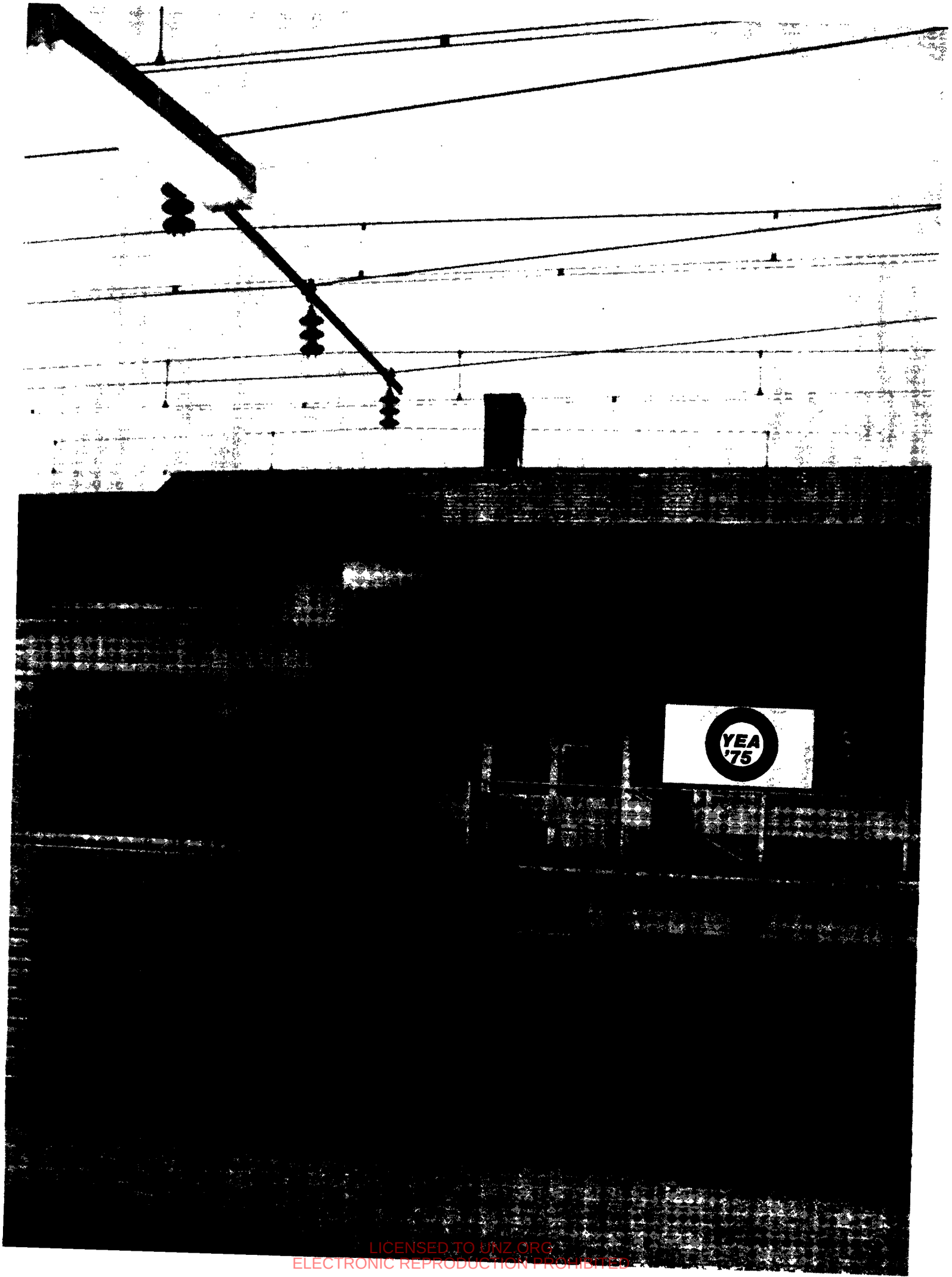
Mr. Tucker has quite properly divorced the political well-being of the State of Israel from his analysis, which is limited to the question of military intervention as a vehicle for getting worldwide oil prices down. . . . But an American military thrust in the Persian Gulf area would hardly enhance the region's stability. It would of necessity be directed against those governments regarded as relatively moderate in the current context. It would have a traumatic effect upon others, driving some more firmly into the Soviet embrace, causing others to purchase arms at any price from any source, fatally fracturing this nation's ability to serve as mediator of the Israeli-Arab dispute. In time, America's physical presence in the area would rival the Palestinian question as a source of enduring friction and controversy.

An even more immediate impact would likely be felt on the course of U.S.-Soviet détente. One can accept as sound Mr. Tucker's assessment of the "low risk-taking propensity" of Soviet foreign policy as barring direct confrontation with the United States in the Persian Gulf itself. But it is difficult to imagine that those Kremlin forces opposing arms-limitation agreements, trade pacts, and liberalized emigration policies would be anything other than strengthened by an American military takeover of the Persian Gulf oil fields.

Mr. Tucker also mentions the plight of developing nations hard hit by the increase in oil-related materials. Here, I confess, the essay has a distressingly familiar tone, for armed intervention is no longer justified solely in terms of vital American interests but as the sort of thing any decent humanitarian nation might undertake in order to save the world.

The case would be more compelling, even at first blush, had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Year of Energy Action

We're for pleasure-riding. By making mass transit a pleasure.

Last year, Congress promised to help public transportation with $11.8 billion in federal funds to expand services and subsidize fares. The idea—a good one—is to woo people away from their cars, mass transit being two to four times more fuel-efficient than the automobile.

Now it's up to the cities and states to use this money wisely and imaginatively on train and bus systems. One approach we particularly like: the mushrooming minibus systems serving the sprawling suburbs. They carry commuters to their trains, eliminating the need for gasoline-guzzling station cars. They help kids move about without chauffeuring by mom. They enable senior citizens to shop conveniently.

Many people in Westport, Conn., were skeptical when the town's little fleet of minibuses first got rolling last August. But their seven routes loop past so many homes and businesses that the new system quickly won converts. Out of 27,000 Westporters, no fewer than 5,000 bought annual passes. Traffic is up to 1,800 riders on weekdays, 2,500 on Saturdays and holidays.

The reasons for the system's success aren't hard to spot. The 16-seat buses are clean and attractive. They have big, sightseer-type windows and air conditioning. Seats are roomy and comfortable. Automatic transmission makes for smooth starts and stops. Westport, sold on the buses' convenience, is buying additional vehicles and adding routes. A new dial-a-ride service will even pick up riders at their homes during off-hours. People have come to *like* public transportation because, for a change, it's *likeable*.

Want minibuses in your town? Or better trains? Work for them. Write your local officials, state legislators, the governor. And help make 1975 the Year of Energy Action.

Mobil®

© 1975 Mobil Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western concern for the famine-plagued people of Africa and Asia been more in evidence at the Rome Food Conference last November, where the consensus seemed to be that some $2 billion in concessional aid could have obviated the worst of this winter's distress, or had we demonstrated more of an inclination in recent months to lend other forms of financial assistance to the truly impoverished.

On the other hand, it is far from clear that the newly oil-rich states are unwilling to assist their less fortunate brethren or that the latter are without political leverage in dealing with the former. Minds which come so readily together on the expulsion of Israel from UNESCO, the suspension of South African voting privileges in the UN General Assembly, and the extension of diplomatic invitations to PLO terrorists . . . ought certainly to be able to meet on matters of human survival. And, if they cannot, unilateral American military intervention against the wishes of all would hardly seem to supply the missing catalyst. . . .

C. ROBERT ZELNICK
National Public Radio
Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

If the United States were to force down the inflated price of oil by taking control of the oil-producing areas of the Arabian peninsula, besides solving a present problem, it would be returning to its historic role of international leadership.

Three times before in this century, American leadership has been needed to defend the integrity and vital interests of the community of industrial states which, though lacking formal political institutions or a common culture, are tied to one another by lines of trade and finance. In two world wars the United States provided the margin needed to defeat Germany's attempt to subjugate Europe. In the post-World War II period, America's Marshall Plan and its related programs halted the slide toward chaos of the war-torn countries of Western Europe and put them on the path to steady recovery.

Since 1917, when the United States entered World War I, each time it has retreated from active leadership of the industrial states, this community has drifted toward disintegration and collapse. Immediately after World War I America turned inward. By 1920 the pattern was set: the United States would have no entangling alliances; it would not act to preserve the structure of Europe which it had helped secure by war and formalize with the settlement at Versailles. Without American support, the French and British soon lost the will and then the means to stand against a resurgent Germany bent on conquest. In 1939, when Germany launched its second drive for European hegemony, America remained isolationist and disarmed. Only when bombed into war at Pearl Harbor did it again accept the role of international leadership. . . .

From this perspective, involvement in the quagmire of Vietnam marked a new isolationism for America inasmuch as it permitted a secondary goal, the "containment of Communism," to distract it from its historic primary international objective, the defense of the vital interests of the community of industrial states. . . .

As long as the United States fails to break the cartel decisively, the other industrial countries, too weak and disunited to act on their own, must be expected to appease the oil producers and compete for illusory small advantage. . . . If the United States does act to break the OPEC cartel, as Robert W. Tucker has suggested, there should be no doubt that the Europeans and the Japanese will be at its side, for it is they who have the most to gain.

If the United States is going to act as Mr. Tucker has suggested, its leaders will have to treat the people with a new maturity. No longer can Americans afford to understand their country's role in the world in terms of myths and misleading slogans such as "waging war to end all war," "making the world safe for democracy," and "stopping the spread of international Communism." Renewed American international leadership will have to be understood and justified for what it has always been in this century: defense of the integrity and vital interests of the industrial nations of the Atlantic and Pacific—on whose security rests the stability of the entire world.

ROBERT KAPLAN
Flushing, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Americans never want another Vietnam and fortunately Middle East deserts are not Asian jungles. If the U.S. cannot militarily prevail over Kuwait and Qatar, we are all entitled to question what a nearly $100 billion defense budget is buying. Morally, there is a world of difference between Vietnam and the Middle East. There is nothing particularly uplifting in paying blackmail and incurring the tragedy of unemployed millions to satisfy a handful of monarchs. Furthermore, Israel, as a likely beneficiary of American intervention, actually happens to be a member of the free world as well as a faithful ally whose abandonment would be morally shocking.

Robert W. Tucker's comments on allied reactions are interesting, paradoxical, and correct. Our allies would doubtless express regret and outrage at American military intervention (remembering the American response to the Anglo-French Suez affair of 1956), but it is also quite possible that their fundamental response would be to support the United States. Much depends on how we treat our allies in this matter. Obviously we must be prepared to divert a great deal of oil to West European countries according to need, assuming there is another embargo. We should take the risks involved in confiding in our allies what we intend to do short of revealing precise military tactics. . . .

Finally we come to the USSR. If in fact we have lost the military advantage to the Soviet Union in an area of vital American interest, this is a terrible indictment of U.S. foreign policy in the last decade. I agree with Mr. Tucker that we are still sufficiently capable of protecting our vital interests in the Middle East. The USSR is not likely to risk nuclear war to preserve the independence of Kuwait and Qatar.

I am left with the impression that neither President Ford nor Secretary Kissinger has a very high regard for the wisdom and courage of the American people. Americans have always responded to serious threats to their national way of life once they perceive the stakes. Given intelligent and forthright leadership, our nerves won't fail us now.

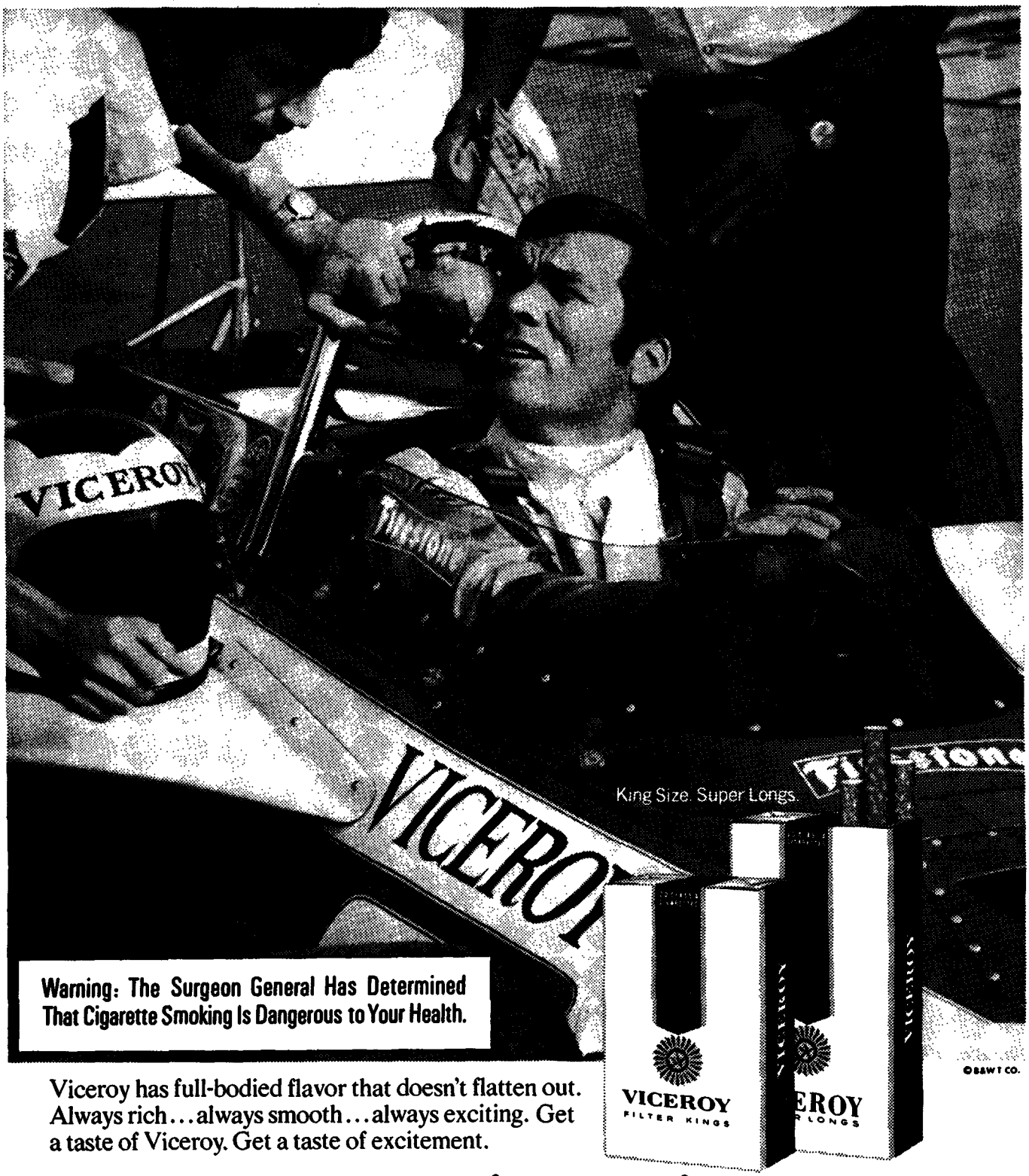
ALAN R. GOLDMAN
Fitchburg State College
Fitchburg, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

At last Robert W. Tucker opens

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He takes his Sunday drive at 202 m.p.h. He'd never smoke a boring cigarette.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich... always smooth... always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dialogue on the obvious but heretofore unmentionable. That the delay has lasted until now is the most certain symptom of what Henry Kissinger has described as the West's "crisis of authority." . . .

It is certain that sooner or later conservation coupled with recently discovered oil just now beginning to reach the world market will break the cartel's price structure. Some of the oil exporters, observing the current and sharp breaks in price of such commodities as copper and sugar, may well settle for long-term sales agreements with assured markets at far lower than prevailing prices. What is not necessarily certain is that the economies of many nations will survive to see this day of deliverance. . . .

The industrial democracies other than the United States (much less the Third World) are in no condition to take action. Japan is disarmed, Britain struggles with Ulster, West Germany lacks a navy, France lacks a will, and Italy verges on anarchy. One could add that none of the above possesses a government popular or strong enough to do more than take a very minor role in any military approach.

Unfortunately our Vietnamese experience has created a public disillusionment with military solutions, and thus American intervention on the Arabian peninsula is not at the moment available as a viable option. Times change, however, and in the 20th century they seem to change with great rapidity. . . .

"Strangulation"—the term used by President Ford and Secretary Kissinger—is a peculiar word. It is so nebulous that to the one out of four auto workers who is currently unemployed or to a merchant facing bankruptcy it might appear to describe our current situation. As the perception of our economic dilemma spreads and the options for its resolution become clear, it is to be expected that the nature and the use of force will assume their proper perspective. Force may well be the only approach to those who, in a time of peril, refuse to listen to reason.

HENRY B. COHEN
Baltimore, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Robert W. Tucker accuses those who oppose American military seizure of Arab oil fields of arguing on the basis of the "worst-case assumption" that military action would fail. Very well, let us assume that it succeeds. Let us also dwell for a moment, though Mr. Tucker does not, on what that success will leave in its wake. Above all, it will leave the virtual deification of the rule of might in its new incarnation as Tucker's Law of Necessity. Now any nation that *can* act militarily will be *entitled* to do so on the basis of its own interests as it defines them. We have already assumed in this "best case" that American action will go unanswered by the Russians. But does anyone seriously believe that the Soviet Union will remain forever silent; that it will not discover that some other piece of territory (Turkey?) is vital to *its* interests and seize it? Or that other nations will not do the same? . . .

The United States, of all the Western industrial nations, is the least dependent on Arab oil. Presumably, then, our action will be on behalf of others. But who is calling for such action? Not the Western Europeans. Only Mr. Tucker, who seems to know what is best for them better than they do.

What astonishes Mr. Tucker is that for the first time in history military action has not been seriously discussed as a means for dealing with a crisis. He decries this fact; I applaud it. Maybe man is growing up after all.

MICHAEL C. NELSON
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I wish to object most strongly to Robert W. Tucker's article. . . . He must know that U.S. intervention would invite retaliation on many levels and (in my opinion) surely bring on World War III. . . . What difference would the price of oil make in that event? . . .

JANET A. HILBERT
St. Paul, Minnesota

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Robert W. Tucker sees the oil crisis and the increasing power of the OPEC countries as "presaging a radical shift in power as between the developed and capitalist states and those states that until only yesterday formed no more than the impotent objects of the international system." . . . What Mr. Tucker politely calls "the international system" is of course the historical colonial, imperial, and capitalistic system of the Western world which has practiced every form and manner of aggression, political domination, economic exploitation, and simple plunder of the peoples, natural wealth, and markets of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. . . .

. . . I . . . find it incomprehensible that a serious-minded American, a professor of international relations at that, would want the United States to go to war with the Arabs for the sake of a reduction in the price of oil. The economic considerations involved do not warrant an invasion of the Persian Gulf. Only a gross misunderstanding of international economics can keep one from appreciating the true extent of the danger to the economic systems of the industrialized countries of the West. Inflation, recession, mass unemployment, etc., are not new problems but are the . . . systematic attributes of capitalism. Even if America should forcibly take possession of the whole Middle East, these problems would not be eliminated. Witness the depression of the 1930's which occurred at a time when the West was in absolute control of "the impotent objects of the international system." . . . It is only too well known that economic considerations are not the only ones in the oil crisis. Mr. Tucker wants an open discussion of all issues and alternatives available. I suggest he is using oil as a pretext. Mr. Tucker's hidden motive is to have America invade the Middle East for the sake of Israel.

AUSAF ALI
San Pedro, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . I am not qualified to judge the merits of Robert W. Tucker's proposal in regard to its military feasibility. . . . But the question of whether force should or should not be employed is not confined to military matters. The basic moral issue is whether human beings, including entire nations, should act aggressively when not provoked by aggression initiated by the proposed victim. . . . Assuming that individuals ought to be free to do what they will with what is theirs, provided this does not involve aggressing upon others, could there be a moral justification for invading OPEC countries? (I will not argue for the above assumption since its denial would remove the problem at issue.)

We need to ask, however, whether the OPEC countries are in fact

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doing something with what is indeed theirs. Do the OPEC countries rightfully possess the oil? It seems to me clear that they do not. . . . The oil exploration and production for use and trade was started by freely-admitted business interests from foreign countries. Later what was developed by these freely-admitted interests was confiscated by the governments of the OPEC countries. Nationalization, even with token payments for the nationalized items, constitutes the confiscation, by force, of what belongs to some people by other people, even if these other people happen to be government officials. . . .

Of course the response to this theft and extortion ought to have been carried out when these actions occurred. It would clearly be dubious now to justify invasion of OPEC countries by reference to the above line of argument. What can be done is to realize that the toleration of immoral conduct on the part of other people and countries can lead to subsequent events the facing of which is likely to involve more drastic responses than what *could* have been done (instead of the initial toleration). . . .

TIBOR R. MACHAN

Reason
Santa Barbara, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It might be that by being more selfish the U.S. could help the world more than by recycling or any of the other contemplated moves. If we strongly limit the ability of the oil-rich countries to invest here, they will have to come to terms with the consumers themselves. Furthermore, we could help to forge the Third World countries into a trading bloc. If India and Pakistan had a large share of desert oil, their tremendous needs would provide a source of prosperity for the whole world. The West would need their oil and they would need food and industrial products. We would then have a basis for establishing a reasonable exchange rate. . . .

We could encourage such a solution by stopping all aid to these countries and telling them that they will not only have to pay for their own oil but also that prices for food and fertilizers will be tagged to the price of oil. . . .

If those countries will realize that a share in desert oil is needed for their survival, they will find a way to share in it either by negotiation or by force. (We could also

The Gan Dancer *evokes the power of an ancient race, the "Mountain Spirit People," or "Gans," who visited the Apaches, imparted great knowledge and then mysteriously left, returning to "the other side of the earth."*
The elaborate costumes for this important ceremonial are fashioned after drawings of the Gans which they left in and around mountain caves as reminders to the Indians of the time when the Gans walked among men.

The Eagle Dance, *as performed in the Pueblo of Tesuque (tes-oo-kay), is easily one of the most beautiful and intricate of all Native American sacred dances.*
The eagle's power is invoked in an energetic, swooping, diving dance that requires almost superhuman agility and strength of the young men chosen to perform it.

Mikael Redman, *whose miniature sculptures have gained international recognition, is among the Southwest's most widely collected artists. Born in the Indian country of northern Arizona, his fascination with the Original Americans began early in life and gives his art uncommon depth and authority.*
In a medium intolerant of mediocrity, Redman is among the few of the world's sculptors who possess the patience and technical skill required for its successful execution; up to 600 hours of painstaking work are required for the creation of each sculpture. Other examples of Redman's work may be seen in his gallery at 7110 Fifth Avenue, Scottsdale, Arizona.

"The Eagle Dancer" and "The Gan Dancer" *are the first and second in a series of eight Southwestern Indian figures by Mikael Redman. There are 885 sculptures in each edition available for sale, with an additional 15 in each edition reserved for museum usage. The figures are .999 fine silver, accented with 24 carat gold plate, rhodium clad to prevent tarnishing and mounted on an uncut turquoise base of at least 250 carats. They are presented in suede-lined, oiled walnut cases which may also be hung as shadow boxes.*
"The Eagle Dancer" $265
"The Gan Dancer" $330
Each sculpture is individually numbered and signed.
Purchasers of these two sculptures will have the opportunity to reserve the same edition number on subsequent works in the series. Signed, numbered editions of twelve are also offered in four hues of solid 18-carat gold, priced at $3200 for the Eagle Dancer and $3800 for the Gan Dancer.
For whatever reason one acquires a work of art: beautification of one's surroundings, the enrichment and preservation of history, or its value as an investment, beautiful miniatures of this quality will have an important niche in any collection.

These original sculptures *may be ordered only through The Mikael Redman Galleries, 7110 Fifth Avenue, Scottsdale, Arizona, 85251, attention: Mr. Bell. American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge cardholders may expedite shipment of their purchase by calling Mr. Bell, toll free, at 1-800-528-7865, extension 2200.*

The Mikael Redman Galleries
Scottsdale, Arizona

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help them in the latter course.) World opinion could accept this far more easily than a one-sided takeover by the West. This might not be a perfectly just solution, but may well be the most humane and just solution in an imperfect world. It could solve not only the energy crisis of Europe and provide a breathing spell for long-range solutions, but also give the poor countries a chance to avert mass starvation and obtain sufficient capital for a meaningful start in solving their own problems. . . .

REUEL SHINNAR
School of Engineering
The City College of CUNY
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I agree with Robert W. Tucker that the option of American intervention over oil prices should receive more serious consideration. If nothing else, it would make other measures appear less extreme. As an actual policy, however, it has a fatal flaw: the world's vulnerability to countermeasures by the other OPEC nations.

Mr. Tucker is undoubtedly right that the United States has the military capability to take over Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, and Qatar. He is also probably right to discount the likelihood of Soviet intervention, at least in ways that would involve Russians firing at Americans. But he is on less firm ground in discounting the prospects for thorough sabotage of the oil fields, mainly because a swift operation is impossible. . . .

Now, let us consider . . . what measures the other OPEC countries could take to counteract the effects of the American takeover.

The first approach, representing the least that could be expected, would be a complete OPEC embargo of the U.S., accompanied, of course, by a corresponding cut in production. In the early stages, while production from the captured areas would be small, the U.S. would face an oil shortage about three times as severe as the embargo of 1973-74. . . . Since the rest of the world would also be deprived of production from the captured areas for this period of time, they too would face an oil shortage of similar magnitude. . . . Such a shortage is far beyond what could be dealt with by the usual conservation measures and living off existing stocks.

But this is only the gentlest of countermeasures. The OPEC

The potion of love.
(and how it all began 450 years ago)

We know she was beautiful, young and widowed.
But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? Or was it to stir romantic fires in Bernardino Luini, the artist who painted her in 1525?
History has lost the answers—even her name—leaving only Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And her romantic, intriguing liqueur.
We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a potion that inspired a great love. It's something to wonder about tonight as you sip its intriguing, provocative bouquet.
Discover the many other ways to use Italy's rare liqueur of love. Write for a free recipe booklet: Foreign Vintages, Inc. 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021, Dept. CM4.

The original:
Amaretto di Saronno®

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1974

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries . . ., to take just one example, could institute an embargo against the U.S. and then further reduce production to compensate for the oil being produced from the captured areas. . . . In this scenario, the world would face the loss of about one-third of its oil for at least a year or two. . . . To sum up, for this period of time, the producing countries could cause as large a shortage as would be needed to bring about the result they would want: an ignominious U.S. withdrawal and an immeasurably strengthened cartel. The world would have no alternative but to comply with their wishes. . . .

ARNOLD M. KUZMACK
Chevy Chase, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a former military staff officer and a petroleum engineer, I would like to comment on Robert W. Tucker's article.

It is quite possible that the Russians would not intervene directly in the defense of the area to be occupied, but they would not have to. Regular Arab forces with Russian arms and "advisers" are already well established in the area.

It was demonstrated in the Yom Kippur War that Arab infantrymen armed with guided anti-tank and anti-aircraft missiles can inflict unacceptable losses on massed armor and low flying, fixed-wing aircraft, and can completely interdict the low-level use of helicopters. It must be emphasized that these weapons are now as portable as the World War II bazooka. Recent experience in Vietnam confirms their efficacy. Current U.S. landing-force tactics depend essentially on helicopters and tracked vehicles. . . .

It is ridiculous to assume, as Mr. Tucker does, that the collection and transport of the forces involved could be carried out in sufficient secrecy to provide suprise. . . . Mr. Tucker appears to envisage only "sledge-hammer" destruction of oil facilities. But it is not hard to set fire to a primary-producing well (the type in which the oil flows naturally to the surface due to internal pressure in the field). Almost all the wells in the Kuwait-Qatar area are of this type. Extinguishing a single well fire takes an average of two to three weeks and requires the services of specialists. As few as 100 strategically-placed wells set on fire could immobilize the entire operation.

Mr. Tucker's statement that . . . guerrilla operations could not be conducted is remarkable in view of the operations of T. E. Lawrence in World War I and of the current PLO. He also completely disregards the probability that sabotage would also be conducted within the U.S. itself and in its foreign facilities.

It is my personal belief that any occupation of the oil-producing states would trigger a protest movement that would make the reaction to Vietnam appear mild. . . .

PAUL D. HOBSON
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Robert W. Tucker discusses briefly a possible Soviet "interposition" in the Persian Gulf, but does not touch upon the many other ways the USSR might defeat a U.S. move to coerce Middle Eastern oil.

Instead of interpositioning their naval forces in the Persian Gulf, the Soviets could mine the Straits of Hormuz and commit a portion of their attack submarine force to interdicting tankers to and from the occupied Middle East. Alternatively, they might choose a less risky course and back an Arab interdiction effort. Either way, it is doubtful that oil could be moved from the Persian Gulf to distant consuming regions promptly and in the quantities needed. Furthermore, the problem of securing the sea lanes would endure as long as the Western world retained an appetite for Arab oil. . . .

The former Chief of Naval Operations expressed the view that the Soviet navy has more capability to interrupt our sea lanes than we have to keep them open. As a consequence, any limited warfare for control over sea lanes that chiefly involved submarines could continue indecisively for months or even years. Indeed, it is difficult to see how such a conflict could be ended short of expanding the war to the Soviet Union itself or withdrawing our occupation forces from the Middle East. In the meantime, those nations critically dependent upon Arab oil would thirst.

A Soviet-backed Arab interdiction effort is another possibility. . . . Finally, an assessment of Soviet risk-taking that considers the balance of conventional military power may lead to a different view of the Soviet will to counter-intervene. Instead of behaving with the restraint shown by the U.S. over the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, the USSR could react to a military move into the Arabian peninsula in a manner far closer to the U.S. actions in the October 1962 Cuban missile crisis.

DESMOND P. WILSON, JR.
Center for Naval Analyses
Arlington, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Congratulations to you and Robert W. Tucker for thinking the unthinkable and applying rationality instead of sentiment to the possibility of military intervention in the Persian Gulf. But let's go a little deeper into the unthinkable. Has Russian behavior over the past decades taught us . . . so little that possible action can be seen only as non-forceful or as the direct intervention described by Mr. Tucker?

No consideration has been given to the fact that about half the people living along the southern shore of the Persian Gulf speak Persian, not Arabic, and that half or more of the Arabs of Iraq are Shias, as are the Persians. . . . There is a national split in the region which goes much deeper than the publicized Iran-Iraq military confrontation. Both sides are eager eventually to expand at the expense of the other. Each fears the other. Clever, realistic diplomacy should permit the U.S. to use one against the other, and to obtain the results of military intervention without the firing of a single shot by an American.

While either side could theoretically be used against the other for U.S. purposes, the Arab-Russian marriage means that the decision is already made for us. Our course would be to encourage Iran to expand militarily into Kuwait, the sheikhdoms, and perhaps, with Kurdish assistance, into Iraq. Iran would probably like to do so any time it could get away with it (as the Arabs would like to expand into Khuzistan). But Iran can't get away with it because it fears Russian military intervention on the side of the Arabs. Only one state can possibly forestall Russian protection of the Gulf Arabs—the U.S. The trade is obvious: a given quantity or percentage of the oil at stake at low prices for the U.S. for so many years, in return for the U.S. guaranteeing no overt Russian intervention. . . .

Of course, this possibility rests

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the assumption that the U.S. has the military capacity to keep the Russians off Iran's back. We can be fairly certain at least that its capacity to do so has been and is declining. To the extent this is true, action ten years ago would have been safer than action today, and action today would be safer than action two or five years in the future. If so, why haven't we tried something like this in the past, when the odds were better? . . .

As for Mr. Tucker's philosophical question, isn't it true that Western, and to a lesser extent Russian, decision-makers have convinced themselves of the inevitability of a rapid escalation of warfare from limited conventional to nuclear exchange in any armed conflict between nuclear powers? Though probably false, this assumption seems wide and deep enough to explain by itself the reluctance of the West to take up arms.

JOHN W. BOWLING
Troy State University
Troy, Alabama

ROBERT W. TUCKER writes:

One cannot but be impressed by the overall quality of these letters. They are thoughtful, they raise a broad range of issues, and many of the criticisms they make are incisive. In some measure, I have already responded to a number of points the letters raise in my March COMMENTARY article ("Further Reflections on Oil and Force"). Still, there are other issues the letters deal with that have not received adequate attention. Unfortunately, I cannot do justice to them without writing yet another lengthy essay on the oil crisis and this, I fear, would tax the patience of readers of COMMENTARY and abuse the purpose of this column. Even in writing this quite selective response, I am taking advantage of the tolerance of the editors.

There are three broad issues that are briefly dealt with in these lines. The first concerns my turn from isolationism to interventionism. Although consistency is surely not always a virtue, even for professors, one must still answer for what appears to be an abrupt change in position and particularly if, as Stanley Hoffmann charges, in supporting either isolationism or interventionism I have left out "every point that could complicate or undercut" my case. The charge deserves a response. So, too, the closely related matter of America's relations with Europe, seen in the context of the oil crisis, requires more explicit comment. Why, it is frequently asked, should we even contemplate an extreme course of action, given its many risks, when *our* interests are much less affected than the interests of allies who give the appearance of wanting to avoid any confrontation, let alone one holding out the prospect of military action?

Finally, there is the persistent objection that any moral justification for using, or even threatening, force against the oil producers is lacking. To inject the issue of force in the oil crisis, it is argued, is to abandon such progress as we have made toward achieving a more moderate international system and to embrace the ancient doctrine that "necessity knows no law." Although "toughminded" critics of the force option have dismissed this objection as insignificant, it is by no means so. A change has occurred in our attitude toward force. Its threat or use is increasingly difficult to justify despite the fact that we continue to live in a world which has yet to find a satisfactory and effective substitute for force.

IN advocating a "new isolationism" for America I emphasized that whether isolationism is seen as a threat or a promise depends upon interest and circumstance. Isolationism is not a theology; it is not even a philosophy. It is, first and foremost, a policy, though admittedly a policy informed by a certain attitude. As a policy, isolationism is essentially characterized by the refusal to enter into certain relationships (alliances) and to undertake certain actions (military interventions). It is not to be identified with the absence of all significant relationships with other nations. At least, it has never been so identified in our past and I did not so identify it.

Moreover, a policy of "military isolationism," to use Mr. Hoffmann's expression, need not be applied everywhere. Here again, interest and circumstance must be taken into account. I indicated that a new isolationism might even take

Commentary

Gift Subscription Service

Now you can order a subscription to Commentary and we *guarantee* the current issue will go out the same day via first class mail. You can call your order in Monday through Friday 10 A.M.-5 P.M. by dialing area code 212-751-4186, or use the coupon below.
There is no additional charge for instant service; an annual gift subscription costs the usual $15. ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AT $10 EACH

Please send instant gift subscription at $15 to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

ENTER _____ ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS AT $10 EACH. (Use a separate sheet for recipients' names, and instructions for signing gift card.)

My name and address is:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Card to be signed_____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

Commentary 165 East 56th Street, New York, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the form of a geographical reversal of interwar isolationism, stopping short of Europe while centering on Asia and Latin America. I did so for what seemed to me obvious reasons: the continued political, economic, and cultural importance of Europe to America, even though the strictly military-strategic significance of Europe had declined; the divisive and disastrous effects of our postwar Asian policy (a policy not based on considerations of political and cultural affinity and increasingly unpersuasive when cast in strategic terms); and the counterproductive political effects as well as the increasingly strategic superfluousness of alliances and intervention in Latin America.

In sum, I wrote that isolationism might be applied selectively and rejected the assertion that we must apply such policy everywhere or refrain from pursuing it anywhere. That assertion, I argued and still argue, is no more persuasive than the assumption it so evidently reflects: that American interests and commitments form an integral whole which cannot survive the disappearance of any of its component parts. While placing our interest in Europe in a category by itself, I went on to urge that there was reason to believe that in time and with American encouragement the grand formula might one day (in perhaps a decade or so) be applied to Europe as well. Many critics took me to task for what they considered a serious inconsistency —that is, the reluctance to apply a new isolationism to Europe until circumstances so permitted. Now I am taken to task for the sudden abandonment of a former position in advocating intervention, if necessary, on behalf of American interests in Europe (and intervention in the Persian Gulf would evidently be taken largely on behalf of those interests). Yet I cannot have been inconsistent both then and now.

What I can be fairly charged with is the failure to have foreseen that Europe's dependence (as well as, of course, Japan's, the developing states, and—to a much lesser degree —the United States') on Middle Eastern oil might some day require the threat or use of American military power. By an omission that in retrospect appears monumental, I did not deal with the Middle East, though if I had done so in all probability I would have applied a new isolationism there as well. I would have done so because I too readily accepted the conventional wisdom of the day on the prospects of an effective oil cartel and thus discounted the sudden emergence to power and influence of the Arab states. In the years from 1967 to 1972 the prospect that has become a reality in 1975 would have been dismissed as a fantasy. To say this is in no way to excuse my failure. If this century has taught us anything, it is the frequency with which today's fantasies have been turned into tomorrow's realities.

In a more general sense, the argument for a new isolationism, though attended by a number of qualifications critics conveniently ignore, overestimated the prospects that our major allies might soon play the political role their economic power allows them to play. I saw emergent centers of active power, and consequently the elements of a new order, that have not materialized and show little sign of doing so in the foreseeable future. In this context, it is irrelevant though true to say that American statecraft has scarcely contributed to the devolution of power Secretary Kissinger has so long identified as a pillar of American policy. Whatever the relative share one allots to American unwillingness to relinquish control over allies and to European (and Japanese) unwillingness to acquire the means and manifest the will to regain strategic independence, the result is the persistence of a symbiotic relationship that continues to frustrate the emergence of a world in which a new isolationism for America would prove quite feasible.

This *mea culpa* would not be complete without also noting that I underestimated the difficulties marking North-South relationships. No doubt, the oil crisis promotes the tendency to exaggerate these difficulties. Still, it is by now apparent that the relationships between the industrialized and developing states will be characterized much more by conflict than by consensus and that if one projects a world in which military power is increasingly at a discount this conflict may exact a heavy price from the industrialized states. Thus what was only recently viewed as the deliverance from one threat, the extension of Soviet (or Chinese) influence throughout the developing world, has been succeeded by a new danger, the prospect that disruptive pricing policies and other measures taken by the new states may prevent an orderly distribution of the world product and the promise of orderly growth. The much celebrated triumph of nationalism and pluralism may have mitigated the particular anxieties of the cold war. It is that very triumph, however, that along with an unwillingness on the part of the industrialized and capitalist states to enforce the order of the past has given rise to a welter of conflicting and seemingly insoluble claims.

These are mistakes and shortcomings enough without having to admit to errors not made. Mr. Hoffmann implies that in advocating a new isolationism I was somehow unaware that for great powers "influence is the name of the game." I was quite aware of this. Indeed, it was the prospective loss of influence attending a new isolationism which largely prompted my skepticism that America would pursue the policy proposed. At the same time, it seemed to me that the competition for influence had become an increasingly expensive game that was increasingly devoid of durable consequences and this for the reason that the traditional instruments for exercising influence, particularly over the states of the developing world, had declined in effectiveness. Very few observers would care to dispute this decline and many among Western elites welcome it. Whether it is welcomed or decried, the consequences of the decline have now been vividly illustrated in the oil crisis.

Does the "new internationalism," with its commitment to an ever-increasing interdependence, prevent these consequences we see in the oil crisis? To date, at least, the evidence is that it does not. Mr. Hoffmann has argued that the pursuit of a new isolationism would carry with it a huge price tag of a hostile world. But so does the pursuit of Mr. Hoffmann's internationalism, with its "renunciation of the use of force to redress non-military measures of coercion" and its reliance on "solutions that maximize interdependence." If one is to judge the isolationism I advocated against Mr. Hoffmann's internationalism in terms of the price tag each would entail, I fail to see a difference.

There are of course differences between the two positions and they are important. Whereas Mr. Hoffmann finds in the maximization of pacific interdependence a promise, I find in it anything but that. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prospect of a world that is ever more interdependent is scarcely a comforting one when such a world is still one of states and still one in which the bases for conflict and disorder are many and deep—if anything, more numerous and intractable than ever—while the traditional instruments for providing what modicum of order international society has enjoyed in the past are increasingly at a discount. In the absence of any serviceable substitute instruments of order, to find in this prospect a promise requires nothing less than an act of faith to which I cannot subscribe.

This is why I remain ambivalent about the period ahead. In the present situation we have little choice but to attempt to reassert American power. This does *not* mean a return to the mid-1960's. Nor does it mean a call for intervention tomorrow in the Middle East. It does mean the restoration of the credibility of force in a manner that has been lacking in the oil crisis. If this should prove impossible, for whatever reasons, we would be very foolish not to draw the appropriate lesson and to move toward a position of greater detachment and withdrawal. For the inability to restore where and when necessary the credibility of American power, while increasingly mortgaging ourselves to a world over which we have decreasing control, is sheer improvidence for a nation that still retains the ability to reduce dependencies very markedly.

ALTHOUGH the oil crisis has not altered America's relationship with Europe, it has illuminated that relationship as has no other event in a long time. Once again, we are made acutely aware of a relationship that breeds resentment and recrimination and that will continue to do so until it is essentially changed. Once again, it is apparent that there is not and cannot be anything approximating a partnership of equals between Europe and America so long as Europe remains a military dependent of the United States. The charge voiced by many that America has used the oil crisis to reassert its predominant position over Europe (and, in lesser degree, Japan) has more than a measure of truth. At the same time, the questions persist: what course of action might the United States have reasonably been expected to take that would have avoided such reassertion? Even further, how might we have prudently used the crisis to help galvanize the Europeans into doing for themselves what they have for so long expected, and continue to expect, America to do for them?

At issue, then, is not a matter of American altruism in acting on behalf of its major allies (or, even less, for the developing nations). No one has seriously discussed the prospect of American intervention in terms of disembodied altruism rather than of national interest. Certainly I have not. I assumed that if we were to intervene we would do so in our own interest, though that interest happens to encompass the economic and political stability of Europe. That intervention might, in Mr. Hoffmann's words, "throw away the windfall" OPEC action has presumably given us by helping to restore our predominance over major allies is not at all one of my concerns. I doubt moreover that it is the prime concern of the Secretary of State, despite the zeal he has shown in turning the threat posed by the oil crisis into a new exercise in an American-led "collective security." The difficulty with the view that the "headache" the oil crisis has caused the U.S. may nevertheless be outweighed by the windfall it has given us is not that it is cynical but that it assumes a desire to reassert American hegemony over Europe of such intensity as to surpass belief. No doubt, we remain loath to relinquish our predominance. Mr. Kissinger has made this abundantly clear during the past year by his various schemes for organizing the major consumer states. But it is one thing to say that America's response to OPEC has been self-interested and quite another to suggest that we do not wish to resolve the oil crisis, with all its latent risks if allowed to drag on, because we find it convenient in terms of allied relationships.

What course might America have taken in the oil crisis that would not have accentuated its predominant position? One response is that we could have encouraged the Europeans to reach their own separate arrangements with the

The place: on top of the world.
The mood: elegant.
The drink: Kahlúa Black Russian.
IMPORTED
Mix one ounce of Kahlúa ... two ounces of vodka ... rocks. And enjoy—anytime good taste is in order.
Send for our recipe book. Free. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico.
Maidstone Importers. 116 No. Robertson Blvd Los Angeles. Calif. 90048.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arab oil producers instead of pushing them to follow the American lead of confrontation. In this view, the Europeans are quite capable of meeting the situation on their own even while each government goes its separate way. It is the French who have developed this view of a Euro-Arabia with greatest insistence, while showing the greatest displeasure over American confrontation tactics (modest and faltering as these tactics have been). This does not mean, however, that the French view of a Euro-Arabia has no place for the United States. On the contrary, it is clear that America would be expected to guarantee the new arrangement by retaining a military presence in the Middle East. For without that guarantee, the arrangement would always be vulnerable to Soviet pressure. One cannot fault those who want the best of both worlds. At the same time, one can scarcely regard as perverse the American refusal to look upon this arrangement with enthusiasm.

It is quite true that Europe has far more at stake in the oil crisis than has America. But it does not follow self-evidently from this that Europe must therefore have the prevailing, or even equal, voice in the strategy devised to counter OPEC actions. Europe has far more at stake in Europe than has America, yet this has not prevented Europe from remaining strategically dependent upon America. If that dependence means anything it means that in the last analysis it is America, not Europe, that will decide upon the circumstances and means of Europe's protection, and this despite the wording of all formal undertakings. There has never been any way of insuring that American decisions in defending Europe would coincide with European estimates on when and how Europe is to be defended. Although we have lived with this situation for over a quarter of a century, many nevertheless find it anomalous because extended to the Middle East. Yet that extension was always implicit in the American-European relationship, given Europe's vital dependence on Middle Eastern oil.

In its bearing on European-American relations, the oil crisis has little, if anything, to tell us that we did not already know. The crisis has shown once again that America will not accept real equality with Europe so long as it remains the guarantor of Europe's security.

The possible dream.

s.s. Veendam to the West Indies. 10 and 11-day cruises, 5 ports. April through November. From $595.

Sure you can take a vacation this year—maybe the best ever. For one sensible rate with no hidden costs, here's luxury and fun you thought you might have to miss. A roomy cabin, almost certainly an ocean view. Superb food, dazzling entertainment, great service with no gratuities required. Plus five of the nicest ports in the Caribbean. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.
(Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. Minimum rates may not be available on all above listed sailings. The s.s. Veendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.)

From New York's new Passenger Ship Terminal.

10-day cruises, Friday departures. To San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Bart's, St. Maarten, Bermuda. Apr. 25, May 16, June 6: $595 to $1050. June 27, July 18, Aug. 8: $630 to $1115. Aug. 29, Sept. 19, Oct. 10, 31, Nov. 21: $595 to $1050.

11-day cruises, Monday departures. To San Juan, St. Maarten, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Thomas. May 5, 26, June 16: $655 to $1155. July 7, 28, Aug. 18: $695 to $1225. Sept. 8, 29, Oct. 20, Nov. 10: $655 to $1155.

No fuel surcharges or price increases after you book.

Holland America Cruises,
Two Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001
Tel: (212) 760-3880 139-VW-4
or toll-free at (800) 221-6657

Please send me information on Veendam West Indies Cruises from New York.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
My travel agent is_____

You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, this reluctance is particularly apparent in time of crisis. It may be argued that it is precisely in time of crisis that the opportunity arises to forge a new relationship. But the opportunity is not one the predominant power can reasonably be expected to seize. It must be seized by those who wish to end a relationship of inequality and are ready to pay the price of independence. To date, there is little indication of such readiness. Instead, we find the same disposition to remain an American protectorate while resentful of the price to be paid for this status.

THERE remain the broadly moral objections that have been raised against the threat or use of force as a means of countering OPEC action. In large measure, these objections may be attributed to the unusual circumstances attending the oil crisis. The crisis was not brought on by the kind of action that has come to be considered in the common view as aggression. The oil producers did not use or threaten force; they simply acted in the manner of an oligopoly and raised the price of oil. In doing so, in seeking to obtain the best possible price for their natural resource, it is arguable whether they thereby violated any right in international law of the consumer states. No doubt it may be argued that the producers have acted in a manner injurious to the interests of consumers. But that is a different matter from establishing a case for the violation of rights. And even if such a case could be made, it would not in itself justify the response of force. For this response is no longer legitimate as a reaction against any violation of right but only against the rights of territorial integrity and political independence. At the very least, then, it must be shown that the actions of OPEC seriously threaten the latter rights before force could be justified.

So runs the common argument against introducing the instrument of force in the oil crisis. In substance, this view comes close to maintaining that force is justified today only as a measure of individual or collective defense against the use of force. There is no need here to go into the many problems this view must raise if consistently adhered to. Even if adhered to, however, it would still not limit the justification of force only as a defense against the unlawful use of force. In acknowledging that states may use force to preserve their independence, the way is opened for justifying force in circumstances other than unlawful armed attack. For a state's independence may be threatened in circumstances other than those of armed attack. It may be threatened by being cut off from a material without which its economy cannot function.

I have noted elsewhere ("Further Reflections on Oil and Force") that in relation to the oil crisis there are very few who are willing to adhere consistently to the position that force is justified only in response to the use of force, and this quite apart from the consequences the refusal to employ force might entail. Applied to the issue at hand, this position must mean that even a total embargo of oil would not justify a forcible response. The letters bear out this unwillingness to carry the no-force argument to its logical, and absurd, conclusion. Whether explicitly or implicitly it is conceded that there are circumstances in which force would not only in fact be employed but would be justified.

The obvious limiting situation apart (that is, an embargo that literally "strangles"), it serves no useful purpose to pretend that one can define with any real precision the circumstances in which force would prove justified. We are, after all, dealing with a situation which is highly unusual, if not unique. Even in situations of crisis that bear more readily recognizable features, the difficulties of defining those circumstances in which force is justified are notorious. In the present situation such circumstances may be and have been delineated, though only in a very general way. Those who insist that this is not sufficient, as do C. Robert Zelnick and Stanley Hoffmann, are quite free to do so. At the same time, unless they believe that force is justified only in the case of literal strangulation, I fail to see why they should not do what they demand of others. If Mr. Hoffmann is persuaded that I have "a duty to indicate with some rigor the circumstances in which the last resort must be envisaged," I may ask in turn that he indicate with some rigor the interests he would be prepared to jeopardize or sacrifice before sanctioning force. Neither Mr. Hoffmann nor others have shown much disposition to indicate precisely where, short of actual strangulation, they would draw the line—and with good reason. I see no valid reason then why I should be expected to do what they have not done.

It is another matter entirely to insist that force should not be employed in defense of interests, however vital, until non-forcible alternatives have been seriously tried and found wanting. Though unexceptionable, the point is well-taken. But this does not mean that it is only strangulation that would leave no satisfactory alternatives to the use of force. It is true that many do appear to assume that in circumstances other than literal strangulation, such alternatives may be found. This assumption, however, depends upon the satisfaction of a number of conditions that may not in fact be satisfied. Consumers may not be able to agree upon common measures that are indispensable to the protection of their interests. Even more, producers may not evince much desire to act cooperatively and with restraint, at least so long as they do not believe in the credibility of force. To the extent that producers do so act, it would scarcely prove surprising if their actions were in part at least the result of the threat of force, however covert. Indeed, candor would be served by admitting that we have already come, however haltingly, to rely in some measure upon the threat of force in inducing the producers to act with greater restraint. Certainly, the threat of force, if effective, is far preferable to the actual use of force. Even so, there is something rather disingenuous in pretending that military power which is not actively employed, or openly threatened, is therefore indicative of the triumph of pacific interdependence.

The oil crisis, though still unresolved, has already taught different lessons to different people. To some, it has taught the lesson that force is no answer to the conflicts of interests arising between the Western powers and the states of the Third World (or now the Third and Fourth Worlds). Even if successful in the short term, it is argued, the price of military intervention will still prove exorbitant in the long-term effects it may be expected to have on the prospects of a tolerable world order. But if force is no longer the answer, if either or both its short- and long-term effects are now too costly, what then is the answer? Is it sufficient

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to say that we must "maximize interdependence" when interdependence is itself one of the reasons for conflict? It is surely tenuous to assume that between the rich and poor of the world—or, for that matter, between the old rich and the new rich—the maximization of interdependence will breed moderation and good will. If anything, it is likely to foster resentment and innumerable occasions for conflict. How we may manage to cope with these unhappy prospects in the absence of the traditional instruments of order is a question that has no apparent answer.

Politics and Planning

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his review of Robert Caro's biography of Robert Moses, *The Power Broker* [Books in Review, December 1974], B. Bruce-Briggs has chosen the word which precisely describes my own impression of the book: shameful. Caro's book is shameful on at least two counts. First, that a compendious biography displaying the shiny epaulets of scholarship should have proceeded through research, writing, editing, and publication without ever having been inspected by someone qualified to correct its factual errors, redress its unbalanced evaluation of sources, cull its misuse of technical vocabulary, or challenge its facile assumptions and fanciful interpretations.

Whenever Caro writes about government organization, municipal-bond financing, contract letting, New York geography, or common construction procedures, a reader with special knowledge of the subject matter has the same sense of queasy misgiving that is inspired in him all too often by a newspaper account of an event in which he has personally participated. Caro's troubles cannot be ascribed to hasty journalism; the book's imprecisions are a result of the author's fatal wish to appear casually conversant with material which he simply does not understand. . . .

The examples of Caro's errors are legion, but explaining what is wrong with Caro's methods involves more detail than anyone is likely to endure. I will try to do so with a single passage in which Caro—with an appeal to the language of technical authority—tells

Some of you have already discovered us.

It started in 1971 with one physical reality---a spectacular abandoned old orchard and farmstead, high on a New Hampshire hillside overlooking Mt. Monadnock. It was then a somewhat primitive and ramshackle summer camp, with a two hundred-year-old house and outbuildings tinkered up only enough to call it camping out under the old barn roofs.

Idea? Use it as a summer music camp, with faculty and students living in the antique buildings.

The idea man, a cellist, gathered together some finances and some friends---mostly city-bred, graduates of top-ranking Eastern music schools---Julliard, New England Conservatory, Philadelphia Musical Academy, Oberlin, and others. From that core, the faculty grew as a self-selected group.

The project was started, and during that first summer, new trends and notions and possibilities began to converge—the resurging recognition that chamber music teaches continuing lessons in sensitivity, cooperation, and intuitive communication of abstract thought---the excitement of playing music together as a part of one's life style without attention to time or pressing freelance engagements---the new-found fascination with the old and the primitive: places, uses, practises, hardships, and a naturalness---the possibility of escape from the city to the far countryside as a place to live (if you could make a living).

That winter the faculty stayed over, heating the old house with wood stoves, cooking big family meals in the old kitchen, rehearsing in various living quarters and the old barn, and formed the Apple Hill Chamber Players.

"A WINNING COMBINATION OF TECHNICAL FLUENCY AND STYLISTIC AWARENESS...EXCELLENT INDIVIDUALLY AND AS COLLABORATORS" NY TIMES

"THEIR PLAYING EXHIBITED A KIND OF LOVE AND ATTENTION TO BASICS THAT WAS COUNTRY-FRESH AND VERY TAKING" BOSTON GLOBE

EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

- Five-Week Session (July 20- August 24)
- Short Sessions (five days to ten-days, throughout the summer)
- Young Musicians Development Program
- Project: New Audiences
- Artists in the Shools
- Chamber Music/Boston

CONCERT PROGRAM

- Cambridge Series (Longy School Aud.)
- New York City Series (St. Stephen's Church, Madison Ave. Presb.)
- Philadelphia Series (Friends Select School)
- New Hampshire Chamber Concerts

FIND OUT MORE ABOUT US ...

Please send more information about the Center for Chamber Music at Apple Hill, E. Sullivan, New Hampshire 03445.

name _____ address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

The Center for Chamber Music at Apple Hill, Inc. is a non-profit, tax-exempt public foundation. All contributions are tax-deductible under the IRS code, section 501 (c) (3).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us what a botch Robert Moses made of the 125th Street viaduct of the Henry Hudson Parkway. In the pursuit of this objective, Caro expresses his distaste for the steel structure of the bridge and "the stark, ugly, cheap concrete aggregate with which it is paved." Since no road is ever paved with "aggregate"—for reasons which I hope to make clear—anyone who attended Lecture One in a course on concrete construction will immediately suspect that Caro used the technical term, concrete aggregate, in an effort to associate himself with serious highway engineers, who use the phrase frequently.

Caro, alas, does not know that the phrase "concrete aggregate" does not mean "concrete as a whole" or "a mass of concrete." It denotes, rather, the inert coarse and fine materials, usually sand and gravel or broken stone, which are combined with an adhesive material like portland cement or asphalt to make concrete. Since the color of concrete is determined by the binding material (black, in the case of asphalt; gray, in the case of portland cement), Caro could have stared endlessly at the viaduct without being able to see the color of the aggregate, or to learn, as he assures us is the case, that the aggregate hidden from view inside the hardened binder is, in fact, "stark, ugly, cheap."

It is, I think, careless to the point of shame that no one who participated with the author in preparing this book, which is largely about highway construction, knew enough to erase many such thumbprints of pretentious ignorance.

But I also find the book shameful on a second count: the enthusiastic reception given it by those who hate Moses so vehemently that they ignore Caro's failure to examine the central issue in evaluating governmental power: the question of legitimacy. No one who lived through the years in which automobile travel developed will doubt the overwhelming public support for Moses's construction of parkways and parks. In criticizing Moses's concentration on the development of automobile roads rather than mass transit, Caro and his boosters implicitly suggest that Moses should have assembled and wielded not less but far more power. For Moses to have concentrated on the construction of railroads, for example, would have meant flouting the general will and going against the wishes of the people. Yet it is precisely these same partisans who attack Moses for rolling over local opposition in order to achieve designs which enjoyed very general popular support.

It is, I think, shameful that neither Caro nor his supporters examine the consequences of a political theory that encourages public officials to overpower the commonwealth on general matters for which there exists widespread support, while criticizing them for overpowering relatively small groups who would stop projects that are widely supported. The definition of the legitimate use of power in a society characterized by partisan elections should have been a far more important exercise for Caro than interviewing planners who disagreed with Moses. Having failed to establish any other criterion, Caro forces me to conclude that he and his fans believe that any power, popular or not, which is exercised in a cause they do not like is evil, while it is saintly to override the public if only Caro and his audience applaud the ends to be achieved.

ROGER STARR

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Although B. Bruce-Briggs's review may seem rather severe in its criticism of the inaccuracies of Caro's allegedly massive research for *The Power Broker*, nevertheless he should be congratulated. His review points out several factual weaknesses in the text. Indeed there are many, many more. Let me cite just a few.

Caro tells us that in 1913 "in the statehouses, it was the era of Altgeld of Illinois." If that year was indeed the era of Altgeld, Caro has scored a triumph of spiritualism rather than biography, since Altgeld died in 1902. As Caro wanders through the corridors of time, he loses his footing again and again. He includes Henry Stimson as Secretary of War among a group of Theodore Roosevelt's cabinet members. Stimson did not serve in the first Roosevelt's cabinet but in Taft's.

Later he speaks of Charles Evans Hughes as having returned to private life after a career which included service as Secretary of State. He is writing of October 1919, just about a year before Hughes began his service as Secretary of State. . . .

Elsewhere Caro presents us with the spectacle of a non-person in an important post. Among those Moses lavishly entertained at Jones Beach was "British Ambassador Sir Michael Dixon Hoare," who "was an especially frequent guest." This bit of entertainment must have been very inexpensive; a letter from the British Embassy confirms that there was never a British Ambassador of that name....

A major and misleading gaffe is found in Caro's capsule biography of Al Smith, the most important person in Moses's rise to power. We are told that Smith "as President of the Board of Aldermen during Mitchel's mayoralty had led the opposition that outsmarted and defeated the Boy Mayor at every turn." The only flaw in this description of what Al Smith was doing while Mitchel was Mayor is that it is simply not correct. Al Smith became President of the Board of Aldermen at the beginning of 1918, at the expiration of Mitchel's term of office, when Hylan became Mayor after defeating Mitchel. At the time when Caro's improvisatory talent places Smith as head of a machine-dominated Board of Aldermen he was in fact Sheriff of New York County.

In detailing the early history of the land-grabbing tactics of Moses when he created parks on Long Island, Caro quite properly mentions a few judicial errors. He also creates a few of his own.

In a Moses battle over the Central Park Tavern an injunction was granted, we are informed, by "State Supreme Court Justice Benjamin C. Hecht." Here is another venture into creative writing; there was never a Supreme Court Justice of that name. . . . In the Long Island litigation the ingenious Caro manages a sweeping reform in the procedure of the United States Supreme Court, which should gain him the approval of Chief Justice Burger. The text tells us that Justice Brandeis terminated a bitter court fight by refusing to issue a writ of certiorari "which would have enabled the Court to hear the case." Writs of certiorari, which can kill a litigation or keep it alive for review by the Supreme Court, are issued (or denied) by the full Court, and not by a single Justice. Mr. Caro's research is showing once again.

It is too bad that so much effort has been expended in trivia, and erroneous trivia at that, while in areas that seem to cry out for study in depth the book supplies nothing. A good example is Caro's treat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMOCO: THE LEAD-FREE LEADER

MOST 1975 GM, FORD, CHRYSLER AND AMC CARS MUST USE LEAD-FREE GASOLINE.

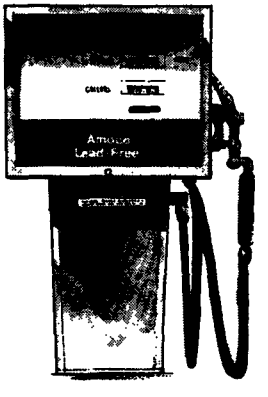
After years of talk, the lead-free age is finally here. The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) has ruled that car makers must reduce carbon monoxide emissions by 83%, and hydrocarbon emissions by 90% in their 1975 models from the uncontrolled levels of 1960.

To meet these requirements, most '75 model cars (including many foreign cars) are equipped with a catalytic converter that changes harmful exhaust gases into harmless carbon dioxide and water vapor. But since lead particles will "poison" the converter, every '75 car that has one must use lead-free gasoline exclusively.

In terms of mileage car makers claim you'll get better mileage with the '75 cars compared to the '73 and '74 models. GM says as much as 13% better, by shifting some of the "cleaning chores" to the catalytic converter. Engines have been recalibrated for lower idling speeds, quicker warm-ups, and smoother overall performance.

LEAD-FREE AMOCO®

Most cars made since 1971 are designed to run on low-octane gasoline. And Amoco lead-free gasoline is right for most of them.



HOW WE KEEP OUR AMOCO LEAD-FREE GASOLINE LEAD-FREE.

Government regulations also specify that lead-free gas must not have more than 0.05 grams of lead per gallon. Since trace amounts of lead can be picked up in the transportation and distribution system, we specify that Amoco lead-free gasoline must not contain more than 0.01 grams of lead per gallon at our refineries.

We also check the lead level at intermediate storage points, and finally at the service station itself.

This final check is made by the Amoco Quality Control Patrol—a fleet of lab-equipped vans that make unannounced service station visits.

The federal government will also check lead levels at service stations, using vans patterned after the Amoco Quality Control Patrol system. These programs make doubly sure that gasoline containing harmful lead contaminants will not enter your car's fuel system and ruin the catalytic converter.

AMOCO

Now more than ever, "You expect more from Amoco, and you get it."™

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of Moses in World War I. In 1917 Moses was twenty-nine years old, strong and athletic and with a background of European education and travel. Though married and the father of two, he did not have to worry about finances since much of his support came from his wealthy and indulgent mother. He was a man who Caro said "reverenced" England. Yet what was his attitude toward the war? The only flicker of light, and a faint one at that, which Caro supplies is that after Moses was offered a commission "he decided after some hesitation not to serve in the war." Here we have what might have been a significant clue to the complex personality of Robert Moses. Here surely was an opportunity to display some of the author's much praised talent for research. Instead we get nothing but the cryptic sentence just quoted.

In its main direction the book is a powerful analysis of some of the things that have happened to New York and Moses's role as a man who created new problems with his juggernaut solutions of old ones. This book ought not to carry the burden of a credibility gap created by sloppy homework.

HERMAN JERVIS

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In Mr. Bruce-Briggs's final paragraph he attacks Caro as "hostile to economic growth, to technology, to the automobile, to public housing, to anyone in government, to the masses, unless they are nonwhite or 'ethnic.'" In case Mr. Bruce-Briggs hasn't noticed, Caro is not the only one to attack these heretofore sacred cows of industrialized, centralized mass society. It is to Caro's credit that he has put Moses's accomplishments in a broader social-political-environmental context, a context in which one could hardly ignore the root causes of our society's imminent collapse. . . .

By implication, it would seem that Mr. Bruce-Briggs believes that these factors are *not* significant contributors to urban and environmental decay. I submit that the burden of this proof rests solely on Mr. Bruce-Briggs. The construction of a beautifully landscaped parkway does not make a rotting mass-transit system any more palatable. A ghettoized public-housing system has nothing to do with the restoration of community political and economic power.

Moses's authoritarianism was accepted throughout the 30's, 40's, and 50's as a seemingly necessary antidote to post-depression and postwar chaos. But with industrial society facing imminent collapse, we should heed Caro's warning rather than slaughtering the messenger who brings bad news. Post-industrial chaos could well lead to the vesting of vast political power in the hands of regional planners similar to Moses, in the name of "orderly growth" or some other vacuous catch-phrase. Caro's book is a timely warning to us all about the concentration of political power; it builds a strong case for believing that a powerful central state can *never* be moral.

LORNA SALZMAN

Friends of the Earth
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I strongly disagree with B. Bruce-Briggs's review of Robert Caro's *The Power Broker*. On all levels, this 1,200-page book was fascinating, informative, and . . . insightful. . . .

Caro deals with three themes or levels of action—the person and personality of Robert Moses, his political ethos and ethics, and, most important, the instrumentalities (e.g., public authorities) and policies inflicted on and/or provided for in the New York region. I will limit my comment on the first two levels to say that they make for fascinating reading about the times and personalities of New York from the days of Al Smith . . . to John Lindsay. . . .

Caro is by no means the first to criticize the highway and bridge-oriented bureaucrats, but his work is the most intensive and comprehensive study of their policies. Moses viewed transportation solely in terms of the automobile, and he was hostile to rail and bus systems. He repeatedly rejected evidence that his roads and bridges became choked with cars almost from the day he cut the opening ribbon. It is now a commonplace to call his Long Island Expressway "the world's longest parking lot." More important, Moses's plans to relieve congestion on arteries resulted in new roads, thereby repeatedly ending in failure. He saw no value or need for mass-transit alternatives in his plans. Indeed, his Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority (TBTA), along with other highway authorities, contended that traffic jams meant success, i.e., more tolls meant the financial capacity to implement plans for more facilities. Mr. Bruce-Briggs does not understand the animus Moses had toward rail transit. In his review he reports that Moses urged the state to take over the Long Island Railroad and have the city subway system take over another part of the line. Flim-flam. Both the TBTA and the Port Authority (PA) often gave lip service to mass transit but repeatedly refused to turn over any of their tolls for such undertakings (the cooperation they did give to mass transit was forced upon them by elected officials). Yet, as Caro amply documents, it was these automobile facilities which "did in" the buses and commuter rail lines.

Caro ably and vividly describes the Moses power syndrome which consisted of an alliance of bond-sellers, contractors, politicians, and others dependent on the automobile. . . .

In 1955, Moses's TBTA and the PA inaugurated the Joint Arterial Highway program—a master plan that linked with the interstate highways and other toll turnpikes. Concrete was poured with no help for rails or subways. Both Moses and the PA leadership reneged on promises to provide rail crossings on the lower decks of the Verrazano and George Washington Bridges. Both authorities ignored the warnings of such groups as the Regional Plan Association about the consequences of creating "spread-city," with the result that now the region's population is so thinned that it is extremely difficult to end dependence on the automobile.

. . . Moses and his highway allies paved the way for car owners to settle in suburbia and leave the poor in festering ghettos. Along with the other highway giants, he destroyed neighborhoods and rarely conceded anything to the legitimate complaints of urban dwellers in the paths of the bulldozers. Not only does Mr. Bruce-Briggs deal unfairly with Caro's major arguments, he fails to grasp the harm done to the New York region by catering to the car—he writes, for example, that Long Island's troubles can be cured by more highways. The problem today is how to reduce our dependence on oil. Moses made any solution to this problem exceedingly difficult.

MARVIN MAURER

Monmouth College
West Long Branch, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

B. Bruce-Briggs accuses Robert Caro (the biographer of Moses) of seeking to defame his subject: "his passion for swimming is meant to remind the reader of Caligula at Capri." Mr. Bruce-Briggs meant of course Tiberius and not Gaius, nicknamed Caligula. If the latter swam, it was one of the most innocent things he ever did. Very different, the swimming of Tiberius. But surely not even a hostile reviewer would suggest that Caro's malevolence reaches the point of wishing to blacken the name of Robert Moses by reference to Suetonius's *Tiberius* 44, unprintable even after 1900 years.

Earlier in the same issue, more of the same, at an altogether more elevated plane. Milton Himmelfarb ["Plural Establishment"] considers the defective translation of *en tois loipois enthnesin* in Romans 1:13 in the New English Bible, that unfortunate work. Mr. Himmelfarb charges the NEB with transforming Paul's audience—of pagans, he strongly suggests—into the feeble "other parts of the world." But the appropriate meaning is surely only one, the Vulgate's *in ceteris gentibus,* for Paul preached to city dwellers, and he was writing to Christians after all. Hence "pagans" is wrong, in both its meanings, as *goyim* and as rural backwoodsmen; let us stay with the Vulgate's "among other peoples" (*gentibus,* as opposed to *Romani,* of whom there were few in the East).

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK
Washington, D..C

B. BRUCE-BRIGGS writes:

Since my evaluation of *The Power Broker* was based upon internal evidence and secondary sources, it is most pleasing to be supported by someone with personal experience of the subject matter, particularly one so known for perception and probity as Roger Starr. Surely I share with most readers of this journal the hope that his present services to the people of the City of New York as Administrator of the Housing and Development Administration will not prevent him from communicating his lucid and thoughtful views on urban and other issues to us.

Mr. Starr's letter makes a point often disregarded nowadays—that public and private decisions are only partially made on the political criteria of power, profit, and "priorities"; *technical* considerations are always vital and often overriding; few decisions can be properly understood or competently criticized without some specialized knowledge. No doubt any reader knowledgeable on any subject touched by Caro could make a list of errors and misinterpretations as long as the one by Herman Jervis.

Mr. Starr's final paragraph is the best response to Lorna Salzman.

Marvin Maurer seems to be informed only by Caro and similar pop journalism. The argument that the auto-highway system did in public transit is rather like complaining that the efficiency apartment ruined the rooming house or that the Salk vaccine killed the iron lung. Highways, even "choked with cars," move people more rapidly, efficiently, comfortably, and conveniently than the best public-transportation system; those who deny this evident fact demonstrate their ignorance of the world immediately around them and illustrate their

Buy a ticket to Tel Aviv and get Europe free.

Israel is a long way off.
So it makes sense to make a stop on your way to Tel Aviv.
And there's no better place to stop than the heart of Europe. Germany. You can rest, relax, shop, sight-see, even do a little business in Cologne, Munich, or Frankfurt. All for the price of a Lufthansa ticket to Tel Aviv.
All of our flights serve fine kosher foods. Just place your special order when you make reservations.
If you'd like further information on our Tel Aviv flights, call your travel agent or Lufthansa.

Lufthansa German Airlines

680 Fifth Avenue, 52 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019
Telephone: (212) 357-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contempt for the intelligence of their fellow citizens. Those bridges, tunnels, and highways were paid for by motorists when the public-transit system was at its peak; people like Mr. Moses were responding to informed public demand, not creating it.

Edward N. Luttwak is quite right. My lust for alliteration led to the lapse. I meant "Caligula" as a metaphor for imperial depravity.

MILTON HIMMELFARB writes:

The distinction of the Douay Bible is fidelity to the Vulgate. Douay gives "among the Gentiles."

Stalin & the Jews

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his very interesting and scholarly essay, "Notes on American Innocence" [August 1974], Lev Navrozov relates as a fact my having handed over to Stalin, upon his request, a list of Jews who presumably were prepared to participate in the Israeli War of Independence in 1948-49. Mr. Navrozov goes on to describe the fate that overtook these men in Russian concentration camps. I find it almost superfluous to state that there is not even one grain of truth in this story. Never during my tenure in Russia was I put in a position where my "innocence," as Mr. Navrozov has it, was put to a test. No such request was ever presented to me, either by Stalin or by anyone else; therefore, naturally, I did not hand over such a list. This allegation is of so serious and shocking a character that I must demand an apology. . . .

GOLDA MEIR

Ramat-Aviv, Israel

LEV NAVROZOV writes:

The purpose of my article was not to trace the origin and exact routes of the list referred to by Mrs. Meir but to show that Western foreign-policy making since 1921 (as well as the expertise on which it relies) has, by and large, been naive, a century behind the times, parochial, and pathetically inadequate. I mentioned Mrs. Meir (and Sir Winston Churchill) as examples of outstanding Western statesmen who, for all their personal acumen, could not break out of the "innocence" of the West in foreign-policy making.

What did actually happen during Mrs. Meir's tenure in Russia? In a 1970 article (New York *Times*, December 30) Mrs. Meir described the situation in November 1948 as "the days of the honeymoon, when we Israelis and the Russians were great friends." To me, this remark, like her entire article, is naiveté itself. The "Russians" could not be "great friends" with Israel or anyone else in 1948 because they were not free agents: if Stalin had ordered the "Russians" to express their love for the Israelis, the "Russians" would have smothered them in kisses; if the order had been to kill, the "Russians" would have rushed to kill them. The tragedy of 1948-49 was that initially Stalin encouraged some "Russians" to express some love for the Israelis, because he wanted the British out of the Middle East. But once they were out of Palestine, and Israel was strong, he sent all those who had expressed any sympathy for Israel to concentration camps. Actually the lists of volunteers in 1948 were only a tiny fragment of the overall tragedy.

Mrs. Meir's 1970 article describes how she was invited in November 1948 to a party and struck up a warm friendship with Molotov's wife, who did not, much to Mrs. Meir's surprise, continue their friendship after the party. Only years later did Mrs. Meir learn why: Mrs. Molotov had thereupon been seized by the secret police. Mrs. Meir now says in her letter that never during her tenure in Russia was her innocence put to a test. Is this not such a case? And if the wife of the second man in the country could "disappear" in this way, what can be said of hundreds of thousands of obscure "Russians," including those ill-fated volunteers? Upon leaving the Soviet Union five months later Mrs. Meir stated (according to her biographer, Marie Syrkin): "I shall always remember the profound understanding shown by the Russian authorities to the many problems of our young state. It was my endeavor to further friendly relations between the Soviets and Israel, and I hope I have succeeded." Yet a recent *History of the Jewish People*, prepared by a Hebrew University team and published in 1969-70, has this to say about the month Mrs. Meir calls the "days of honeymoon when we Israelis and the Russians were great friends": "In November 1948, the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee was wiped out, and its press organ *Einigkeit* closed down. All Jewish publications were banned and all Jewish cultural institutions liquidated. Arrests began of Jewish writers, artists, and other representatives of art and culture, most of whom were sent to concentration camps."

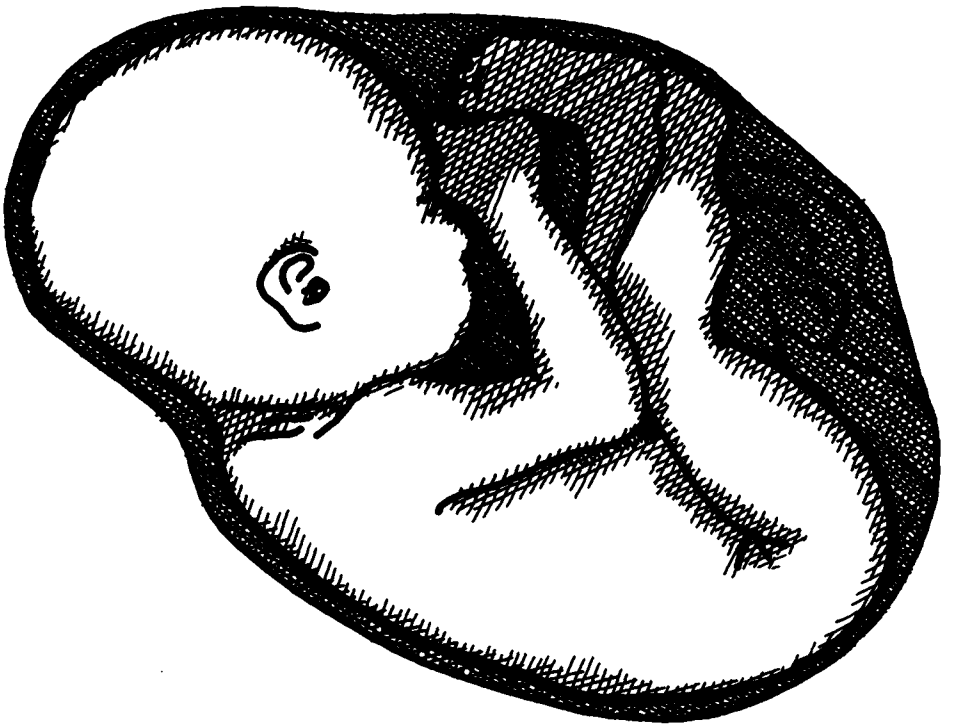
It should be emphasized that when I refer to the "innocence" of Mrs. Meir, I do not in the least mean to imply that her presence in Moscow in any way precipitated or worsened Stalin's reprisals. On the contrary, it may be argued that if not for Mrs. Meir's presence as Israel's ambassador, and Stalin's wish to impress her with Soviet "friendship," Stalin might have unleashed the countrywide pogrom against Jews even earlier. Mrs. Meir did neither more nor less than Western foreign-policy makers do every day in "establishing good relations" with powers of whom they later find themselves to have been the blind victims. As Mrs. Meir wrote in 1970, "we all were in the euphoria of those days of Soviet-Israeli friendship." "Euphoria" is exactly right.

As for the specific issue of the Soviet Jewish volunteers: Many lists were drawn up in 1948 of Soviet Jews who wished to fight in Israel's War of Independence; these lists were drawn up quite officially at many official places (such as the Jewish Anti-Fascist Committee) and were sometimes even displayed publicly in provincial Russian towns as a matter of official pride. Stalin knew or could have known all the names on such lists and would have destroyed those listed irrespective of who handed over what to whom, how, and when.

Mrs. Meir states that she was not requested to prepare a list of volunteers. I can only say in rebuttal that I was an eyewitness to the events of 1948 and that I have interviewed other, even closer, eyewitnesses than myself, among them survivors of Soviet concentration camps and direct participants like an Israeli official who was on the staff of the Israeli embassy in Moscow in 1948, as well as an Israeli editor who had discussed the events in question with Mrs. Meir. Although the subject seems to be carefully avoided in the press of Israel today (not to mention that of Russia), I stand by the veracity of the story as stated in my article. In fact, dealing with inevitably differing eyewitness reports, I presented the most cautious summary of them, showing Mrs. Meir to be, as I believe her to have been, an unwitting victim of forces utterly beyond her capacity to control.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The War on Life Continues.



The unborn child, put together by chance out of time zero, is a human life that offers mankind its hope for a better world in the coming centuries.

Our nation cannot offer for long, both abortion on demand and the freedom to practice responsible birth control.

The time has come for a new secular society that is pro life and pro civilization.

NON-SECTARIAN COMMITTEE FOR LIFE
Box 1234, Mount Vernon, New York 10551

Contributions are tax deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

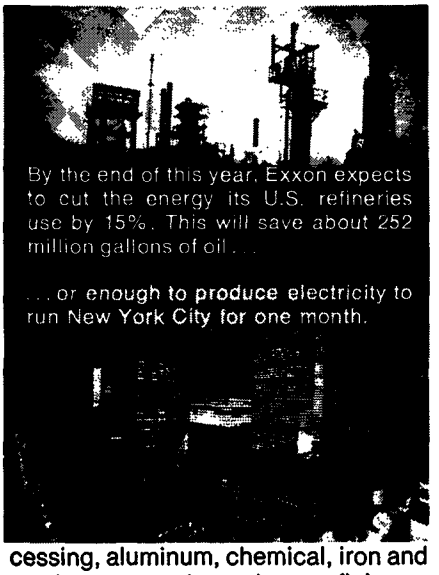
Saving energy

American industry offers a tremendous potential for energy savings right now.

One way to reduce our dependence on foreign oil is to use energy more efficiently. This means using less electricity and heating oil in our homes and saving gasoline in our cars.

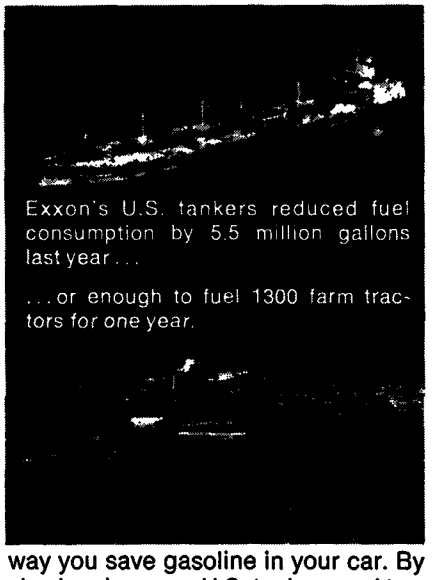
American industry also offers a great potential for using energy efficiently. Why? Because industry uses at least one-third of all the energy consumed in the U.S. today.

Exxon will save enough energy to run New York City for 30 days.
All major industries require large *amounts of energy. In fact, 25 percent* of all our energy is consumed by just six industries: farming and food processing, aluminum, chemical, iron and steel, paper, and petroleum refining.

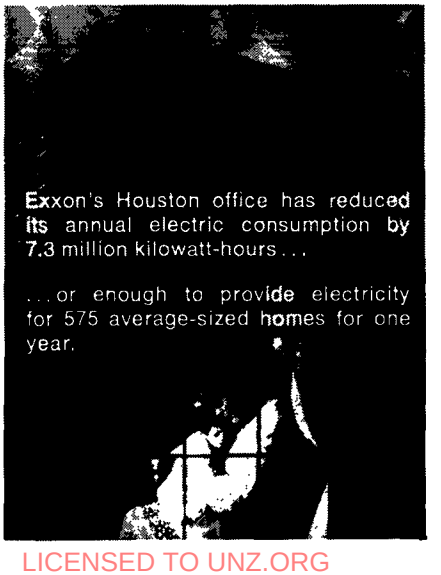

By the end of this year, Exxon expects to cut the energy its U.S. refineries use by 15%. This will save about 252 million gallons of oil . . .
. . . or enough to produce electricity to run New York City for one month.

In the case of Exxon, we use energy to make energy. But, by the end of this year Exxon expects to cut energy usage at our U.S. refineries by 15 percent of what we used in 1972. The energy we save could heat the homes in Pittsburgh for one year or provide enough electricity to run New York City for one month.

No more "full speed ahead."
A ship captain can save fuel the same way you save gasoline in your car. By slowing down our U.S. tankers and towboats and by cutting nonessential power demands, Exxon saved 5.5 million gallons of fuel last year. That is enough to power 1300 farm tractors for a year.

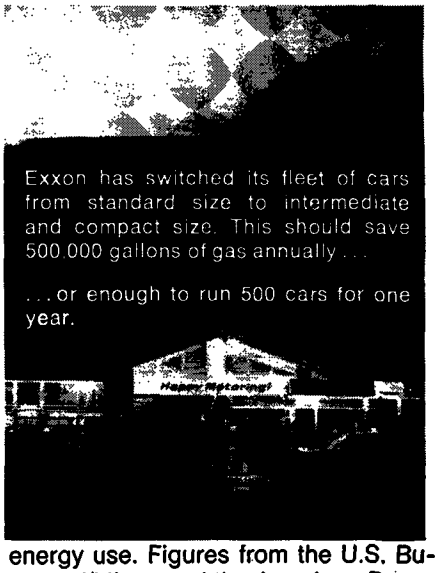

Exxon's U.S. tankers reduced fuel consumption by 5.5 million gallons last year . . .
. . . or enough to fuel 1300 farm tractors for one year.

Last year, our 54-story headquarters in New York cut energy requirements by nearly 35 percent. Our Houston office reduced consumption of electricity by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours. That is enough electricity to power 575 average-sized homes for one year.


Exxon's Houston office has reduced its annual electric consumption by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours . . .
. . . or enough to provide electricity for 575 average-sized homes for one year.

Recently Exxon switched all company cars from standard size to intermediate or compact size. We expect that this will save 500,000 gallons of gasoline annually—or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

There is evidence of progress.
As a nation, there is evidence that we are making progress on curbing energy use. Figures from the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the American Petroleum Institute show that demand for energy *dropped* 3.3 percent in 1974 as compared to 1973. Gasoline consumption alone dropped 2 percent.


Exxon has switched its fleet of cars from standard size to intermediate and compact size. This should save 500,000 gallons of gas annually . . .
. . . or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

Take a good look at how you run your operation, whether it's a corporation, a small business, or a home in the suburbs. We think you'll be surprised at the ways you can use energy efficiently to conserve our nation's energy supplies. And you'll save money too.

EXXON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The United States & Israel

Tilt in the Middle East?

Theodore Draper

To my Mother—1887-1975

THE United States has become the main front in the Arab-Israeli conflict. This is not to say that the United States has for the past three decades been far from the center of the struggle in the Middle East. What has happened, however, is that the United States itself has become the center of the struggle. The climactic change took place during the October war.

Until October 1973, the Arabs and particularly the Egyptians had counted on the Soviet Union to rescue them if an attack on Israel misfired and landed them in serious trouble. That also seemed to be the case between October 20 and 27. But we now know more about the events of those days about which, it is clear, we were initially misinformed, if not misled. They have a direct bearing on the new American role, assumed without official announcement and little public awareness.

A bare outline of the main events is necessary to understand what we were led to believe and what actually happened.

On October 15, after ten days of desperate resistance, a small Israeli force crossed the Suez Canal and turned the tide of battle. Soviet Prime Minister Alexei Kosygin arrived in Cairo the next day. Kosygin returned to Moscow on October 19 convinced that the Egyptian forces faced disaster and urgently required a cease-fire. The men in the Kremlin quickly decided to summon Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to Moscow. Kissinger, then preparing to go to Peking, consulted only with former President Richard Nixon, who had other things on his mind—Watergate Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox was dismissed and the resignation of Attorney General Elliot Richardson followed on October 20. The Soviet messages had as yet contained no threats and had merely expressed concern that events might get out of hand. Nevertheless, Kissinger abruptly postponed his trip to China and rushed off with unseemly, if not unnecessary, haste to Moscow at 1 A.M. on the 20th.

The biography of Henry Kissinger by Marvin and Bernard Kalb—for which Dr. Kissinger gave generously of "his time and his knowledge"—states that President Nixon gave Kissinger "power of attorney" during this mission to Moscow.[1]* If this was the case, Kissinger alone was responsible for the hasty submission to the Soviet demand for an immediate cease-fire. In return, Kissinger obtained a Soviet concession to get negotiations "between the parties concerned" started immediately after the cease-fire, in line with Security Council Resolution 242 of November 1967. Kissinger then flew to Israel where he extracted an agreement in principle to his deal with General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev.

Meanwhile, Israeli forces were completing the encirclement of the Egyptian Army's III Corps estimated at 20-40,000 men. A cease-fire resolution was rammed through the UN's Security Council on October 22. On the night of October 24-25, however, a worldwide alert of U.S. forces was called, ostensibly to warn off the Soviets from carrying out a unilateral operation to rescue the encircled Egyptian III Corps. The alert was called off on October 26 and the Israeli government agreed to permit a relief convoy to get through to the trapped Egyptians the following day.

AT THE time, we were led to believe that Soviet threats had saved the Egyptian III Corps and that the American alert had saved the Israeli forces from Soviet intervention. Disconcerting hints that there might be more to the story soon came out of Israel, but they were at first hard to interpret. Former Israeli Chief of Staff General David Elazar said that Israel had been "forced" to let a supply convoy through to the encircled Egyptian troops.[2] But who had done the forcing? Former Defense Minister Moshe Dayan explained that "the provision of food to the Third Army† was not done by us as a human-

THEODORE DRAPER is the author of many books on international affairs, including *Israel and World Politics, Abuse of Power,* and *The Dominican Revolt.* Among his recent contributions to COMMENTARY are "Détente" (June 1974), "The Road to Geneva" (February 1974), and "From 1967 to 1973: The Arab-Israeli Wars" (December 1973).

* Numbered notes are to be found at the conclusion of this article, on p. 44.

† I have not changed references here and in quotations below to the Egyptian force as an Army rather than a Corps.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itarian gesture but because we had no choice in the matter. Or, to be more precise, the alternatives to allowing the food convoy through were, in our judgment, still worse."[3] But what were the alternatives? Former Prime Minister Golda Meir was reported as saying that Israel allowed the food convoy to go through in order to avoid a crisis with the United States.[4] What crisis?

Bit by bit, the full story began to emerge.

In the spring of 1974, just before his appointment, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin told an American interviewer that "on the one hand the U.S. put its forces on the alert, and on the other warned Israel it might be alone if the war did not end." He was asked: "Which was a threat?" Rabin replied: "You can say a threat or you can say a reality, it doesn't matter."[5] The Kalbs' biography of Kissinger claimed to know what was in the latter's mind on October 23, 1973, the day he returned to Washington: "Kissinger resolved that he would stop the Israelis and save the III Corps and thus guarantee a military stalemate."[6] Other Americans were also let in on the secret. Professor William E. Griffith of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and *Reader's Digest* made known that Washington, not Moscow, had "forced Israel to allow relief convoys to pass through its lines to the surrounded Egyptian III Corps."[7] *Foreign Affairs* of October 1974 published an article by Professor Nadav Safran which casually referred to "the United States' forcing of Israel to open a supply line to the beleaguered Egyptian III Corps."[8]

Finally, Dayan decided to clear up the mystery on December 19, 1974. In a lecture at Bar-Ilan University at Ramat Gan, Israel, he disclosed:

> The Americans, in order to smooth the way with the Arabs, confronted us with an ultimatum to the effect that, if we would not enable the [Egyptian] Third Army to receive food and water, we would find ourselves in a political conflict with them [the Americans].[9]

The State Department decided that it was best not to comment on Dayan's remarks. Whereupon Dayan repeated the story in greater detail in an interview with Terence Smith in the New York *Times* of January 26, 1975. Two of the questions and answers are worth giving in full:

> *Smith:* In a recent lecture, you charged that the United States threatened in October 1973, to fly supplies in to relieve the encircled Egyptian Third Army if Israel refused to allow food and water through the lines. What actually happened there?
>
> *Dayan:* The U.S. moved in and denied us the fruits of the victory. It was an ultimatum—nothing short of it. Had the United States not pressed us, the Third Army and Suez City would have had to surrender. We would have captured 30,000 to 40,000 soldiers and Sadat would have had to admit it to his people. We might only have held them for a day and let them walk out without their arms, but it would have changed the whole Egyptian attitude about whether they won or lost the war. It would have given us more cards in the practical negotiations.
>
> *Smith:* Would the Soviets really have intervened as the Americans said they would at the time?
>
> *Dayan:* I don't think so. Not over the Third Army. If we had tried to take Cairo or Aswan, yes. Do you remember the U.S. alert on October 24? They thought the Soviets were going to land an airborne division near Cairo and link up with the Egyptians to try to drive us from the west bank of the canal. The Soviets were worried about Cairo and Aswan, not saving the Third Army. It could have made a big difference if we had been permitted to force them to surrender. The American move didn't help anything.

Again, no effort was made in Washington to deny Dayan's story.

It was, then, an American "ultimatum" to use American forces to resupply the Egyptians and to face the Israelis with the prospect of fighting Americans, not a Russian ultimatum to use Russian forces and face the Israelis with the prospect of fighting Russians, that compelled the Israeli government to submit. It is entirely credible, as a recent study of the war asserts, that the American alert of October 25 was one of the signals "aimed against Israel as much as they were aimed against the Soviet Union" in order to convince Israel that further developments "would have grave implications for American interests far beyond the confines of immediate hostilities."[10] The trail of events was so carefully concealed that a reconstruction of the October 1973 events in the New York *Times* a month later never so much as hinted at such American pressure on Israel.[11]

The American threat might conceivably have been justified by a Russian threat. But it is no longer clear what the Russian threat was or, whatever it was, how it should have been met. The Russian message on October 24 urged joint U.S.-USSR enforcement of the cease-fire and, if the U.S. refused, raised the possibility of Soviet forces acting alone. Secretary Kissinger's reflex was evidently far more drastic than the reaction in the Pentagon or in Israel. The demand for the worldwide, phase-three American alert came from him. In the Pentagon, the Soviet messages were considered an initial test of American nerves and policy, to be taken seriously but not precipitantly. The Israelis, who had most at stake, were least unnerved. They held out until the 27th and then capitulated to an American, not a Russian, threat. Former Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs, Lucius D. Battle, has offered the opinion that "the Brezhnev note of October 24 did not strike me as threatening as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier flares signaled it to be. Compared to Russian notes I have read in past years, it was relatively mild—at least as reported in the press."[12] We might be able to judge for ourselves how threatening the situation was if Secretary Kissinger had kept his word to "make the record available." Unfortunately, he changed his mind, and only our children or grandchildren may know how embarrassing the record may be.

In effect, the October war made it possible for Secretary Kissinger to pose as the savior of both sides. When the Israelis were in trouble, the American resupply effort made it possible for them to continue the battle on a scale commensurate with their needs. When the Egyptians were in trouble, American pressure on Israel enabled them to avert a defeat which would have fractured the Egyptian army and shaken the Sadat regime. Throughout the Nixon years, the administration had been straining to achieve "even-handedness." By force of circumstances, that blessed state was reached in practice in October 1973.

The change in the American position during and after the 1973 war can be gauged only by looking back at what American policy had been. Some historical perspective is needed before we can go on to the present.

II

THE ostensible reason for the 1973 war was bound up with the Arab territories occupied by Israel. Before we consider what should be done with these territories, we need to remember why and how they were occupied in the 1967 war.

It was a war which, as I have shown in a previous article, originated in proposals made ten months earlier by the highest Egyptian military officials with the deliberate intention of violating the status quo—which they knew could not be carried out without another war.[13] It was a war for which the Soviet Union had supplied the ostensible provocation by spreading a phony story in May 1967 to the effect that Israeli forces had massed for attack on the Syrian frontier—which the Egyptians knew to be false.[14] It was a war which the Egyptian leader, President Gamal Abdel Nasser, said was being waged because "Israel's existence in itself is an aggression."[15] It was a war touched off by an Egyptian blockade of the Israeli port of Eilat at the tip of the Gulf of Aqaba—a traditional act of war. It was a war which demonstrated that Israel could not rely on an American "commitment" given by President Eisenhower in 1957 dealing precisely with the eventuality of such a blockade.[16]

If ever a war was deliberately provoked, it was provoked by Egypt in 1967. Even Arab commentators have harshly criticized Nasser for having been too vainglorious and overconfident in his challenge to Israel. Yet Arab and Soviet propaganda has unremittingly characterized this war as a pure and simple Israeli "aggression." This charge was so clearly threadbare and self-serving that it was never accepted by, nor even put to a vote at, the United Nations as a basis of its determination on the war. Yet so successful has this Arab-Soviet propaganda been, as memories have dimmed, that James Reston could write in the New York *Times* of January 31, 1975, of friends of Israel who have urged her "to give up territory occupied by aggression"—an expression for which he expressed regret a week later. Mr. Reston, however, was not the first American who should have known better than to charge Israel with "aggression" in 1967. In his first pronouncement on the Middle East in 1970, Senator J. William Fulbright used exactly the same term on the floor of the Senate.[17] If it was to Mr. Reston's credit that he soon recognized his mistake, one cannot ignore it as a symptom of how much has been forgotten since 1967.

LET us consider the question of the occupied territories in a general way.

The history of the world could be written in terms of the history of territories occupied—and annexed—as a result of wars. The Arab world would never have reached from the Euphrates to the Atlantic if it were not for vast invasions, conquests, occupations, and absorptions. But that was a long time ago. No self-respecting American historian has failed to wince at the way in which a huge chunk of Mexico was occupied and annexed in 1846 and the Philippines in 1898-99. But that was in the 19th century. In the lifetime of the present generation, Soviet Russia has occupied and annexed 272,500 square miles of territory—an area as large as Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, and Iran combined—as a result of World War II, much of which had not even belonged to Czarist Russia. But that was three or four decades ago. At this very moment, as a result of a Greek provocation—which, however, was considerably less than that of Nasser in 1967, inasmuch as Turkey itself was not threatened—Turkey has occupied and taken over almost half of Cyprus, with barely more than a tired groan from the rest of the world.

My point here is not that occupation of foreign territory is something to be encouraged and approved. My point is that the Israeli occupation is being singled out for moralistic abuse as if it were unheard of and did not have more justification than almost any other. Power, not morality, obviously determines whether or not occupation can be gotten away with.

LET us consider another vexing problem—the Palestinian refugees.

A recent study, *The UN and the Palestinian Refugees*, starts with this sentence: "Political refugees, of whom there have been many millions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since the end of the Second World War, are the tragic product of an incompatible juxtaposition, whether of faction, class, religion, ideology, or nationality."[18] Here at least we are immediately confronted by a critical fact—the Palestine refugee problem is part of a much larger refugee problem and should be seen in terms of that larger problem. An official U.S. estimate put those who fled or were evicted since 1945 from the Communist countries alone at over 25 million.[19] A British source has estimated that as many as 35 million refugees have been successfully resettled since 1945.[20] The Arab refugees constitute a small fraction of this huge shift in population. The number of Arab refugees was put by the Special Political Committee of the General Assembly in 1956 as somewhere between 705,000 and 725,000. The highest figure, based on registrants for UN relief and obviously inflated by false registrations and other factors, was 1,344,567 in 1967.[21] Terence Prittie, the British writer, has concluded from a survey of the available statistics that the figure should be about 700,000.[22] Inasmuch as about 600,000 Jewish refugees fled from Arab countries, the two tend to offset each other. Even if Arab refugees should be estimated at one million, they would represent a relatively small portion of all post-1945 refugees.

These hordes of refugees should have outraged the conscience of the postwar world. That is not the point here. I want to stress something else—that only one kind of refugee has been made a political weapon to destroy the state from which he fled. The point has been well made by the Rev. Dr. Douglas Young, President of the American Institute of Holy Land Studies in Jerusalem. He recently drew attention to the fact that the propaganda to get Israel to allow Palestinian refugees to return is "contrary to *all* treatment of *all* refugees throughout the *whole* world in the last 10 or more years. Never are refugees moved. Always are they assimilated in their host countries."[23]

There is something suspicious and ominous about a world which permits one rule for refugees from a Jewish state and another rule for refugees from all other kinds of states.

In his 1970 speech, Senator Fulbright admitted that Israel was being asked to do something no other state had ever done. This is how he put it: "It is natural enough for Israel to resist the honor of being the first modern military victor to be obliged to abide by the principles and specifications of the United Nations Charter, especially when the greater powers who dominate the Security Council have set such a wretched example. Be that as it may, the principle is too important to be cast away because of the hypocrisy or self-interest of its proponents."[24]

In short, all the self-interested hypocrites have a right to ask of Israel what they would not dream of doing themselves.

III

Let us now consider the problem of the occupied territories more concretely. Again, the starting point must be the 1967 war.

The war was fought because, among other things, Egypt tried to close off the Gulf of Aqaba at Sharm el-Sheikh; Syria used the Golan Heights to shell the Israeli settlements below; and Jordan divided Jerusalem so ruthlessly that Jews could not visit their holy sites and cemeteries, which were in any case demolished or defiled. Nasser was overconfident precisely because the existing borders seemed to make Israel so vulnerable in a three-front war. The waist of Israel just north of Tel Aviv was less than a dozen miles wide—the distance it would take at this point to throw the Israelis into the sea.

Six days later, the Israelis had a defensive frontier on the Suez Canal, all along the Jordan, and atop the Golan Heights. At first, the Israelis expected to cash in their victory for a firm peace. As Dayan put it, in a much derided phrase, he was waiting for a telephone call from Cairo. The meaning was plain: Egypt had always refused to negotiate with what it considered to be a weak Israel; now it might decide to negotiate with a strong Israel. Dayan was disappointed. The Arab answer was given at Khartoum in August 1967: "No peace, no recognition, no negotiations."

Nevertheless, in November 1967, both the Arabs and Israelis accepted Security Council Resolution 242. For our present purposes, it is merely necessary to recall its main provisions. Essentially, it provided for the withdrawal of Israeli armed forces from "territories"—not "*all the* territories"—occupied during the war in return for giving Israel an end to belligerency and "secure and recognized boundaries." It was a "package deal," as Lord Caradon, the British member who sponsored it, has recently reminded us.[25] In effect, the parts of 242 were linked together to make "a balanced whole," to be enforced together or not at all. When the Arabs now demand total Israeli withdrawal and the Israelis demand a state of peace or at least non-belligerency, we are still within the bounds of 242, which has never been revoked or renounced.

Resolution 242 never achieved its purpose mainly because the Arab states and their Soviet patron insisted on breaking up the "package deal." Inasmuch as they were interested solely in Israeli withdrawal from the occupied territories, they cut down the whole problem to a simple case of Israeli "aggression" which made the Arabs the only aggrieved party to the dispute. This line totally ignored the fact that it had been the understanding of the British and Americans that at least "insubstantial" or "minor" modifications should be made in the pre-war boundaries in order to give Israel a greater degree of security.[26]

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But 242 was not yet finished. The Brezhnev-Kissinger deal of October 21, 1973, which was adopted in the UN the following day as Resolution 338, resurrected 242 by calling for its implementation "in all its parts." In addition, 338 went somewhat further than 242 by also calling for "negotiations"—that dread term—"between the parties concerned."

SEVERAL other things which happened between the 1967 and 1973 wars deserve to be better known and need to be taken into consideration for an understanding of the problem of the occupied territories.

Immediately after the 1967 war, according to Professor Nadav Safran, Egypt was prepared to go along with a formula worked out by Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko to exchange Israeli withdrawal for a termination of belligerence. Algeria, however, sharply protested and the other Arab states rallied behind it. Nasser backed away from the proposal. Professor Safran believes that the same "outbidding" resulted in the "Three No's" at Khartoum. If he is right, Dayan was not so far wrong in thinking that there might have been a telephone call from Cairo.[27]

In February 1968, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson told Israeli Deputy Prime Minister Yigal Allon that Britain was suffering most from the blockage of the Suez Canal. Allon conferred with Prime Minister Levi Eshkol—who had from the first considered the occupied territories a dubious blessing—and they agreed that Britain would secretly approach the Egyptians in Cairo to see whether they would be willing to reach a partial settlement with Israel for the purpose of reopening the Canal. The Egyptian reply was negative. Other efforts were made in the same direction by Pietro Nenni of Italy and Secretary of State William Rogers—all with the same negative result.[28]

In September and October 1968, the United States assured Egypt that, if it would negotiate with Israel, the United States would support the phased but total return to Egypt of the Sinai territory on condition that a peace settlement should be reached and the area demilitarized. This proposal was accepted by Israel and rejected by Egypt.[29]

In February 1971, a disengagement agreement to enable Egypt to reopen the Suez Canal came up once more. According to then Assistant Secretary of State Joseph J. Sisco, Israel informed the United States that it was willing to engage in talks for an interim Suez Canal agreement to be held without any preconditions under the aegis of the United States. The plan fell through, Sisco said, because the Egyptians insisted "on prior commitment to total evacuation from Egyptian territory."[30] In effect, Egypt could have had some form of disengagement along the Suez Canal in 1971—which is all that Egypt has now—without a war.

A dovish plan worked out before the 1973 war by the present Israeli Foreign Minister, Yigal Allon, was designed to grant Israel the greatest possible increment of additional security commensurate with the least possible transfer of Arab territory. There is no need here to go into the details of Allon's plan, which gave away too much for some Israelis and too little for others; it would probably get more support today.

The point is that there has never been, even remotely, an Arab effort to present an analogous plan for even a minimal territorial compromise. Israeli doves have had such a hard time because they have had no one but themselves to be dovish with.*

A "compromise" would obviously mean that Israel could not keep all of the occupied territories and that the Arabs could not get all of them back. It is possible to oppose Israel's keeping any of the territories or the Arabs' giving any of them, but then it is impossible to speak of a "compromise." The sponsors of Resolution 242 actually thought of a minimal compromise according to which only "insubstantial" or "minor" territorial changes would be made. No matter how these relative terms might be interpreted, something had to change or the idea of a compromise was meaningless.

Some idea of change was also built into Resolution 242's requirement of "secure and recognized boundaries" for every state in the area. This provision could only mean that Israel did not have such boundaries before the June 1967 war. Whatever "secure" boundaries may mean, they could not mean exactly the same boundaries as had prevailed previously.

A great deal of casuistry has been expended on the subject of secure boundaries. It is frequently and solemnly said that there is no such thing as absolute security, as if anyone would ever do anything at all if life were a matter of absolutes. One advanced thinker has gone so far as to assure Israel that "it would be equally indefensible if it stretched from Tripoli to Beirut."[31] The distance from Tripoli to Beirut is about 1,500 miles; the distance from Qalqilyah in the West Bank across the narrow waist of Israel to the sea is about 10 miles; the distance from the Golan Heights to the valley below in Israel is virtually nonexistent. Would anyone dare to tell the Russians that their vast expanse of territory gives them no more

* Recently a well-known Israeli writer, Amos Elon, and a young Egyptian scholar, Sana Hassan, collaborated on a book, *Between Enemies* (Random House, 1974). They also agreed that he would pay his first visit to Egypt and she to Israel, and that the book would be brought out in Hebrew in Israel and in Arabic in Egypt. Sana Hassan went to Israel, where she traveled wherever and spoke to whomever she pleased; Amos Elon was not permitted into Egypt. The book appeared in Hebrew in Israel; it was refused permission to appear in Arabic in Egypt by the highest authorities, despite Sana Hassan's best efforts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

security than if they were compressed into Israel's narrow space? Boundaries can surely give Israel—and any other country—more or less security, though they certainly cannot provide absolute security by themselves. In Israel's case, there is the added factor that an increase of relative security may have an absolute value in the event of a life-or-death battle.

If "insubstantial" or "minor" territorial changes were all there were to the problem, they would not be beyond the wit of man. A compromise could entail a very small portion of the occupied territories.

After June 1967, Israel occupied about 47,000 square miles of former Arab territory, of which the Sinai represented approximately 95 per cent. The West Bank, the Gaza Strip, and the Golan Heights account for about 3,000 square miles, of which the West Bank alone makes up about 75 per cent. Israel has always made known that it was not interested in retaining the Sinai indefinitely. The West Bank is a much more difficult problem, about which I will have more to say later. If we omit the West Bank provisionally and concentrate on the neuralgic points which gave rise to the 1967 war, such as Sharm el-Sheikh, the Golan Heights, and Jerusalem, the changes would actually be "insubstantial" or "minor" by any definition. A few territorial changes amounting to a tiny fraction of the 47,000 square miles of occupied territory would make a great deal of difference to Israel and vastly less difference to the Arabs, so long as every inch of ground is not considered sacred.

What really stands in the way is something far deeper and more intractable. Israel insists on holding on to the occupied territories unless it gets something for them. The Arab states insist on getting back the occupied territories without giving anything for them. This is the basic dilemma, not relatively small pieces of land.

One can understand a hard-boiled, cynical approach to the effect that Israel should give up the occupied territories in return for little or nothing because it does not have the power to do otherwise. But the unctuous, sanctimonious attitude that pervades so much of the commentary on this issue smacks—as former Senator Fulbright intimated—of hypocrisy or self-interest.

In his column of January 21, 1975, James Reston asked this question: "And who are the friends of Israel anyway—those who urge her to give up territory occupied by aggression [later changed to "force"] or those who urge her to hold on to everything she has?" It was in every sense the wrong question. For all but an extremist fringe, the real question, as matters stand today, is whether the friends of Israel should urge her to hold on to *anything*. It is the friends of the Arabs who should be asked whether to urge them to hold out for *everything*.

IV

UNTIL October 1973, American policy seemed to be clear and firm in important respects. It was not, as Arab propaganda liked to pretend, unequivocally and unconditionally pro-Israel. On the contrary, the Nixon administration from the first sought to move over to so-called evenhandedness in its policy. The Rogers Plan of December 1969 was explicitly intended to be "a *balanced*" policy (emphasis in original). By that it was meant that there should be an exchange between Israel and Egypt—Israel to withdraw its forces from Egyptian territory and Egypt to make a "binding commitment" with all "the specific obligations of peace spelled out" and "worked out between the parties."[32]

Assistant Secretary Sisco, the main American spokesman, held fast for the next three years to three principles—Israeli withdrawal with insubstantial territorial changes; direct Arab-Israeli negotiations; a binding peace agreement. In November 1972, for example, he spoke of Resolution 242 in the following terms: "It did not call, as you know, for total Israeli withdrawal to the pre-June 5 [1967] lines. The whole assumption of Security Council Resolution 242 was that the final lines would be negotiated between the two sides." In February 1973, he said: "The United States has never seen itself as either a substitute for an agreement between the parties or a substitute for the actual process of negotiation itself." In May 1973, he still maintained: "Finally, there is the myth that peace can be made by proxy; that powers not party to the conflict, acting independently or through the United Nations, can somehow substitute for negotiations between the parties themselves."[33]

One thing seemed clear: from January 1969 to October 1973, the United States stood steadfastly for Arab-Israeli negotiations and some form of *quid pro quo* as the only way to arrive at a lasting peace agreement. Anything else, such as a U.S., Big Four, or UN "guarantee," was considered supplementary to such an agreement and even capable of doing more harm than good if it was intended to act as a substitute for it. An outside guarantee, Mr. Sisco said, could add "as a minimum, an important psychological and political support for the agreement between the parties," but no more.[34]

Now we are in the midst of an influential, persistent campaign to change this policy in favor of some form of "imposed peace" based on some kind of "guarantee." This idea is not a new one, but it was not taken seriously until after October 1973.

A UN-Big Four trial balloon was sent up in 1969 by Charles Yost, former U.S. ambassador to Syria and Morocco and deputy representative at the UN. If the contending parties could not themselves very soon come to a settlement, he pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posed that the UN, with the backing of the U.S., USSR, Britain, and France, should take the initiative "to break the logjam." Where guarantees belonged in Mr. Yost's scheme was not clear because he also wrote: "Whatever guarantees can be obtained from the United Nations and/or the Great Powers would no doubt be welcome, but after the impotence of both in May-June last year [1967] either to maintain the United Nation forces in place or to reopen the Straits of Tiran, there is considerable skepticism as to the efficacy and durability of such guarantees." Nevertheless, Mr. Yost clearly wanted the UN and/or the Great Powers to be the *deus ex machina* of the Arab-Israeli conflict.[35]

Senator Fulbright in August 1970 was the first one to make "guarantees" the key to an imposed settlement. In return for Israeli withdrawal from occupied territories, Mr. Fulbright envisaged two kinds of guarantees—a multilateral one by the UN and a bilateral one between the United States and Israel. The relationship of these two guarantees was not altogether clear. At one point, Mr. Fulbright seemed to throw in the U.S. guarantee because Israel did not trust another UN guarantee. Under questioning, however, he agreed that the United States might have to act alone on its guarantee "in accordance with the constitutional process." He put considerable trust in the Soviet Union to back a guarantee and to join in a Middle East "international police force." He gave as one reason for his optimism about such a UN force—Cyprus.[36]

These trial balloons failed to rise. One thing, however, was striking—those who were least sympathetic to Israel were most eager for guarantees. The United States officially rejected them. Israel was most unenthusiastic. The Arabs also refused to take them very seriously, for one reason because they wanted something else from the United States.

NASSER died in September 1970. His successor, Anwar el-Sadat, soon showed that he was going to play a different kind of game. Nasser had been relatively rigid and straightforward in his tactics. Sadat adopted a far more shifty and slippery course. Coming to power after Nasser's two great failures, the 1967 war and the 1970 "war of attrition," Sadat realized that a direct attack was no longer feasible. In 1967, Nasser had worried mainly about U.S. intervention and had counted on Soviet Russia to neutralize the United States. In different circumstances, Sadat arrived at a different tactical answer to the problem. The key to victory for him was the isolation of Israel, especially its isolation from the United States. Nasser had wanted to neutralize the United States; Sadat set out to make the United States neutral.

The new Egyptian line did not take long to make its appearance. In February 1971, in an interview with Arnaud de Borchgrave of *Newsweek*, Sadat made two related statements. One was: "I ask only one thing: can the U.S. be neutral and objective?" The other was: "The U.S. administration is the key to peace."[37] In another interview, with C. L. Sulzberger of the New York *Times* in December 1971, Sadat said that he wanted the United States to be "just neutral."[38]

Until October 1973, however, the circumstances were not right for a drastic shift in American policy. The October war, the Arab oil embargo, and the supposed exigencies of the U.S.-USSR détente conspired to bring about a far-reaching change.

Previously, the Arabs had counted on the Soviets to neutralize the United States, and Israel had relied on the United States to neutralize the Soviet Union. To neutralize meant, in this context, to prevent direct intervention by either power. But on October 21, the Kissinger-Brezhnev deal implied joint Soviet-American direct intervention. The cease-fire agreement was, in effect, an imposed arrangement—imposed by the Soviets on the Americans, imposed by the Americans on the Israelis. The imposed settlement of October set a precedent which some Americans would now like to make a permanent condition.

The implications of his narrow escape from disaster thanks to American intervention were not lost on Sadat. Cold Egyptian calculation dictated making the United States the new center of gravity of Egyptian policy. The shift was based on the simple proposition that the United States could get from Israel what no one else could get. The United States became the center of the struggle in the Middle East when Egypt decided to get what it wanted from Israel through the United States.

Again, the Egyptians made no secret of their new tactics. In December 1974, Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy defended the Egyptian dalliance with Dr. Kissinger in the form of a rhetorical question: "What other country can force Israel to withdraw?"[39] In an interview in *Le Monde* of January 22, 1975, Sadat outdid himself in his flattery of Secretary Kissinger, and then explained: "However, supposing Henry should not be the man I have just described, do you think that we have any other alternative than American mediation? I do not say that the USSR has no role to play, but it must be admitted that the United States holds most of the trump cards, since Israel entirely depends on it."

In the same interview, Sadat also made clear how he intended to play the American card. For the return of the occupied territories, he said, "I have nothing to offer." In any event, he declared peace was not possible "as long as the Palestinian problem is not resolved." On one important point, the report of *Le Monde*'s interview in the New York *Times* may have been too brief to be fully intelligible. The *Times* chose to emphasize what Sadat said about Soviet Russia, which need not be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repeated here, but it neglected to mention what he said about the United States, such as his reference to the "trump cards" which he expected it to play in Egypt's favor. As for what Sadat was willing to give in return, the *Times* report merely stated that he was "ready to conclude a peace agreement with Israel." Sadat's full statement, however, is necessary to understand what he meant by this:

> I am ready to conclude a peace agreement with Israel and to respect the obligations flowing from such an agreement. However, I think that it is still too soon to speak of diplomatic relations or open frontiers. It would be necessary to reduce the hate accumulated in the course of twenty-six years of bloody conflicts. I leave to the next generation the trouble of deciding if it is possible not only to coexist with the Jewish state but also to cooperate with it. Everything depends, moreover, on the behavior of Israel after the establishment of peace.

Much of this Sadat had said many times before; it thus represents a well thought-out plan of how far the Egyptians are prepared to go. In practice, it means that, if Israel is willing to capitulate on all substantive issues—from the total, unconditional withdrawal from all the occupied territories to recognition of a PLO-ruled Palestinian state—Egypt might sign a piece of paper to be called a "peace agreement." I say "a piece of paper" because it would have none of the concrete attributes of a real peace. Anything of importance to Israel, such as open frontiers, would be ruled out and passed on to the next generation.*

In his interview with Philip L. Geyelin in the Washington *Post* of February 17, 1975, Sadat gave a much clearer answer to the question of what he expected to give in exchange for an Israeli pullback. On this occasion he demanded an Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai, Golan Heights, and the West Bank. And in return? "I am not ready to make a settlement agreement with Israel," he said. "I am ready to agree to a gesture of peace from the side of Israel to pull back so that we can create a new atmosphere toward permanent peace." And after the Israeli gesture? "So they must give this gesture," Sadat said, "and then after that we shall be going to discuss the whole problem in Geneva." The interviewer persisted and wanted to know what, meanwhile, was going to be done about "Israel's long-term security—a removal of any further challenge to the territorial integrity and the sovereignty and the right of Israel to exist. What about this?" To which Sadat replied: "The only place to discuss this is Geneva. You must keep this for Geneva, for the whole solution."

In effect, little or nothing had changed. Sadat still demanded that Israel should give up its bargaining power, obtained at great cost from the two Arab-provoked wars, and then . . . and then . . . the Arabs would see. . . . Perhaps a "peace agreement" without substance; more likely endless logorrhea at Geneva over such intractable issues as Jerusalem and a PLO-ruled state, culminating in sheer exhaustion or exasperation, leaving both sides exactly where they had been before Geneva—except that the Israelis would no longer have much to bargain with.

Whatever it may be called, Sadat's offer resembled a cease-fire far more than a peace. In classical Islamic doctrine, the *jihad* signifies "a permanent state of war, not a continuous fighting."[40] In modern terms, a cease-fire is permissible, a peace is not. A cease-fire has ended every Arab-Israeli war, and it is again being offered, if the price is right, slightly masked as a peace. Whatever the name, however, it is essential for the Arabs to appear to have imposed their demands on Israel. It is also essential for any temporary cessation of hostilities to leave the way open for their resumption, through the Palestinians or some other unsatisfied element. The refusal to negotiate with Israel, the setting forth of terms on which Israel's survival would depend, and the oft-made distinction between good Jews and bad Israelis serve a fundamental purpose: to make those Jews who may be permitted to remain in the area a small, at best tolerated religious minority—or, as Sadat put it in April 1972, not so long ago, "whom our Book says that lowliness and submissiveness is their lot."[41] When the PLO leader, Yasir Arafat, says that Jews and Arabs will have equal rights in his mythical "secular, democratic Palestinian state," he also stipulates that the state would be an integral part of the larger Arab nation, every other part of which—except for the special case of Lebanon—is as non-secular and non-democratic as it is possible to get in the modern world.

All of which does not mean that Sadat is invulnerable to attack by Arab extremists. They are not satisfied with anything less than an all-out war to the death with Israel and scorn the "moderation" à la Sadat which believes in using diplomacy as well as force and wavers between Egyptian self-interest and Egyptian leadership of the Arab world.

Two other points in *Le Monde*'s interview, which did not appear in the New York *Times* report, are noteworthy. Sadat was strangely confident about where American policy was going.

---

* The interview in *Le Monde* also had a bearing on a point raised by I. F. Stone in the *New York Review of Books* of February 6, 1975. In the interview, Sadat threatened war twice—if Israel was determined to keep the Golan Heights and if Israel refused to negotiate a general settlement on the Egyptian terms. Stone sought to give the impression that "a new war is the line of least resistance in Israel." One might imagine that Rabin, not Sadat, uses interviews to make threats of war. When Otto Nathan protested Stone's defamation of Israel in the March 6 *Review*, Stone disingenuously evaded the issue and tried to hide behind Albert Einstein. One wonders whether I. F. Stone knows better—or does not know better.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the PLO, he said: "I can assure you that Washington will not delay recognizing the PLO as being the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people." The other point had to do with guarantees: "The U.S. and the USSR are ready to furnish us jointly with such guarantees which would be approved by the other members of the Security Council and, if desired, by the entire United Nations."

Sadat talked as if he knew more about American policy than almost all Americans were permitted to know. In fact, if Sadat should prove to be right, readers of *Le Monde* knew more than readers of the New York *Times*.

V

WHY have "guarantees" suddenly become so popular in some American and Arab circles?

It was not so long ago, as we have seen, that official American policy clearly deemphasized guarantees. Almost the only voice that had been raised in their favor was that of Senator Fulbright, and his loneliness was not abated by his advocacy. The Israelis did not want them, the Arabs were not impressed.

Soon after the October war, however, Secretary Kissinger began to talk about guarantees. In November 1973, he discussed them publicly on two occasions, and in December of that year, once again. No one else at that time was paying so much attention to them.

The subject was brought up for the first time on November 12 by an interviewer who apparently thought that guarantees were still officially unwelcome. Dr. Kissinger's answer revealed more than he may have intended:

> We have not yet given any particular guarantees. However, I would assume that if the peace negotiations succeed there will be a very serious problem, especially for Israel, of how its security can be assured under conditions when the final borders will certainly be different from the cease-fire lines and when withdrawals are involved as Security Council Resolution 242 provides.
>
> At this point the question of guarantees will arise and we have to then ask the question what sort of guarantees—unilateral, several countries, and so forth. Second, moreover, the great powers are already involved to some extent in the Middle East. What we have to do is to try to prevent every crisis from turning into a clash of the superpowers.[42]

The best authority, then, on why guarantees were now to be regarded more favorably was Secretary Kissinger himself. He recognized at this time that anything the Israelis could get from the Arabs in return for withdrawals from the occupied territories would constitute "a very serious problem" of security for Israel. "Guarantees" from outside powers were supposed to compensate Israel for what it could not get from the Arabs. This, in essence, was the rationale which he unguardedly expressed in his first discourse on the subject.

In his second reference to guarantees on November 21, Secretary Kissinger talked about the number of elements necessary in a peace settlement:

> It will have to have an element of withdrawals. It will have to have an element of security arrangements between the parties concerned. And it may have to have an element of outside guarantees. In addition, there are such issues as the Palestinians and the future of Jersusalem.[43]

And on December 6, he mentioned guarantees as having reached the stage of active consideration: "We are prepared to consider the question of guarantees in its broadest sense," and "we are prepared to consider—I said to 'consider,' not necessarily to agree—either individual or joint guarantees. As to permanent stationing of United States or Soviet forces in the Middle East, we are somewhat dubious. We do not rule it out totally, but we are reluctant to get it into this."[44]

After planting the seed of guarantees in the public consciousness for the first time since Senator Fulbright's abortive effort, Dr. Kissinger stopped just short of committing himself, as if time were needed for the seed to sprout.

Meanwhile, the Israelis were still protesting that guarantees were not in their interest nor, for that matter, in the American interest. In November 1973, then Defense Minister Dayan stated the Israeli point of view: "We don't need a formal guarantee, and we don't want any other soldiers, American or otherwise, to fight for us."[45]

This protest did not discourage the incipient American campaign for guarantees. Among the first to take up the cause was Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia University, who included a U.S. guarantee in his personal peace plan. In making his case, Professor Brzezinski somehow tried to have it both ways. On the one hand, he argued: "In effect, Israel enjoys such a [U.S.] guarantee." On the other hand, he maintained that formalizing it would "enhance the existing U.S.-Israeli relationship and have the added advantage of making the consequences of any aggression against Israel much more serious." He carefully refrained from spelling out the nature of his guarantee and from explaining why an admitted formality should make so much difference.[46]

ANOTHER recruit in the burgeoning campaign was Professor William E. Griffith, whose first effort appeared in the Winter 1974 issue of *Orbis*. He went Professor Brzezinski one better by calling for two guarantees in the manner of the old Fulbright plan—a multilateral international and a unilateral U.S. guarantee. Although Professor Griffith took note that a guaran-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tee "might involve the United States in military action," he studiously avoided the hard questions of how, when, and where. Revealingly he recognized that "Israel would no longer be able to rely on its own resources and military forces to guarantee its security. Rather, it would have to depend *in part* on international and U.S. guarantees" (emphasis added).[47] I have emphasized the words "in part" because they betray how easy it is to misuse the term "guarantee." A guarantee "in part" is a contradiction; a guarantee is totally effective or it is no guarantee.

In a repeat performance in his role as a Roving Editor of the *Reader's Digest*, Professor Griffith hit the reader on the head with this opening sentence: "If you think the Arab oil squeeze a year ago was bad, you haven't seen anything yet." He warned of gas rationing, chilly homes and offices, factories shut down, the financial system disrupted, and the first major depression since the 1930's. Next came the real message: "All this will probably happen unless Washington takes prompt and decisive action to settle the long-standing conflict between Israel and the Arabs"—along the lines proposed by the author. No one would ever know from this crude tie-up that the Arab oil threat did not originate with, and could go on for many other reasons than, the Arab-Israeli conflict, or that working up mass hysteria is the worst possible political climate for working out an American policy.

Like Professor Brzezinski, Professor Griffith also admitted that a U.S. guarantee "would only formalize a long-standing commitment—and constitute a clear sign to the Arabs that we mean business, and therefore that they can never destroy or dismantle Israel." Presumably this means that our previous long-standing commitment was not clear and did not convince the Arabs that we meant business. Why a new formality should be trumped-up to be so much more compelling than the old commitment again remained a mystery.[48]

By the end of 1974, the campaign for guarantees had gained real momentum. Senator Fulbright was heard from once more—nothing new, but the title given to his speech in the *Washington Monthly* was revealing: "Getting Tough with Israel."[49]

Former Under Secretary of State George W. Ball came out for a Soviet-American imposed guarantee on terms to be set forth in detail by the Security Council. Just how much of a guarantee it would be, on the American side, appeared to be questionable, since Mr. Ball himself seriously doubted "that President Ford, or any American President, would launch a military venture in the area."[50] Professor Richard H. Ullman of Princeton University urged that the present American "commitment" to Israel was too ambiguous and that "an absolutely unambiguous American commitment—one perhaps including the stationing of contingents of American forces in Israel," was now needed.[51] How difficult it might be for a unilateral American commitment of this kind to get the necessary congressional support was soon indicated by two influential Senators. When Senator Charles H. Percy came back from the Middle East in late January of this year, he foresaw the necessity of American troops, if Israel should need them in a new war started by the Arabs, but "I would ask Soviet Russia to join in, together with other countries, to provide an international force," he explained.[52] Senator John Sparkman, the new Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, also spoke in favor of "assurances" to Israel by "major powers."[53]

THESE variations on the theme of guarantees were accompanied by various demands on Israel. Professor Brzezinski's plan called for Israeli surrender of political control of the occupied territories in return for Arab surrender of military control. Professor Griffith, in his 1974 article in *Orbis*, excepted the "Latrun salient" in the West Bank and parts of the Golan Heights, but his 1975 article in the *Reader's Digest* mentioned only the Wailing Wall of East Jerusalem. Senator Fulbright would hear of nothing but total withdrawal on all fronts. Mr. Ball preferred to leave the reader in the dark on this score, but expressed remarkable confidence that it should not be "too difficult" for the United States and the Soviet Union to agree on "secure and recognized boundaries" for Israel, providing only that the United States and the Soviet Union jointly guaranteed the settlement. Professor Ullman touched on Israeli "territorial concessions which will be so vitally necessary if a genuine end to hostilities in the Middle East is ever to come," but prudently abstained from mentioning what they might be. Senator Percy came out for "pulling back essentially to the 1967 lines," and Senator Sparkman spoke of Israel as "surrendering some of the land, if not all."

Most of these proposals, for good reason, linked a guarantee with an imposed settlement. Guarantors must, in the last analysis, decide what they are willing to guarantee, even if the parties concerned can agree among themselves and especially if they cannot. If a guarantee becomes critical to a settlement, the next step is to impose those terms which are agreeable to the guarantor. As a result, it becomes more important for the contending parties to negotiate with the guarantor than among themselves.

Strangely, no one had yet told the President of the United States that the line might be changing. On January 23 of this year, Mr. Ford still held faithfully to the old line: "But I think the Israelis with adequate equipment and their determination and sufficient economic aid won't have to have guarantees of any kind."[54] On February 16, however, his Secretary of State spoke of a "possible guarantee of the Soviet Union," presumably not alone.[55] On February 21, James Reston, who seems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have developed the uncanny knack of knowing what Dr. Kissinger has in mind, confided to his readers that "the idea of an American 'guarantee' of Israel's security now seems the most relevant, if difficult, compromise." On February 23, however, the old line was dutifully restated by Under Secretary of State Sisco, who said that any guarantee was being studied only as "a supplement and a complement to the actual agreement between the parties," based on Resolution 242. Israeli Ambassador Simcha Dinitz, it was reported, had asked Dr. Kissinger for an explanation and had been told the same thing.[56]

Meanwhile, the Israelis were still resisting. "An American military presence here would be a grave mistake," a high Israeli official insisted. "We are proud that no American soldier has lost his life in the defense of Israel, and it would be a terrible tragedy if it happened."[57] Foreign Minister Allon declared that Israel would not accept any formal guarantees of Israel's existence by the United States or any other third country unless "Israel is capable of defending itself."[58] Prime Minister Rabin said that "those who proposed" an American-Israeli defense treaty are seeking it as "a substitute for defensible borders." He maintained: "The moment that Israel's destiny in anything relating to the defense of its very existence is taken out of its hands, then this becomes a different Israel—at the mercy of others." Referring to an American-Soviet guarantee, he held that it would have no practical value and that no arrangement exists "that goes by the term 'guarantees' by the two powers for any kind of settlement between states, or a regional settlement."[59]

Something odd has clearly been going on. What is there about guarantees that is so attractive to some American publicists and politicians? What effect would guarantees have on Resolutions 242 and 338 on which American policy is still supposedly based? Why should the Israelis be so allergic to them?

VI

A CLUE to the sudden attractiveness of guarantees may be found in some of the things that have been said in favor of them.

When he first broached the subject on November 12, 1973, it may be recalled, Secretary Kissinger indicated why some sort of guarantee might be necessary. It was conceived, he implied, as a means of making up for the "very serious problem" for Israeli security which would arise when final borders were arranged. The guarantee, then, was compensation for what would otherwise be a state of serious Israeli insecurity.

Sadat also alluded to something important when he said in one interview that there "is nothing as good as international guarantees" and in another interview that he had nothing to give the Israelis for a pull-back in the Sinai, the Golan Heights, and the West Bank or, for that matter, anywhere else.[60] In his view, then, guarantees are good because they are something that someone else gives to the Israelis.

James Reston in the New York *Times* of February 21, 1975, saw an American guarantee as part of a "compromise." A guarantee, then, is from this point of view essentially a "compromise" arranged between Israel and the guarantors, not between Israel and the Arabs.

It should now be sufficiently clear why a guarantee has, in some minds, been promoted from a supplement to a substitute. It has emerged as the most seductive way of getting around the conditions set forth in Resolutions 242 and 338. The first held out the expectation of some change in boundaries, and the second promised negotiations between the parties concerned. While everyone continues to pay lip-service to both resolutions, they are in danger of being eviscerated. Neither resolution said anything about guarantees. If the resolutions were lived up to, guarantees would not be so urgent or would at most be regarded as useful reinforcements. The new prominence of guarantees is a sure sign that the balance in the resolutions has in practice tipped drastically against Israel and that something had to be improvised that would appear to right the balance.

Let us be clear about one thing: the issue here is not whether Resolutions 242 and 338 are good or bad. The issue is whether they are being gutted.

DESPITE all the recent publicity about a guarantee, it is remarkable how little thought has been given to it in present circumstances. Those who have been using the term so glibly of late have not made the slightest effort to spell out how it would work or what its effect would be.

The past record is not encouraging. Apparently only one study, by Professor Alan Dowty, has been made of how international guarantees might apply to the Arab-Israeli conflict. It came to this conclusion: "Generally it must be stressed that the prognosis for international guarantees as part of an Egyptian-Israeli settlement is poor."[61]

A serious guarantee is not a diplomatic band-aid; it is a solemn undertaking to go to war if the guaranteed nation is endangered. Thus arises the first hard problem—who would decide whether or not the guarantee is operative? The obvious answer is: the guarantor or guarantors. After Vietnam and Cambodia such a decision would not be easy for the United States. If the guarantee were embodied in a formal treaty, as Mr. Fulbright and others have urged, the commitment would be most uncertain and ill-defined unless it specifically detailed "what steps would be taken under what circumstances," as Professor Dowty put it.[62] It would not be easy for such a detailed treaty to be negotiated or to get through Congress in the present circumstances; it would be even more difficult to get Congress to declare war

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the sole purpose of making good a guarantee, unless we are going to get into another Presidential war which, if only for constitutional reasons, might tear the country apart again. One need only think of one nagging question that would inevitably arise and hold up an American decision —who was the aggressor? In 1967, Israel was deliberately provoked but was denounced by the Soviet bloc, the Arab bloc, and Senator Fulbright as the "aggressor." On October 6, 1973, the Arab armies admittedly moved first and caught the Israeli forces by surprise, but the Soviet and Arab blocs in the UN launched a concerted campaign against Israeli "aggression" that lasted for some days.

Still, let us make the most favorable assumptions about the treaty in time of crisis. Guarantees, as Professor Hans Morgenthau pointed out almost three decades ago, "must be effective in their execution, and the execution must be automatic."[63] In the case of Israel, the *sine qua non* of automatic—or even effective—execution would be speed. The Israeli emergency plan in 1973 was based on a period of twelve days.[64] The period has probably been extended since then, but an Israeli emergency would still almost certainly be most acute in the first days. A rescue operation mounted too late would do no good for Israel and would hopelessly discredit the United States.

To avoid such a contingency, it has been suggested that an American force should be stationed in Israel prior to any emergency. If it were merely a token, "trip-wire" force, it would not be able to defend itself adequately, let alone Israel. We could be reading about American casualties before we knew how far we wanted to commit ourselves to a real war. An adequate American force would have to be a rather large one, perhaps as large as the Israeli force that would have to be mobilized to meet an attack. One shudders at the thought of thousands of American troops, complete with PX's and other appurtenances, stationed permanently in Israel, their logistical bases six thousand miles or more away.

These daunting problems would be compounded by a Soviet-American or "international" guarantee. The Soviet Union has given unswerving, unconditional political—and, to the extent that Soviet interests were served, military—support to the Arab states for a quarter of a century. It conspired with Syria in 1967 to nudge Nasser into foolhardy adventurism. Among the captured documents in the 1973 war were lectures delivered by Soviet generals at the Egyptian Staff College on how to deal with Israel; they advised the Egyptians to wage long drawn-out wars of attrition, aimed at softening up and wearing Israel down, instead of the short, swift wars of movement which they said Israel favored.[65] At present, Soviet Russia is again nudging Egypt by heavily arming the most extreme Arab states, Syria and Iraq. Thanks to Soviet arms, the PLO has a far larger and far better-equipped army in Lebanon than the Lebanese government has.

Détente, one is sure to be told, makes a Soviet-American guarantee feasible. But Secretary Kissinger himself has told us that the Middle East has been most impervious to détente.[66] Even if détente worked better in the Middle East, its relationship to a guarantee would not be reassuring. A guarantee, to be worthy of the name, must be effective and automatic; it should not depend on a Soviet-American rapport which by its very nature is fluctuating and unstable. If a guarantee is based on détente, any threat to détente would become a threat to the guarantee. Any threat to the guarantee would, in turn, threaten and get tangled up in the whole complex of issues and interests that make up détente. Above all, a Soviet-American guarantee would give the Soviet Union a veto power or at least a potentially fatal power of obstruction; the United States would be faced with the alternative of negotiating with the Soviet Union or hurriedly breaking with it on the operation of the guarantee. One can hardly imagine a more fragile and hazardous basis for a guarantee.

Such are some of the problems that a guarantee raises. Amazingly, all the would-be and have-been policy makers and policy planners who have proposed some form of guarantee have not made the slightest effort to deal with any of them. This uncharacteristic reticence is itself a commentary on how well thought-out the proposal is.

VII

Secretary Kissinger's more recent thinking on foreign policy has been marked by a peculiar contradiction. On the one hand, he has repeatedly called for "conceptual" frameworks and breakthroughs. On the other hand, he has pronounced: "The difference between a good and a mediocre policy is the accumulation of nuances."[67]

One cannot have it both ways. Concepts are large and fundamental; nuances are small and subsidiary. A good foreign policy undoubtedly needs both, but no accumulation of nuances can save unsound concepts, while sound concepts can often survive a good many unfortunate nuances. What passes for nuances, moreover, often conceals unrecognized or unacknowledged concepts.

In essence, the Kissinger policy has tended to interpose the United States between Israel and the Arabs. The basic formula has been for the United States to do for the Arabs what the latter will not do themselves. If the Arabs cannot force Israel to give up territory, the United States is expected to put subtle and not-so-subtle pressure on Israel to give up territory. If a return to the pre-1967 boundaries decreases Israeli security, the United States considers making up the difference with an American or American-plus guarantee. If Israel surrenders the Abu Rodeis oil field in the Sinai,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

let the United States arrange to get an equivalent amount of oil from Iran.

The first thing that must be said about this American role is that it represents a tilt of policy that goes far beyond "nuances." It may be good or bad, but it is not more of the same.

The old concept used to be that there could be no peace in the Middle East unless Israelis and Arabs came to terms with each other. The new concept is for both of them to come to terms with the United States. It is only one step from this to the concept that the United States must come to terms with them by, if necessary, imposing its terms on them. This step has already been taken unofficially, as indicated by the articles I have cited, and it remains to be seen how far official policy will go in this direction.

In reality, the United States cannot impose its terms, whatever they are, equally on Israelis and Arabs. An imposed settlement is, in practice, a settlement imposed on Israel. It implies that the Arabs will give as much or as little as they want to give, the United States will in some manner pay off for them, and Israel will get whatever the Arabs and the United States together choose to give.

Is it in the American interest to interpose itself in this way between Israel and the Arabs?

We may accept at face value Secretary Kissinger's assurance: "The United States—and finally in the last analysis Europe—will not negotiate over the survival of Israel. This would be an act of such extraordinary cynicism that the world would be morally mortgaged if it ever happened. But it won't happen."[68]

At one time, I too thought it couldn't happen. Now I am not so sure. It may happen because people make it happen, not necessarily because they want it to happen. The shabby scandal of UNESCO, the obsequious exhibition of Yasir Arafat at the UN, the craven behavior in the face of the Arab blacklist of Western companies and financial institutions, the report that a British minister "recently told a visiting American politician that the government doesn't envision Israel's long-term survival and is basing its Middle East policies around that assumption"[69]—have shaken my confidence. I am sure that Israel will survive, because its will to survive is its veritable guarantee, but I am far from sure that the rest of the world is not already well on its way to morally mortgaging itself.

One way to become morally mortgaged is to deprive Israel of its own power of defense and to substitute the illusion of someone else's power. I say "illusion" because no outside power, not even that of the United States, can effectively take the place of Israeli power. It is simply expecting too much of the United States in the present circumstances to make good a guarantee which, if taken seriously, could mean fighting another Vietnam war in Israel. That specter is not good for either the United States or Israel. Yet it hovers over the agitation for imposed settlements and guarantees without any of the advocates of these proposals daring to bring it out into the open.

It was Sadat's strategy to make the United States the center of the struggle. It serves his strategy for the United States to interpose itself constantly between Israel and the Arabs in a manner never done before. An American guarantee is perfectly acceptable to him because it shifts attention away from anything resembling an Arab guarantee.

If the American aim is an Israel that can defend itself, we cannot afford to forget some of the concepts that have governed Israel's existence from the outset:

1) *Only Israelis can defend Israel.* This is an ineluctable reality with which Israel has lived for a long time. It is a critical difference between Israel and Vietnam. Americanization of Israeli defense would smother Israel as it smothered Vietnam. Even the chimera of Americanization cannot fail to have as baneful an effect on Israeli self-reliance as the real thing had on the Vietnamese.

Those who want an imposed settlement and/or guarantee specialize in the most lugubrious assessments of Israel's ability to defend itself. If the Arabs were as strong and the Israelis as weak as Mr. Fulbright and others would like us to believe, the Arabs would have overrun Israel some time ago. We seem to have gone from one extreme to the other; it is all the fashion to exaggerate Israel's difficulties and ignore those of the Arabs. If the Arabs did not have so many troubles of their own, Sadat would not have chosen to ask the United States to get what he wants for him instead of taking it himself. There is no need to minimize how hard pressed Israel is, but there is also no reason to underestimate how hard put the Arabs are. Polite panic-mongering has become a form of psychological warfare to break Israel's will to resist Arab or American pressure.

2) *There is no peace by proxy.* Two years ago, Mr. Sisco derided "the myth that peace can be made by proxy." The myth is still a myth. A statement by Egypt to the United States is not the same as a statement by Egypt to Israel. If it were the same, Sadat would not be so adamant about not giving it to Israel. The use of a proxy is important to Egypt because it leaves the way wide open to an evasion of responsibility. An under-the-table deal of this kind can be denied, obfuscated, or repudiated, especially inside the Arab countries. A deal which is not recognized as such by most Arabs and Israelis is doomed to break down.

What starts as a guarantee to Israel ends in reality as a guarantee for Egypt. In the event of default, Israel has no claim on Egypt; it must come to the United States with its complaint, as it did, fruitlessly, before. This sort of transaction is calculated to envenom future Israeli-American relations far more than it can possibly improve Israeli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Egyptian relations. It is the kind of thing diplomats think of to get over a bad moment, when they cannot think of anything else.

3) *Peace is not a piece of paper.* At present a direct and open pledge of peace or non-belligerence by Egypt to Israel is almost too much to hope for; even a statement of non-belligerence given to a third party is eagerly bid for as if at an auction. The reality of peace will never be achieved in this fashion. Peace in the Middle East will become effective only when it concerns ways of making a start at living together, socially, economically, intellectually. That is why such issues as trade and travel between Israel and the Arab states are what really matter. When they are put off to the next generation, one can be sure that what is being called peace or non-belligerence is no more than another cease-fire.*

The test of peace in the Middle East, then, hinges more on Arab-Israeli relations than on Arab-American or Israeli-American relations. There is a delicate balance between these relationships that is dangerously disturbed by putting the United States in the middle, now acting as guarantor for Israel, now for Egypt or some other Arab state. The United States is in no position to make good automatically on some guarantees, and they should not be given if they cannot be made good. The tilt in the India-Pakistan struggle was not one of Dr. Kissinger's more successful operations. A tilt in the Middle East does not promise to come out any better.

IT MAY BE said that an imposed settlement and guarantee present an extreme case. Nevertheless, we have heard a great deal about this case lately, and the question arises why anyone should want to push it.

For some, I suspect, it is little more than a gimmick. When we are told that Israel has, in effect, always had an American guarantee but should get another one, we have a right to wonder whether the proposal can be taken seriously. When we are told that guarantees would guarantee Israel "in part," we have a right to question whether this means that Israel would be guaranteed to be half-alive or half-dead. When we are told that a guarantee is just what Israel needs but that no American President could be expected to use American armed forces in the Middle East, we have a right to surmise that we are being sold a pig in a poke.

Israeli Defense Minister Shimon Peres has made a biting observation on how guarantees operate: "In a way, guarantees are like bank loans. They are given once you convince the bank that you do not need them. If you really need them, everybody is embarrassed to take the risk."[70]

Secretary Kissinger recently told the editors of the *New Republic* that a guarantee would be only "icing on the cake"[71]—which is not how he described it when he brought it up the first time on November 12, 1973. If there was a cake, however, icing would seem to be, in the circumstances, a luxury that could well be spared. The trouble is that guarantees look more like icing without the cake.

Motives undoubtedly differ from proponent to proponent of a guarantee. Some seem to think of it in terms of *faute de mieux*—it is not an ideal solution but it is better than nothing. If the price were not so high and the consequences of making good on it not so serious, such a view might be unobjectionable if not too inspiring. Others seem to think that Israel has no business looking this gift horse in the mouth because it is so dependent on the United States. Israel in this view should be grateful for anything it gets. This crass approach grossly underestimates the determination of Israelis to remain as far as possible masters of their own fate. There is no reason to believe that Israel would accede to any kind of settlement or any kind of guarantee. The consequences of attempting to impose a one-sided settlement on Israel, covered up by a less-than-convincing guarantee, could be traumatic for both Israel and the United States.

Then there are those who would like to believe that America's problems with the Arabs will disappear if only the Israeli problem disappears. This belief, I am convinced, is profoundly in error. The Arab states have thrown their newly-discovered power around in such a way that our future problems with them will depend on how much power they have or think they have, not how much of Israel we throw to them. The more power the Arab states have, with or without our help, the more problems they will make for us. There may be temporary let-ups, based on temporary pay-offs, but Arab power will continue to seek new outlets. This is the real problem we may expect to cope with, perhaps for a decade, perhaps longer.

WHAT then remains?

I have come to believe that a consistent American policy can be based only on Resolutions 242 and 338. There is nothing else on which everyone has agreed, whatever the different motives may have been. To give up these resolutions is to start all over again from the beginning.

What do we have to work with? Let us recall: these resolutions called for Israeli withdrawals from most of the occupied territory in exchange for what were understood to be "insubstantial" or "minor" boundary changes, non-belligerence, and negotiations between the parties concerned. These terms rule out an imposed settlement but would

* Here is a story by Bernard Gwertzman which tells better than anything else what peace does and does not mean: "One American suggested [to a high Egyptian official] that as a way of reducing mistrust, Egypt should invite some Israeli editors to visit for a month and see the situation for themselves. The Egyptian's manner changed. He looked startled. 'Look,' he said, 'we let Jews from America and other countries visit. We know why they come here and that is all right with us. But to ask us to let Israelis in—that is too much' " (New York *Times*, February 17, 1975).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not necessarily rule out some form of guarantee as long as the parties concerned wanted it after reaching an agreement among themselves on the substantive issues. There is no other ground, at present, to stand on.

For Israel, 242 means that the two largest land masses of the occupied territories, Sinai and the West Bank, need to be recognized in a final agreement as Arab land. So long as either of them is retained indefinitely, the boundary changes cannot be "insubstantial" or "minor." For Israel to demand substantial or major changes is, in effect, to rule out a compromise based on 242.

For this and another reason, I cannot accept the position taken by Moshe Dayan on the retention of the West Bank. This is how Dayan expressed it in his interview in the New York *Times* of January 26, 1975:

> I want us to remain in the West Bank, with limited rights, including the right to establish Jewish settlements there, to buy land, and keep a military presence there to protect it. We should be the only military party there. We don't want to replace the people there, but that is our homeland. We have the right to be there.

Is such a state of affairs tenable? If the people are not replaced, what kind of "homeland" is it? Is there such a thing as a "home" in which other people always live? A West Bank in which Israel has only "limited rights" but remains "the only military power" sets up a hopeless contradiction between rights and power. The prime reality in the West Bank and Gaza Strip is the people in them—about 5,000 Jews and about one million Arabs.

In COMMENTARY of February 1974, I touched on this aspect of the problem:

> No diplomacy can do much about a holy war. A strategy of stages based on immemorial claims is a prescription for protracted conflict. The only way out of the dilemma is to start with the present and the living and not with the past and the dead. It is too late for Arabs to say that so many Jews do not belong in Palestine; they are there, and they cannot be removed or dispossessed without another Holocaust. It is too late for Israelis to say that the West Bank does not belong to the Arabs; they are there, and they cannot be removed or disregarded without incalculable suffering. The trouble with history is that it is nonnegotiable, and diplomacy is negotiation or it is nothing.

This is still my view. It is one thing to say that Jews should be able to live in the West Bank as Arabs live in Israel; more than 5,000 Jews lived in the West Bank before Jordan expelled them and barred them from return in 1948-49. It is another thing to question the Arab character of the land because some Jews may now live there. If the Jewish population in the West Bank increased by 1,000 per cent in the next ten years, it would still be a relatively small minority in a hostile environment.

But there is another and more important reason why I reject the political implications of the "homeland" concept. It is simply this—Jews should not rule over land inhabitd so massively by Arabs. It is bad for the Jews and bad for the Arabs. It sets up an unbearable tension between the two peoples. It cannot be reconciled with the understanding behind Resolution 242.

This is not the place to discuss the modalities of political controls of the West Bank to satisfy the Arab need for self-determination and the Israeli requirements of security. I am thinking of the principle only. It may be a long way from principle to practice, but the way should start with a recognition of the principle. A PLO-ruled West Bank would obviously belie the principle of self-determination because it would be imposed from the outside and constitute an intolerable threat to Israel. The true self-determination of the West Bank would require a political climate very different from the present. Nevertheless, it is hard to think of negotiation based on any other principle.

For Israel, owing to its peculiar origin, partly rooted in faith and partly in necessity, renunciation of the West Bank clearly demands an enormous sacrifice. The only thing that could justify it to most Israelis would be the conviction that there is no other road to peace. It would help little for Israel to make such a sacrifice without a corresponding effort on the part of the Arabs to satisfy Israel's minimum needs for greater security. A compromise arrangement would have to treat those neuralgic points—the "Latrun salient," the Golan Heights, Sharm el-Sheikh, Jerusalem, and perhaps one or two other places—which were inflamed by the Arabs themselves. Adjustments in these places would not involve more than "insubstantial" or "minor" portions of the 47,000 square miles of occupied territory. If Resolution 242 did not imply at least this much change, it was either meaningless or a deliberate swindle.

American policy since October 1973 has made such an Arab-Israeli understanding more rather than less difficult. By constantly interposing the United States between Israel and the Arab states, paying off the latter whenever some token of compromise was required of them, Dr. Kissinger's "nuances" have encouraged Arab intransigence and pushed the two sides farther and farther apart. I am inclined to agree with Professor Ullman that American policy has become so "ambiguous" that, in effect, it does more harm than good, even if I cannot go along wih his suggestion that U.S. military contingents in Israel may be the remedy. The remedy, to my mind, is political rather than military. What is desperately needed is an unflinching American determination to see the Middle East conflict through on the basis of Resolutions 242 and 338. Without a modicum of territorial compromise, non-belligerence, and negotiations be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween the parties concerned, the resolutions are effectively relegated to the famous dust-bin of history. The Middle East conflict is one Gordian knot that must be untied, not cut.

My impression, so far as Israel is concerned, is that a reasonable compromise would be welcomed by a great majority of its people. The Israeli leaders have been talking the language of compromise. I do not hear similar expressions from Arab leaders. If American pressure is designed to extort substantive concessions only from the Israelis, it will not result in a durable and peaceful compromise —it will be that "moral mortgage" of which Secretary Kissinger spoke.

Notes

[1] Marvin Kalb and Bernard Kalb, *Kissinger* (Little, Brown, 1974), p. 484.

[2] Jerusalem *Post Weekly*, October 30, 1973, p. 1.

[3] *Divrei HaKnesset* (Parliamentary Report), October 30, 1973, Fourth Session, p. 4585.

[4] *Ha'aretz*, October 31, 1973.

[5] Joan Peters Kaplan, "A Talk with Yitzhak Rabin," *New Leader*, May 13, 1974, p. 7.

[6] Kalb, *op. cit.*, p. 487.

[7] *Orbis*, Winter 1974, p. 1188.

[8] *Foreign Affairs*, October 1974, p. 58.

[9] This passage is taken from the verbatim version of Dayan's lecture in the Israeli newspaper, *Ma'ariv*, December 27, 1974, p. 21. Though the sense of the version in the New York *Times*, December 20, 1974, was similar, the exact wording could not be found in the verbatim text.

[10] Lawrence L. Whetten, *The Canal War: Four-Power Conflict in the Middle East* (MIT Press, 1974), p. 293.

[11] David Binder, New York *Times*, November 21, 1973. As far as I have been able to make out, other efforts to reconstruct the October 1973 story, such as Tad Szulc's behind-the-scenes article in *New York* magazine of July 1, 1974, were equally unenlightening on this point. William E. Griffith and Nadav Safran, as I have noted, pointed in the right direction but gave no details. If it were not for the remarks of Rabin and the revelations of Dayan, we would still know little from U.S. sources what course U.S. policy had actually taken between October 20 and 27, 1973.

[12] *Foreign Policy*, Spring 1974, p. 121.

[13] "From 1967 to 1973: The Arab-Israeli Wars," COMMENTARY, December 1973.

[14] In the above article, I raised a question about the source of Egyptian Minister of Defense Shams Badran's testimony at his trial in February 1968 to the effect that the Egyptian Chief of Staff, General Muhammad Fawzi, had been sent to Syria on May 14, 1967, to check on this Soviet story. A UPI report from Cairo of February 24, 1968, quoted Badran as testifying that Fawzi had found the Soviet reports to be unfounded and had declared that the Soviets "must have been having hallucinations." I have now been able to verify that the reputable Beirut, Lebanon, newspaper, *Al-Hayat*, of February 25, 1968, carried the same report of Badran's testimony. Indeed, the headline on page 1 read: "Shams Badran: The Reports of the [Israeli] Attack upon Syria were Soviet Fantasies [*takhayyulat*]." The main story referred to "Soviet fantasies" of Israeli "concentrations on the Syrian border."

[15] Press Conference of May 28, 1967 (see my *Israel and World Politics* [Viking, 1968] for the text, pp. 224-231, especially p. 230).

[16] One of the main Israeli aims in the 1956 war was precisely to break a previous blockade of Eilat. The circumstances of President Eisenhower's commitment have been set forth in *Israel and World Politics*, pp. 17-23. The mystery of the misplaced commitment that took place in Washington in 1967 was recently related by Lucius D. Battle, then Assistant Secretary in charge of the region: "The United States had a commitment, of sorts, to the Israelis with respect to the Straits of Tiran [leading into the Gulf of Aqaba]. We had assured Israel that we would continue to consider it an international waterway, use it, and encourage others to do so. In 1967, we were, however, unable to find the record of the meetings and the discussions of the 1956 period. Therefore, the obligations that Mr. Dulles undertook at the earlier time were unclear and unknown. The Israeli records of the conversations were readily available, full, and proved accurate. American records were, for economic reasons, stored in the Middle West—Cleveland, I believe—and were therefore not available when we needed them. . . . Despite their vagueness, U.S. assurances at the time had been accepted by the Israelis as the basis for withdrawal (under intense American pressure) from the conquered territory of the war of 1956. These assurances were weak reeds and meaningless in the face of crisis" (*Foreign Policy*, Spring 1974, pp. 116-117).

[17] "The Israelis, for the moment, occupy Arab territory. The Senator [Ribicoff] knows that we certainly publicly subscribe to the principle of the resolution of 1967, that the acquisition of territory by aggression is no longer acceptable international practice" (*Congressional Record*, Senate, August 24, 1970, p. 29800). Senator Fulbright was wrong both times; Israel was not indicted by the UN or the Security Council for having violated this "principle"; such a charge could not have been sustained at that time.

[18] Edward H. Buehrig, *The UN and the Palestinian Refugees* (Indiana University Press, 1971), p. 3.

[19] *U.S. Apparatus of Assistance to Refugees Throughout the World*, Hearings Before the Subcommittee to Investigate Problems Connected with Refugees and Escapees, U.S. Senate, July-August 1966, p. 5.

[20] "Middle East Refugees, I" from a three-part study in *Britain and Israel*, edited by Terence Prittie and Richard Jones. Among the refugees who were resettled were 15 million from India and Pakistan (1947); 400,000 from Finland (1945); 1.5 million from Czechoslovakia (1945); 2.8 million from Poland (1944-45); 7.5 million from East Germany in 1945; 3.8 million from the German Democratic Republic (1945-73); 1.2 million from Rumania (1945).

[21] Buehrig, *op. cit.*, pp. 38-39.

[22] Terence Prittie, "How Many Arab Refugees?" *Middle East Information Series*, American Academic Association for Peace in the Middle East, Fall 1973, pp. 37-38.

[23] Letter to the Jerusalem *Post Weekly*, January 21, 1975.

[24] *Congressional Record*, Senate, August 24, 1970, p. 29805.

[25] New York *Times*, November 24, 1974.

[26] I went into the full story of 242 in a previous article, "The Road to Geneva," COMMENTARY, February 1974.

[27] *Foreign Affairs*, October 1974, p. 51.

[28] Yigal Allon "Strategy for Peace," lecture at opening of the Levi Eshkol Institute, Hebrew University, June 3, 1973 (mimeographed).

[29] Eugene V. Rostow, speech at Educational Conference of the League for Industrial Democracy, May 5, 1974, reprinted in *Crossroads*, September 1974, p. 1. Rostow was then Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs.

[30] *Department of State Bulletin*, September 25, 1972, pp. 352-353; November 13, 1972, p. 568; February 25, 1973, p. 326; March 29, 1973, p. 486. In an interview in *Newsweek*, February 22, 1971, Sadat demanded that Israel should with-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

draw to a line behind el-Arish, virtually on the Israeli border, as the price of reopening the Canal in six months.

[31] Ronald Steel, *New Leader*, February 4, 1974, p. 9.

[32] *Department of State Bulletin*, January 5, 1970, pp. 7-11.

[33] *Ibid.*, November 13, 1972, p. 571; also see March 19, 1973, p. 323, June 11, 1973, p. 846.

[34] *Ibid.*, March 8, 1971, p. 293; also see June 11, 1973, p. 846.

[35] *Atlantic*, January 1969, pp. 80-85.

[36] *Congressional Record*, Senate, August 24, 1970, pp. 29796-29813.

[37] *Newsweek*, February 22, 1971, pp. 40-41.

[38] New York *Times*, December 13, 1971.

[39] *Ibid.*, December 10, 1974.

[40] Majid Khadduri, *War and Peace in the Law of Islam* (Johns Hopkins Press, 1955), p. 64.

[41] Cited by Elie Kedourie, *Arabic Political Memoirs and Other Studies*, Cass (London), 1974, p. 227.

[42] New York *Times*, November 13, 1973.

[43] *Department of State Bulletin*, December 10, 1973, p. 705.

[44] *Ibid.*, December 24, 1973, p. 761.

[45] New York *Times*, November 13, 1973.

[46] *New Leader*, January 7, 1974, p. 9.

[47] *Orbis*, Winter 1974, p. 1187.

[48] *Reader's Digest*, February 1975, p. 75

[49] *Washington Monthly*, February 1975, p. 23.

[50] *Atlantic*, January 1975, pp. 6-11.

[51] *Foreign Affairs*, January 1975, pp. 294-296.

[52] *Christian Science Monitor*, January 29, 1975. The report in the New York *Times* of the same date did not contain this part of Senator Percy's statement to a group of reporters.

[53] Interview in the English-language *Daily Star* of Beirut, Lebanon, reported in the Jerusalem *Post Weekly*, January 28, 1975.

[54] NBC television interview, New York *Times*, January 24, 1975.

[55] New York *Times*, February 17, 1975.

[56] NBC *Meet the Press*, February 23, 1975 (Sisco); New York *Times*, February 24, 1975 (Dinitz).

[57] New York *Times*, February 21, 1975.

[58] *Ibid.*, February 24, 1975.

[59] Jerusalem *Post Weekly*, February 25, 1975. Rabin made the same point in his interview in the Washington *Post*, March 1, 1975.

[60] *Le Monde*, January 22, 1975, and Washington *Post*, February 17, 1975.

[61] Alan Dowty, "The Application of International Guarantees to the Egypt-Israel Conflict," *Journal of Conflict Resolution*, June 1972, p. 261. Also see his more general study, *The Role of Great Power Guarantees in International Peace Agreements*, Jerusalem Papers on Peace Problems, the Hebrew University, No. 3, February 1974, especially p. 27.

[62] Dowty, *Journal of Conflict Resolution*, June 1972, p. 262.

[63] Hans Morgenthau, *Politics among Nations* (Knopf, 1st ed., 1948), p. 231.

[64] Statement of Mark Mosevics, president of the Manufacturers Association of Israel, New York *Times*, February 2, 1974.

[65] Defense Minister Shimon Peres, Jerusalem *Post*, September 8, 1974.

[66] Interview in *Newsweek*, December 30, 1974, p. 30.

[67] *Ibid.*, p. 32. The infatuation with "nuances" seems to go back to Dr. Kissinger's article, "The Vietnam Negotiations," in *Foreign Affairs*, January 1969 (reprinted in *American Foreign Policy*, Norton, 1969, p. 116).

[68] *Ibid.*, p. 31.

[69] Felix Kessler, "Arab Money Talks to Britain: Knuckling Under," *New Republic*, March 8, 1975, p. 12.

[70] *Christian Science Monitor*, January 27, 1975.

[71] Comment, "Mideast Peace?" *New Republic*, March 8, 1975, p. 6.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Return of Heroin

James Q. Wilson

On September 11, 1973, President Richard Nixon announced to a White House conference on the heroin problem that "we have turned the corner on drug addiction in the United States." At the time, some evidence suggested that he was correct. For about a year, the government had watched various indicators of heroin use decline: admissions to treatment programs in many cities were down, the prevalence of serum hepatitis (a disease that, among young adults, is strongly related to intravenous drug use) had dropped, and fewer persons arrested were found to have heroin traces in their urine or to require detoxification in jail. Narcotics agents on the streets of the large Eastern cities were finding it harder and harder to make undercover buys of heroin or arrests of major heroin traffickers. In fact, cocaine had become, without anyone's intending it, the major object of law-enforcement efforts in many cities.

Now, a year and a half later, it is no longer so clear that we have turned the corner. In retrospect, the decline in heroin use was real, but it was limited to a few large Eastern cities and was not characteristic of the nation as a whole. What is worse, those Eastern cities in which a combination of law enforcement and medical treatment seemed to have improved matters now hover ominously on the brink of what may be a new upsurge in usage. Finally, communities that had never experienced a serious heroin problem before are now finding that they have heroin problems as alarming as those found in the older, larger cities.

In the time since Mr. Nixon's optimistic statement, much has changed; not the least change has been a substantial improvement in the quality of data and the sophistication of analysis in the area of addiction. Various researchers in and out of government have achieved some brilliant successes in identifying the sources of heroin entering the country, in plotting changes in the price of heroin, in using various public-health and hospital reports to measure the incidence of drug abuse, and in devising mathematical models to explain—and perhaps predict—how heroin use spreads. The two federal agencies concerned with drug abuse—the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA)—are now monitoring and further refining a set of indicators of drug use based on this research. These indicators provide a retrospective picture of heroin use in the past and a method for understanding future patterns of use.

For some time, experts have been aware that heroin use spreads as if it were an epidemic. That is, an initial user will, during his first few months of use, induce his friends to experiment with it; out of the initial group of users, one or more will induce friends to try it, and in a rather short period of time a very large population of young persons will be exposed to the drug and a large but unknown fraction of those exposed will become regular users. Each initial user is "infectious"—that is, able and willing to enlist his acquaintances into heroin use—for about a year; after that, he seldom produces new users, because either he has stopped using it himself or he has become so confirmed a user that he associates only with other confirmed users who share his way of life and can help him "connect" with a regular supplier. Leon Gibson Hunt of the Drug Abuse Council, a private organization in Washington, D.C., has developed an elegant mathematical model of how this process operates.

It was once assumed that these epidemics would be confined to the large cities where there were large numbers of potential users, many overlapping friendship networks, and readily available supplies of the drug. For this and other reasons, many supposed that the heroin problem was and would remain primarily a big-city problem.

Now Hunt and others have shown that this is not the case. Heroin use can and will spread to smaller communities following a pattern observed with many diseases, with urban riots, and even with the usage of television. The "diffusion" of narcotics occurs this way: after the peak incidence year of an epidemic has passed, which for most Eastern cities occurred around 1969-70, new epidemics on a smaller scale begin to break out in Middle Western cities and in smaller communities. This does not mean that the heroin problem in the Eastern cities is "over" and now is to be found

James Q. Wilson is Henry Lee Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard. He is the author of *Amateur Democrat, Varieties of Police Behavior, Political Organizations,* and *Thinking About Crime,* which will be published by Basic Books later this month.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elsewhere: it still remains serious in the East because, although the *rate* at which new users are being recruited has leveled off, that rate remains high and a vast pool of addicts remains in existence. The size of the addict population (i.e., the "prevalence" of heroin) will not decrease until the rate at which new addicts are created (i.e., the "incidence" of heroin) drops below the rate at which old users are giving up the habit (i.e., "maturing out"). For a brief while, old users on the East coast were maturing out faster than new users were being recruited, but that is no longer the case.

It is the incidence of new heroin users that is going up rapidly in smaller communities. There are now identifiable heroin addiction problems in Racine, Wisconsin, Des Moines, Iowa, and Boulder, Colorado. The problem has even entered some rural areas. It appears that the most rapid growth in heroin may be occurring in cities thought to be strongholds of Middle America and thus immune to such problems as addiction.

This diffusion of heroin from the big cities to the small ones is graphic though tragic evidence of the extent to which we have become one nation, one culture. At one time, it was conceivable that many parts of the country—the South, the Middle West, small communities—could quarantine themselves from the real and imagined evils of big-city life. Indeed, it was once possible within the big cities to quarantine certain activities by confining them to specialized parts of the city. Hence red-light districts, skid row, Chinatown, the "other side of the tracks." Personal mobility, urban growth, the national media, and mass merchandising have changed all that.

No one knows how big the problem may become in the smaller communities, but Hunt estimates that as many as 200,000 new addicts could be recruited in these areas during the next few years. If that is true, then treatment facilities as well as some law-enforcement efforts will have to be allocated to areas long thought to have no need for such programs.

Concomitant with the shift in the locus of heroin epidemics has been a change in the composition of the addict population. The most rapidly growing part of that population is white, both male and female. Indeed, in the United States it would appear that there are more white than black addicts, though the rate for blacks is higher than for whites. Furthermore, whereas the size of the black component is stable, the size of the white component is increasing. This is, of course, exactly what one would expect as epidemics begin to occur in communities without large black ghettos.

One of the best indicators of the incidence of intravenous drug abuse (most of which involves heroin) is the extent of serum hepatitis. Unlike infectious hepatitis, which can be contracted without sticking a needle in your arm and which tends to be most prevalent among the very young (ten years of age or even younger), serum hepatitis is most easily transmitted through an infection of the bloodstream (as from a dirty needle) and is most prevalent among young adults (ages 15 to 30). Most of these cases, it can be shown, are the result of drug abuse. Hepatitis is reported to the Public Health Service and this provides data on the extent of drug use independent of police and other sources. Furthermore, serum hepatitis is a good measure of the rate at which *new* drug users are being created because, once the disease is contracted, the body usually develops an immunity to its recurrence. Older, established addicts are, as a result, less vulnerable to hepatitis than younger, novice users.

After mid-1972, when the number of cases of serum hepatitis was declining in the Eastern industrial states with a recognized problem—states such as Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania—the number of cases was beginning to rise, though no one noticed it at the time, in states such as Florida, Kansas, Wisconsin, Indiana, and even New Hampshire.

Whatever the hepatitis figures may tell us about the recruitment of new addicts, other data already suggest that the older, existing addicts in the Eastern cities are beginning to increase their consumption. Urine tests performed on prisoners in the District of Columbia jail show an increase in heroin signs after a long period of decline. Requests for admission into treatment programs are once again rising.

Facts confirming this trend are available from still another source. The Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN) is a nationwide system, devised and paid for by the federal government and operated by a private contractor, that systematically collects and processes into a computer information about admissions to hospital emergency rooms, drug clinics, and drug-crisis centers. The number of patients entering these facilities mentioning drug use is tabulated, anonymously, and sent to Washington. While one must be cautious in using these data, they suggest that over the last year or so—in fact, regularly since Mr. Nixon's 1973 speech—there has been a more or less steady increase in the frequency with which heroin is mentioned in the DAWN system.

The nationalization of the heroin problem—its first engulfing black communities, then its spreading to white areas adjacent to ghettos, and now its appearance in smaller communities—may be only the inevitable, albeit tragic, working out of an epidemiological phenomenon that began in the 1960's in the big cities. But what can explain the serious possibility of a new increase in heroin consumption in the Eastern United States? There are a number of possibilities, but one dramatic factor—perhaps the dominant one—is readily apparent: the East coast

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heroin shortage, that existed in 1972-73, is ending.

The fact of the shortage was beyond dispute. Beginning in mid-1972, street buys of heroin became harder to make. Intelligence reports suggested the influx of major shipments was down. And perhaps most revealing, the price of heroin on the street went up substantially. Between mid-1972 and mid-1973, the cost of heroin, per pure milligram, rose on the East coast from about $1 to nearly $3. The actual price to the addict of a "bag" of heroin was, of course, much higher—around $20—because each bag contained several milligrams of the narcotic. At the same time, the purity of the drug in the typical bag declined, from about 8 to only 2 or 3 per-cent pure.

For some, this price increase was bad news. Many experts believed that addiction was so compulsive and uncontrollable that users would continue to buy the drug in the same amounts whatever the price and, since the price was often beyond their means, would have to steal more and more in order to "feed their habits." In fact, for a variety of reasons, heroin consumption *declined* as price increased. For one thing, there were by 1972 sufficient drug-treatment programs in most Eastern cities so that a feasible alternative to heroin use existed. The primary form of treatment, methadone, is controversial, and early claims for it were exaggerated, but it has proved to be a remarkably effective way of stabilizing many thousands of addicts well enough to permit them to lead reasonably normal lives while undergoing various forms of counseling and treatment. For another, some heroin users find it possible to substitute other drugs—barbiturates, illegally diverted methadone, amphetamines, alcohol—for heroin when the latter becomes too scarce or too costly. And many addicts who had acquired a habit with bags that were only 2 per-cent pure had become so mildly addicted that they could detoxify themselves, reducing or abandoning their heroin consumption with relative ease.

Whatever the precise combination of explanatory factors, the central fact seems clear: the demand for heroin is not, in economic language, entirely inelastic; rather, it is price-elastic to the degree that if price goes up sharply, consumption will decrease.

Beginning in late 1973 and early 1974, the purity of East-coast heroin began to increase and by mid-1974 the price per pure milligram began to go down. If shortages and high prices had led to reduced consumption, there was every reason to believe that enhanced purity and lower prices would lead to increased consumption. And that, apparently, is exactly what is happening.

East-coast suppliers are not yet back to their pre-1973 levels, if current prices are any indication. But they are moving in that direction. From February to September 1974, purity doubled (from 3.5 to 7 per cent) and price per pure milligram fell from $2.90 to $2.00.

The facts in the rest of the country are consistent with the theory that heroin consumption is powerfully affected by the amount of the drug available and its price. California, and the West coast generally, experienced no heroin shortage. During the last few years, the purity of heroin available in California has remained relatively high (10 to 12 per cent, and in a few cities even higher) and the price, though it has risen, has remained much lower than the levels reached in New York: less than $1 per pure milligram. And during this period, heroin consumption remained high as measured by every available indicator. From 1969 through 1973, the rate of serum hepatitis was higher than it was on the East coast and remained about constant, without the big dip that in the East accompanied the shortage. Demand for treatment facilities remained high. At the very time that Mr. Nixon was telling the nation that we had turned the corner, police chiefs, treatment physicians, and hospital administrators on the West coast were grumbling loudly about what they saw as the inadequate level of federal support for their burgeoning heroin problem.

The reason that West-coast heroin supplies remained abundant can be given in one word: Mexico. Widespread opium poppy cultivation in many of the western provinces of Mexico has supplied a large number of clandestine laboratories located in the same region which in turn provided a sizable supply of heroin that encountered relatively little resistance in crossing the 1600-mile border between Mexico and the United States. Furthermore, the Mexican heroin is not managed by a monopoly distributor or by a few tightly-organized "connections." Free enterprise reigns, with a host of distributional networks ranging from the casual "mule" (a person carrying a small quantity of the drug on his person) to well-financed organizations operating boats and airplanes.

For a long time no one knew exactly how large a share of the American market was taken up by Mexican heroin. In fact, some thought that much of what came from Mexico was actually transshipped through there from sources in France or Southeast Asia. And almost everybody believed that the Mexican operation, if that is in fact what it was, represented a recent development stimulated by the closing down of the Turkish poppy fields and the disruption of many heroin laboratories in Marseilles. Some went so far as to say that the advent of the Mexican problem was a sure sign of the failure of our Turkish policy since Mexico has "proved" how easily and quickly new sources of heroin can be brought into production.

It is now possible to make some fairly confident statements about many of these speculations and at least to cast doubt on some of the inferences. By

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the development of an elaborate process for relating chemical analyses and intelligence on drug origins, it can be said with some assurance that the vast bulk of heroin entering from Mexico is in fact produced there and now constitutes one half or more of the entire U.S. heroin market. Furthermore, Mexican heroin is not a recent innovation. A study of DEA files reveals that Mexico has been a significant producer and exporter of heroin since at least World War II. The Mexican heroin may have partially filled the void created by the shortage of French heroin, but it was by no means created in response to the disruption of the France-Turkey production systems and might have developed to its present level whether or not the Turkish poppy fields had been plowed under.

One deep puzzle remains, however. For two years or more, there has been in existence a sharp price differential between West-coast and East-coast heroin. In June 1972, for example, a user in Los Angeles could buy 12 per-cent pure heroin for 32 cents a pure milligram whereas his cousin in New York City would have had to pay 80 cents per milligram for a bag that was only 6 per-cent pure. In 1974, the absolute price levels in both cities were higher, but the differential persisted—what cost less than $1 per pure milligram in Los Angeles cost nearly $3 in New York.

If such a differential existed with respect to color television sets, tickets to the Super Bowl, or uncut diamonds, there would immediately arise a good deal of transcontinental buying and selling until the differential disappeared or was much reduced. Nothing of the sort happened in the heroin market.

The explanation is apparently linked to the fact that Mexican heroin did not enter the big East-coast markets in substantial amounts. When white "French" heroin became hard to find, brown Mexican heroin did not immediately fill the void even though it was relatively abundant in the rest of the country. One reason may be that big-city East-coast addicts have an aversion to "Mexican brown," perhaps because it *is* brown (or beige, depending on how it is cut).

Another possibility is that the highly organized East-coast heroin distribution system has had sufficient monopoly power to exclude the cheaper Mexican heroin and to maintain the high prices charged for white heroin. Or perhaps ethnic rivalries made it difficult for those handling Mexican heroin to establish good working relations with the Italians and blacks who are important in Eastern drug trafficking.

Whatever the reasons, Mexican heroin as late as December 1973 accounted for only 10 per cent of the retail purchases by law-enforcement agencies in New York City at a time when it made up 80 per cent of the purchases in the central part of the United States and 60 per cent of those in California. By September 1974, there was more Mexican heroin in New York but it still accounted for only 20 per cent of the total there and only 30 per cent of the total in other Eastern seaboard cities.

In the long run, it is hard to believe the price differential will persist or that Mexican heroin will not find adequate distributional channels throughout the country. If that happens, and if at the same time there is a renewed supply of French-Turkish heroin, heroin supplies in the East will once again be abundant, prices will fall even lower, the consumption by addicts will probably rise, and the recruitment of new addicts may also increase.

And French-Turkish heroin is reappearing in substantial quantities. In August 1974, DEA agents in New York seized 75 kilograms (about 160 pounds) of pure French heroin and there are good grounds for suspecting that this was not an isolated shipment. In addition, a new group of manufacturers and traffickers based in Lebanon has begun to enter the U.S. market: 1.7 kilograms of high-quality Lebanese heroin were seized in Detroit in April 1974.

DEA officials speculate that the raw materials for this French and Lebanese heroin were stored in Europe and Turkey at the same time the Turks ceased producing poppies. Now that the Turks have resumed cultivation of the poppy, these stockpiles are being used to make heroin in anticipation of their replenishment within the year from fresh Turkish supplies.

These developments strongly suggest that it is premature to relax federal and local efforts to deal with the problem. The differing experiences of the East and West coasts over the last few years are consistent with the theory that a combination of vigorous law enforcement and ample treatment facilities employing a variety of techniques can make a difference in the total level of heroin consumption and in the recruitment of new addicts. No program can "eliminate" the heroin problem or "stamp out" heroin—not, at least, without unacceptable costs in money and personal liberties. It is not even clear how many addicts can be permanently cured, but it does seem that substantial reductions in the use of the drug for significant periods of time can be achieved.

The East-coast heroin shortage was the result of vigorous law enforcement combined with the Turkish poppy ban. That no similar shortage was produced on the West coast is due not only to the decentralized nature of the delivery systems from Mexico, making it harder to immobilize many traffickers with a few key arrests, but also to the fact that DEA is stretched very thin. Though state and local narcotics agents are important, international trafficking and the major national and regional distributors are the special responsibility of DEA. Yet to deal with the countless suppliers of several hundred thousand heroin addicts, DEA has only two thousand agents. As John R. Bartels, Jr.,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

administrator of DEA, puts it: "We have only two-thirds the number of officers that the New York Transit Authority employs and whereas they need only cover three subway lines, we must fight a three-front war overseas [Turkey, Mexico, and Southeast Asia] and a sixty-city war in the United States." He might also have added that DEA employs one-third the number of field officers of the Environmental Protection Agency.

Of highest priority, perhaps, must be efforts to bring Mexican production under control. Key officials of the Mexican government have worked energetically on this, but the problem is vast: thousands of acres of poppies are cultivated on small sites in remote regions of the country. With persistence and sufficient resources, however, there is no inherent reason that poppy cultivation cannot be substantially reduced and clandestine laboratories disrupted.

Once the narcotic leaves Mexico, it becomes harder to stop. It is easy to suppose that blanketing the border region with investigators and detection equipment is the appropriate strategy, but though closer controls at the border may be valuable, the largest shipments skip over the border by plane and go directly to the big cities: Los Angeles, Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, and so forth. The investigative effort will have to emphasize these cities and breaking up the distributional organizations located there rather than the utopian ideal of "sealing off" the border. (The disaster that was "Operation Intercept" of former Attorney General John Mitchell suggests the problems of concentrating on the border.)

Treatment facilities will require expansion, primarily in middle-sized and smaller cities. If the 1974 serum hepatitis data bear out the apparent increase in big-city heroin consumption, and the revived demand for space in big-city treatment facilities continues, more funds may have to be spent in these areas as well.

FINALLY, it may be necessary to place drug abuse once again higher on the national political agenda. From 1969 through 1973, there was close Presidential attention to the matter. This had both desirable and undesirable results. Things were made to happen in the bureaucracy, appropriations rose, and coordination of law-enforcement and treatment efforts improved. But at the same time, there was a tendency to play politics with drugs and some persons associated with the drug effort later were found to be implicated in Watergate and other sordid affairs. In a fragmented governmental structure such as ours, energetic executive leadership often can occur only at some risk of political gamesmanship. These risks can be minimized by insisting on integrity and public accountability in the White House, but they cannot be eliminated. And the costs of failing to provide Presidential leadership are even graver: law enforcement will continue to be muddled by bitter jurisdictional quarrels, the support and direction of treatment programs will sink down into obscure, business-as-usual bureaucratic niches, and our foreign-policy objectives will not be sufficiently sensitive to our domestic drug concerns.

It would be a pity, for in the last few years we have learned a great deal about drug abuse, above all how to think about it systematically. There is absolutely no reason to return to the years when we were caught unawares by the great heroin epidemic of the 60's and so paid a higher price, in tragically wasted lives, than was necessary.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Golden Age

Bette Howland

Old Mrs. Alonzo, in a voice that scared the daylights out of you, called and asked me to come and see her in the Home. It was a gruff, deep, billy-goat croak (though male or female, you couldn't tell). I pictured her dark, lifted face, tarnished like a mirror, the light tilted in her glasses, her mouth open—as if that would help her to hear any better—the wire dangling from her hearing-aid. So Professor Alonzo had finally put his old mother away. I said, "Oh, Mrs. Alonzo," and she was flattered that I recognized her over the phone.

I have an old grandmother of my own, on the other side of the city, so I used to look in on the professor's mother now and then. Feeling guilty—I knew it should have been the other old lady instead. The Alonzos lived one above the other, in identical flats. Grottoes. His furnished in books, top to bottom, leather library chairs—billiard table green—curdling cigar smoke, whiskey decanters: the life of the mind was masculine turf. Hers was a matter of bric-a-brac, lace doilies, shaky-legged tables, and snarled faded carpets which reminded me strongly of the worn hair on the back of her head. The TV set was always blaring full blast; it didn't distract her in the least, she couldn't hear it. She pressed her hand to her noisy bosom, breathing rapidly and loudly. You couldn't help feeling a sense of alarm, as if she were breathing down your neck.

Now Mrs. Alonzo loved to brag about her son—bald, stout, sixtyish, rough and scolding in manner, red in the face. With a great air of taking me into her confidence, glasses glittering to the brim, she showed me his clippings: "He's a famous man, you know." Well he was, he was, much more than she thought. For what could his dry-as-dust essays have meant to her? What could she make of them? Written at white heat, in a hand that sent secretaries up the walls. Did you expect her to believe anyone actually read such stuff!

"He works so hard," she whispered.

With Alonzo, alas, it was another story. He had to shout at his mother at the top of his voice; she couldn't make out a word he said. I don't know, she always seemed to understand me. Of course such commonplaces as we exchanged. Still, the professor could speak commonplaces too.

"Mother, I'm going home now," he'd say, rising, shoving his fingers into tweedy pockets.

"What's that? What's that?" Opening her mouth, lifting her head, wires quivering.

He raised his voice. "I *say*. I'm go-ing home now. Down-stairs." Stamping his foot and pointing at the carpets.

"What, what? Huh? What's that?"

She lifted her face, he bent his; the two faces—so much alike, two swelling gourds—pushing closer and closer. His was getting redder and redder, froggy-eyed. I was afraid he was going to have an attack. But then, I was always afraid. Bluster was Alonzo's trademark, he shouted down everybody. His brilliance bordered on apoplexy. In the heat of argument, he seemed to lisp, his breath hissing and whistling against his teeth. His handful of hairs bristled. You couldn't help getting scared for him when he got started. And his old mother croaking and cocking her head, mouth dark, innocent specs flashing. She looked like Little Orphan Annie with her frizz of curls, her silver-dollar eyes. Meanwhile, the cowboys on the television were shooting off their cap-pistols. Take that—and that—and that. You saw puffs of smoke.

This was a routine, of course. They were hamming it up. Burlesquing their relation, since it had become a burlesque. Doting mother, dutiful son. But their roles had been painfully reversed. Now she was the slow, stubborn creature who needed to be reasoned with, looked after, coaxed; he was the one who had his hands full. At one end of life and the other, still the same gap. No understanding. So he hollered and lisped, she shook her deaf ear. They expressed their connection. There must be a better way of saying it, with someone you love, who won't be around much longer. But no one seems to have hit upon it yet.

Everyone scolds my grandmother too. How come she never keeps the chain up on the door? Why won't she use a cane? When will she let someone take her to the doctor? Etc., etc. She's eighty-five, humped, stooped, her white head tucked between her shoulders, hands big and knotty with arthritis; a widow on a pension of something like a hundred dollars a month. So who do we think we're kidding, with our canes

BETTE HOWLAND is the author of the recently published *W-3* (Viking). Her previous contributions to COMMENTARY include "To the Country" (November 1973) and "Blue in Chicago" (August 1972).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and doctors and door-latches? Who's she going to fool with that stuff? She ducks her head and lets us talk.

Mrs. Alonzo was recovering from a heart attack. Then she started falling. The professor, at his desk, heard the thumps downstairs. She was supposed to pound on the floor—his ceiling—if she wanted anything. But no, she got out of bed by herself instead, groping her way to the bathroom—pipes, painted radiators, grouty tiles, Roman faucets—all the tough old fixtures, waiting to crack her bones. He listened to every creaking overhead, and imagined her tripping on her shabby carpets. She was giving him a hard time—people give what they can.

Things were getting impossible. I saw for myself how they were going. A friend paid a visit with his son. The little boy had a look around—one room yawning into another, the light receding, the dining table with its brittle yellowed lace—and in a small voice asked Mrs. Alonzo how old she was. She lied about her age—lopped off ten years. What for? Why ten? Why not twenty? Why be stingy? (As my grandmother remarked of another octogenarian, "What difference does it make? She looks like a hundred.") Then the old lady wanted to hold his hand. She reached for it—clawing—they were side by side on the boggy sofa—as if she meant to snatch it away. "It's mine. It's mine. I'm going to keep it." Her face was the color of bullets, her fingers pinched. She wasn't kidding. The child stiffened, but let his hand lie in hers. I watched this with very big eyes—almost as big as his.

"Actually, I don't like old people," he told me afterward. "They give me shivers up my spine."

As long as this lovely spell of autumn weather holds, I see the old people every day sitting by the park entrance. A curving sweep of grass and benches, squirrels pouncing on leaves, traffic wincing past on the Outer Drive. Beyond, the blue-blue shimmer of Lake Michigan, and tall downtown buildings docked in the distance, ready to sail on. At each bench sits a wheelchair, some "senior citizen" hunched within; and on the bench—shackled like a familiar spirit—a sturdy black woman with her knitting, or reading a movie magazine spread open on her knees.

One of these couples I like especially. The old man, in his hound's-tooth checked cap, likes to get out of the chair and push—back bent, gripping the handles; the young nursemaid, legs gray in white stockings, dawdling at his side. Meanwhile the great yellow maple shakes its branches, the leaves simply falling off, spattering petals, raining beauty, drenched with gold.

Empty folding chairs were still standing outside, all up and down the front walk of the Woodlawn Home. A straggling lineup, as if the old themselves were sitting and staring. It had been a warm fall day; crabapple trees strewed the lawns, leaves were scratching and swirling. Coming 'round the bend, I could already hear voices like Mrs. Alonzo's—raucous, growling in a drainpipe.

An old woman, stooping in her walker, a sweater on her hooked back. An old gentleman, very small, very neat, with a tight white collar and a tight brown skin. His lip was stretched against his tight white teeth.

'Well, what about these teachers of yours?" he was saying. "These Arthur Murray teachers? Were there any women at least?"

"No, no," she said. "Only men. Two men."

"Thanks a lot." Leaning on his stick. "Men. Who needs that?"

The Home is built in two wings—a tall one, where the old people live, and a long, low entrance wing with waiting rooms, recreation rooms, administrative offices. The corridors were wide, smooth, shining, done in Howard Johnson colors, and a *sukkah* stood in the lobby. Broad red-tipped leaves, Indian corn, yellow squash, lemons, oranges, apples, melons. A woman saw me sniffing and motioned: take, take. She was very large, smiling from cheek to cheek, and her lips squeaked, soundless, as if you'd squeezed rubber. Take, take. But I didn't take. Another woman, with a cane and dark glasses, was sitting sideways in her chair and asked for the time without glancing up.

I stopped to read the bulletin board. There seemed to be a heavy schedule. Movies, cocktail parties, religious services, bingo, Arthur Murray. A woman was pushing herself along in a wheelchair and paused to see what I was looking at.

"They keep you pretty busy here?"

"No," she said, gazing up at the board. Then she asked me what time it was.

It was 4:30. That was why everyone wanted to know the time. It was getting close to dinner. Meals come early in institutions, remember, a matter of the kitchen shifts. All down the corridor, people were asking the time, waiting in their chairs. It was too early to go, but everyone was ready. In fact, some were already sitting in the dining room, at the small tables with their red-checkered cloths. Steely carts. Prominently displayed was a juice machine, the sort you see in movie theaters, popcorn galleries, stroking and churning a thick purple froth.

The dining room was in the other wing. As soon as you stepped over the border, the scene changed in an instant. Everything looked older, darker, dingier; the corridors long, dim, narrow, lined with chairs like the gloomy hallways of clinics. There was a familiar spilled, clinging smell. The urinals? Old people missing the pot? This was where they *lived*. That was the difference. I rode upstairs. Everywhere they were converging. Tapping down the halls on their canes, holding onto the handrails, propping their shiny chrome walkers. They came rolling up the eleva-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tors in their wheelchairs, elbows lifted, working, gristly wings. Down the rows of open doorways I could see them leaning over sinks, looking into mirrors, getting ready for dinner.

Mrs. Alonzo was not one of these. I knew she was bedridden, had brought her some books and a magazine which had just published a piece of mine—she liked to read. (My grandmother can read and write, but not with the greatest of ease. In fact it's a physical effort, full of anxiety. The whole world withers on the vine.)

I found Alonzo's mother cranked up in bed against a pile of pillows, rails raised on either side. She'd dropped off, head back, mouth slack, string hanging from her earpiece. Nappy grizzled head. I could hear her breathing from the doorway—ransacking and rummaging in her breast.

Just then the nurse came in to give her a pill. The old lady's eyes flew open behind rimless specs with a startled expression, a sort of angry surprise. Her head struggled, lifted. She gasped down something from a little paper cup. The nurse went off, hips wagging in her girdle.

The Home is in the thick of a desolate ghetto. One of those burnt-out places at the heart of the city—bombed out, boarded up, shattered glass, charred timbers. Through the slats of venetian blinds I spied black children playing stickball in a rubbled lot. It was planted like a minefield with bricks, stones, scrap metal, squinting glass. Well, what can you do when the city goes into competition with you, sets up its own spectacles of decline and destruction? Here was an old soul under the wrecking-ball, undergoing the same kind of senseless assault. It was plain she didn't know who I was (who was I?). I pulled up a chair and sat down by the bed, my magazine under my arm.

She looked over and stared at me, eyes wide open, as if something had her by the throat. She tried to lift her head. Her mouth munched. She wanted something; she thought I was the nurse.

"What is it? Water?" I held the glass tube to her lips. She didn't drink. "You want your pillows straightened? You want to be turned?" She kept trying to speak, straining her head. Then she gave a loud burp. Her throat rasped. I thought she was going to spit up the pill she'd just taken, and fetched the kidney-shaped pan from the bedstand. But that wasn't it either. I was getting panicked, ready to yank for the nurse.

The fact is, I was frightened at being left alone with her, as I'd been frightened my first time alone with a newborn infant. Not knowing what it wanted, what it needed—its tottering feeble head, strange noises, grasping fingers. I was frightened and ashamed of myself for not knowing what she wanted. Or, rather, for continuing to ask, to seek—as if. As if there actually were something, some simple measure, word, gesture, that would answer for the moment. And that would be "what she wanted." There was no such answer.

She reached over the rail, feeling for my hand. Her grip was strong. I remembered the way she had held onto the little boy's hand—same thing. Her eyes were faded at the rims, irises surrounded by dim thick rings. This truly reminded me of the newborn infant: two staring eyes, cloudy, unseeing. A tenuous connection with the other world. I looked back, wondering and wondering. Is it a puzzle—or a mystery?

"Ma," she said. Then she sighed. "Gee whiz. Oh, gee whiz."

MY MOTHER has just started working for the Golden Diners Club, a program for "senior citizens" from the mayor's office. There are more than fifty such places throughout the city, where the elderly can get "hot, nourishing, low-cost lunches." They pay what they like, they don't need to pay anything. It isn't charity or welfare, it isn't just for the poor. But it is hard to convince them that it isn't—that this is their right, they've earned it; that they don't owe anybody anything and have already paid their dues.

There is also Meals-on-Wheels, for those, like my grandmother, who can't get out. But for the time being this program operates only in the extreme northern section of the city—where there are plenty of old people, God knows, but not nearly so many, nor in such a plight—to judge from their surroundings—as in some other areas. Uptown, for instance, where my grandmother lives.

The one where my mother works is in a synagogue on the north side, where they serve kosher food, so the customers are all Orthodox Jews from the old country. We were going to a funeral in the family and were meeting there at lunchtime. My mother sent me in the car to fetch her lazy old aunt, Yetta, who sometimes comes there to eat.

Auntie Yetta lives only a few blocks away, in a terrace of brick flats right next to the concrete bunker of the El tracks. The trains go past like a rock slide. It looks like a munitions factory. Crabgrass shoots from cracks in the concrete, the bricks, the cement sidewalks. The smell of the warm, bright autumn day rose heavy-hearted from all this mortar. It took her a long time to come to the door. I could hear her unfastening the many locks and chains.

All my grandmother's sisters look alike—exactly like their mother, my great-grandmother, The Bobbeh. When I think of her I see the scanty rusted grass on the slight mound of her grave, the tipping headstone. Then there rises before me the great leaning form of The Bobbeh herself, pitching her weight heavily from side to side.

The Bobbeh had trouble with her legs; thick, swollen, bowed—from ankle to knee it was a 45° angle. She walked without a cane, but broken and listing. All her daughters have the same difficulty; it's an ethnic disease, like sickle-cell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anemia or Tay-Sachs, and afflicts women of the East European Diaspora. The thigh bone softens and bends and drags you down like a fruit tree. Of course I didn't know this as a child; their distorted legs were just them, the way they looked, how I thought they *should* look. Or, as I would say now, characteristic. Even more characteristic were their Slavic cheeks—wide, flat, heavy with bone, and so high their eyes seemed to be peering over a ledge. Above, you saw the glitter.

They all looked like squatting idols—gazing at you from a distance. So maybe I am imagining The Bobbeh, wide in her chair, filling it from side to side; huge, silent, her hands heavy on the armrests, and her terrible legs in front of her, in the foreground, wrapped in thick sleeves of flesh. Maybe. She wore Gypsy scarves, earrings, beads, aprons; she was, virtually, a Gypsy. The house was always full of her cronies, with their cards and tea leaves, rolling their little brown cigarettes with a flick of the tongue, cracking dirty jokes (according to my mother) in the Romany dialect. I remember the heads slyly together, the snickers of laughter, all those gold teeth twinkling like loot.

I can't recall that The Bobbeh ever said a word to me. I didn't speak any of her languages. Besides, it must have gotten boring after a while, all those descendants. Thirty grandchildren; she must have stopped counting the great-. She slipped and fell in the bathtub, cracked her hip, couldn't get out of the water, and died of pneumonia a week later. A series of events I regret to this day.

The door opened and there stood white-haired Auntie Yetta, more conservative than her mother —as who wouldn't be?—but with the same prominent cheeks, flat barriers, the same legs sinking under the weight of her body. She gazed at me over her cheeks. She was still in her slip.

"Oh, I'm sick today, honey," she said, whining a little.

I could see this was a lot of hooey. She just didn't feel like getting dressed. Not in the cards. In that family they never cared to get dressed. As a child I used to love to stay for a visit, so I wouldn't have to get dressed either. Behind her, the room was in a familiar mess: clothes, papers strewn everywhere, dirty dishes, bread crusts, apple cores. It's always like that; Yetta also doesn't like to clean. If you were a fish, you could swim through it. She wades, sideways, slow crustacean.

She said another sister, Lena, might be going to the Golden Diners today. Lena had taken her husband to the clinic in the morning and would be coming from the El. "If you keep your eye open, you might spot them."

It was actually hot, lawnmowers buzzing, spraying fine green dust, though the air smelled of leaf-smoke. I didn't see them. I was in the bathroom at the *shul,* washing my hands at the sink before lunch, when a white-haired woman came hauling herself in on stunted, curved legs, lurching violently from side to side. She wore a housedress zipped up the front, and her cheeks were like stone slabs.

"Auntie Lena!"

She put her fingers to her forehead. "Oh, I know who you are," she said. "I know who you are."

She was tired; she had taken her husband to the clinic at 7:30 A.M. and had just got back. "You know how they keep you waiting." He has dizzy spells, falls all the time, for some reason can walk only backward. So it would have been easy enough to "spot them," coming down the street; him toppling backward and her from side to side. In this manner, the two sick old people get themselves where they have to go. They climb the stairs of the elevated tracks, board madly rushing trains. How does she shove him on, I wonder? This has been going on for years.

One hundred and sixty-seven had signed up for lunch, a small turnout. Fridays are better: wine, *challah,* roast chicken. Today no one knew what was on the menu, and everyone was asking, clattering out the metal chairs. A typical church-function room, a platform at one end, windows narrow and high up, the dull gleam of linoleum and long, tin-topped tables. At each place was laid a slice of bread under a paper napkin, plastic knife, fork, spoon, and a slice of pineapple in a plasticized cup. The faces of the old people at these tables seemed remarkably standardized. It was the false teeth and the glasses, the artificial light of their faces. Above all, the glasses. Their eyes were huge, seemed to explode behind the thick lenses. They sat like a new race of children, lifting up their big, blurred eyes. They were waiting for the blessing.

An arm shot up in the back of the room—my father, waving to show me where we were sitting. A great mauled-looking man in a dark blue suit. It was the latest style, single-breasted, narrow in the shoulders, belted in back, and every time he made one of his large gestures, I was sure he'd rip a seam. This Lord Fauntleroy stuff is not for him. I'd say Dying Gladiator or Laocoön. His skullcap sat on the back of his thick dusty hair like a lid; his shirt collar and tie looked to be choking him, and his eyes were a startling, smarting, blinking blue—like the eyes of a coal miner coming up from the pits. He looked startled and stricken; the death was in his family—a beautiful child.

Everyone gets frightened, hearing of the death of a child. Everyone knows what it means, a punctured pain, a hook in the heart. We say "heartache," "heartbreak," the heart this, the heart that. But that's really where you feel it. Isn't that strange? If I was feeling bad, think of my poor parents. This was the second death in as many weeks which had been peculiarly painful.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of their oldest and dearest friends, a constant companion, had been shot dead in his store. The period of mourning was just over—the widow, wearing sunglasses to hide swollen eyes, talking slowly and tonelessly in a voice hollow with sedation, a chain of thick gold rings, bracelets, hanging heavy round her neck (the jewelry on her husband's wrists and fingers when he died). You could say my father's "heart" was heavy.

We were all the way at the end, with Auntie Lena and my mother's sister Sylvia, who had come down to help out with the Golden Diners. It was her day off and she was going with us. My mother was still dashing about, energetic in her light blue pants suit—though her hair is pure white, whiter than anybody's here—so her place was empty. Next to it, a large, loose-jointed, acromegalic type leaned on his elbows, smoking. He had long jaws, hairy ears, and the smoke spurted from his nostrils. He reached over and nipped her slice of bread.

The microphone gave a piercing bleat and whistled. A young woman was up on the platform, trying to get everyone's attention. But they hadn't come to give their attention. In fact, their manner, heads craning, fists on the table, said very plainly they had come to get. Where were the eats? They were getting impatient. She was announcing the day's planned activities and the circulation of a petition. A matter of vital interest, abolition of the state sales tax on food for senior citizens. But no one was listening. The microphone popped with exasperation. "If you don't care about yourselves, no one will care about you," she said at last. Only too true; though I didn't like to hear the rows of gray heads addressed as kindergartners—maybe because the comparison suggested itself so forcefully. At any rate, it rolled off, water off a duck's back, and they went on quacking.

I didn't hear the blessing, but it must have been said, because they were chewing their bread; and the man with the fur in his ears ripped off my mother's pineapple.

"Look out," says my father, "here comes the soup."

Two women, evidently Golden Diners themselves, were pushing their way through the long rows of chairs. One fearfully lifting a tray of trembling little soup bowls, *mandeln* bobbing. The other following close behind, scolding shrilly at the top of her voice.

They slapped the soup on the table; it spilled all over my mother's chair.

"Look what you did! you did!" the loud one squawked and flapped.

"Don't yell at her so much," I said. "You make her spill the soup."

The first one rolled her eyes at me over her shoulder. "Don't pay no attention," she whispered. "She's not all there."

The little bowls slopped and splashed on the table. Don't spill the soup, the soup! The microphone shrieked and hooted. My father shook his head: "Those two dizzy dames are always fighting." He bent over, his big shoulders sad, weighted, mopping up my mother's chair with paper napkins, and the old guy neatly snatched away her soup plate.

Sitting next to Auntie Lena was a fellow with a round beaming face, owlish and unblinking in his big glasses, a satisfied, boastful, peaceful expression, his paper napkin tucked 'round his neck. Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw her twist to him now and then—give him a sharp poke, a tap on the wrist, swiping his chin. It dawned on me that she was "minding" him, that this must be her husband, my Uncle Whatsisname. Now we were even.

WE WERE attracting a lot of attention. We were being served first; my mother had told them in the kitchen that we had to go to a funeral. By now everyone was looking down at our end with steady resentment. The faces turned from the other tables. Privileged characters! They didn't like to see outsiders here in the first place. Young people (even my Aunt Sylvia fell into that category, striking, silver-haired, her face cheerfully lifted). Vigorous people. And now we were getting served first on top of it, while they were still waiting.

I was wondering about something. My mother and Sylvia are quite a pair. Not smart, expensive; they're working-class women who get their hair done every other week and go in for bright colors —pink, yellow, purple—like their Rumanian grandmother. Summer beauties. The two sparkling pretty sisters get dressed up, go to weddings, put the brides to shame. (It's true my mother has her grim, dark, liverish days, but I'm not talking about that now.) My mother is older by ten years and leads an even livelier social life, always stepping out. "Where's your mother tonight?" my grandmother wants to know when I call her. She thinks I keep tabs. "Is that a Jessie! Always running."

Okay. My point is this. My white-haired mother could be one of those sitting and waiting at the Golden Diners herself—not working here. Lena is only six or seven years older—and look at the life she leads. And how resignedly; a waddling old woman with a sick husband in tow. Then what is the difference? What constitutes entry into the ranks of the elderly? What is the dividing line, if it's not just years? Money? There must be more to it. Sickness? Senility? Being alone? But Lena has children, grandchildren. I bet they all do. The people at the Woodlawn Home have families too. It's their families who put them there.

In my neighborhood I pass a certain basement window: Council for the Jewish Elderly. There are always signs: *Do you need a lawyer? A doctor? A visiting nurse? Information about Medi-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

care? Medicaid? Hours are posted for the shuttle bus to Michael Reese Hospital. It looks like they've got troubles. The elderly are a subculture in our society of subcultures. They have not so much a life in common, as a condition. Who understands this condition? What can be made of it? Cut off, under attack, no retreat?

These people here were all old Jews. Judging from the accents I heard around me, they had come over on the boat. They were not, as the jargon goes, assimilated. But there are places like this all over the city. Golden Diners—Golden Agers—are not just immigrants. Still, that status is symbolic. All of them must be in the same situation: they are not entirely of America either.

The two women were coming with the main course—the trays held high, as if to keep them out of reach. The one ducked her head, the other stretched her throat, straining her voice. For once the buzz died down. "Who's going to the funeral?" she demanded. "Who's going to the funeral?"

MY GRANDMOTHER lives in Uptown, in a large old elevator building. In Chicago, a city of the plains, built outward, low-lying, such vintage structures are not so common. This neighborhood, now so squalid, was once quite fancy, with its stone urns on the lintels, filled with red geraniums, its canopies and doormen. A mayor of Chicago used to live there. At least, every time we enter and traverse the vast lobby—a trackless waste, I feel like a camel plodding across the Gobi desert—my father remarks: "Mayor So-and-So of Chicago used to live here." (I met this Mayor So-and-So once, was taken up to the dark wood-paneled offices with their swinging gates and swivel chairs. I had won a grade-school spelling bee. The mayor pushed out his hand—past his big buttoned paunch—and, as we shook, asked me to spell "eleemosynary." I corrected his pronunciation. My God.) I'm not exactly sure what my father means by this, but have an idea. He means to say that all this is not so shabby after all, it's only a matter of appearances. Every dog has had its day.

And in fact this neighborhood will rise again—it is in the path of progress, so to speak. Heading north along the lakefront, the trail of the young, the fashionable, the singles' bars, wine and cheese shops, liberal politicians, psychiatrists' townhouses. The culture mishmash, propagandists for the good life in the city. This is their territory. ("Interesting people with complex demands," as one of the rental ads puts it. God forbid anyone should admit to simple needs.) First there was Old Town, then New Town; next will be Uptown. That's the direction. And this drive must be very great, all powerful: it would have to be, to overcome even this. These decrepit old buildings, leaking sewer gas, grimy glitter, tattered newspapers whirling up, possessed—all this will come down, disappear; glass high-rises go up in its place; and the misery will move elsewhere. After all, that's easy; it's footloose and fancy-free.

The lobby is stripped; just a few cracked mirrors, the prongs of the chandeliers. At one end a black and yellow sign is posted: FALL-OUT SHELTER. But it only leads upstairs. I always wonder about that. Down at the other end, at the glassed-in reception desk, a shirt cardboard leans against the counter: OUT TO LUNCH. Through the window you can still see the old-fashioned switchboard, plugs torn from the sockets; the empty pigeonholes which used to hold mail, telegrams, a flurry of important messages. The present tenants get mail once a month: pension, relief checks. The desk clerk has been OUT TO LUNCH for fifteen years.

The *pièce de résistance* is the elevator. There are two—one reserved for the janitor's use. As you can see, someone has a sense of humor. Janitor? What janitor? And if none exists, do we need to invent one? The tenants are not here to complain about leaky faucets. They're on their last legs themselves—a condition they are used to. My uncle was trapped in this elevator once—it fell to the basement. The alarm button didn't work, he banged and yelled until the Fire Department came to the rescue. A cop, six-four, padded with police fat; he didn't think it was so funny. And what if it had happened to one of *them*?

The upper part of the door is a dirty gray slush color; through the dim glass you can see it coming—the light rising like an acetylene torch in a coal shaft. It clanks, creaks, rattles its chains; there's a scraping and lashing overhead, like storm-tossed branches. This elevator is it in a nutshell, a capsulized version of the paranoia of our city life, our guilt and dread. An ancient, corrupt piece of machinery, plainly a fire hazard, no sticker of inspection. Is it going to fall? Is it going to fail? Will the door open? And who will get in? Some drunk breathing fumes you could light with a match? Quarrelsome, derelict? Or just someone so old, so broken-down, so weary of the march, you hate to look. You drop your eyes. I'd take the stairs, but it's ten flights up and they're not always lighted. Groping my way down once, striking matches, I came upon a pair of broken glasses in a pool of flaked blood. As for the freight elevator, never send to know.

This building is ten times better than the one my grandmother moved out of a few years ago.

At your knock, you hear slippers shuffling to the door. The chain scrapes in the latch; she opens and peeks out. Head thrust forward, peering from the hump between her shoulders.

"How many times do I have to tell you? First you look—then you take the chain off. What good does it do if you take the chain off first?"

"I know, I know." Her feet scrape the floor, dragging along her big loose slippers. Big arthritic hands dangling from her wrists. "Leave the door open for some air. It's all right now you're here."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The bed is made, the table cleared, dishes stacked in the drain rack. She's not like Yetta. Still, it's not very clean either. The dishes are greasy, the floor needs sweeping, there is a smell from the bathroom like the smell in the corridors of the Woodlawn Home. Speckles of sooty dust from the open window. The curtains are struggling and fluttering. The room has a western exposure, overlooks the vast industrial plain of Chicago. A lot of bricks, flat roofs, tar, gravel, smokestacks, water tanks. The rising particles glitter; the mighty haze hurts your eyes.

Once or twice a year a man comes around with a pail of water and washes the windows for a couple of bucks. He climbs out and hooks himself in; sits on the ledge, rolling his big cigar in his mouth, his great buckled galoshes thrust into the room. My grandmother pulls in her head and hides her eyes with her hand, afraid for him. "I dasn't look."

"Well? How are you feeling?"

"I?" Stiff-necked, turning herself sideways. Surprised you ask. "I'm all right."

"What took you so long to make up your mind?"

She chuckles at my scolding. It's our form of communication, like Alonzo and his Ma with their vaudeville routine. Her eyes squeezed in a smile, flashing her pearly bridge. I don't know when we got into this habit, but after all she knows what I mean. She looks a little timid, shrinking, in fact—hunched in her corner—as if she's afraid I might start talking in another vein. Her heavy hands hang in her lap.

My grandmother's fingers are bent—fused—in the shape of a priest's making the sign of the cross. Pretty strange for an old Jewish lady with all her Jewish infirmities! With these hands she pries open tins, digging at the jagged lids with her old-fashioned puncture-type opener—the kind I can't use. The only kind she can; she has no grip. She carries food to the table, the hot heavy pots practically dangling from her fingertips. What would she say if she knew I was thinking all the while that she looked like the Pope?

No sooner have we sat down, the door open, than in slinks a black cat, rubbing its arched back against the wall. Presently two women appear in the doorway, holding onto one another, hand in hand.

"Did anyone see a cat?"

Their voices quaver. They seem to be identical twins. Two withered old crones, hooked backs, hooked noses. Even their chins are hooked—tipping upward. White hairs quiver on their chinny-chin-chins. But the crazy part is, they're dressed like twins—dolled up by some doting mother—knitted caps, crocheted shawls, long thick woolen stockings, Mary Janes with straps. An overpowering impression of second childhood.

"A black cat?"

"Look under the bed," says my grandmother.

That's what she used to say when I asked for a penny. She wasn't being facetious, not her style. My big handsome grandfather, a storekeeper, was careless with small change. It fell out of his pockets, his apron and trousers, and rolled around on the floor. In those days my grandmother was big and handsome herself—a tall woman with broad wide cheeks, like an Indian, and a powerful repose.

You could see the curve of strong, silken tail sticking out from under the bedcovers. "Sit down. He'll come out when he's ready."

The aged twins, plucking at each other, steadying, holding hands—at the same time helping and hindering—tiptoe in and pull out chairs at the dining table.

I suppose I should say something about the furniture. But what's there to say? It's in keeping. Junk. An enamel-topped kitchen table, scratched like a bathtub, a couple of "upholstered" chairs—sprung, soggy stuff you wouldn't be surprised to find in an alley. And by the way, where do all those busted, water-logged sofas come from, that I keep seeing on the curbs? Is there an epidemic? This is not, as with Mrs. Alonzo, the accumulation of a lifetime. There is nothing here from the past. There is also a television set, with rabbit ears, and a telephone at last—a Christmas gift from Sylvia. Now we can worry when we ring and ring and get no answer.

The twins have a story. It seems they had found a pension check in the street, under the viaduct. (I know that desolate spot, full of feathers and pigeon splash.) At first, they had passed it up.

"I sez right away, I sez—'Say, that looked like a pension check.' Didn't I say that?"

"I could of told you. Anyone could tell a pension check. It's the government *on*velope."

"So we went back and picked it up."

Went back. That would be worth a discussion. It's not so easy to "go back"—to retrace such doubtful, tottering steps. What if it wasn't a check? What if the *on*velope was empty? But there it was, the address nearby. Trembling, all excitement, they looked up the rightful owner; a colored man named Jackson, who came downstairs in his overalls—for he'd been working on the roof.

"Are you Jackson?"

"What you want to know for?"

And so on. My grandmother smiling, turning sideways, ears between her shoulders. The way she listens to everybody; keeping her thoughts to herself.

Jackson gave them five bucks apiece, and you should see what they bought at the A&P. More than they could carry, I'll bet. The elderly, who can afford it the least, always buy the most expensive way—the smallest quantities. Because they're alone, they have no money, no place to put the stuff—and they have to get what they can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carry. No use picking out a five-pound bag of sugar if you can't lift five pounds. They have to think of that; a prominent fact of life in these parts. Once I arrived just as my grandmother was coming along, head poked forward in her babushka, legs crooked, akimbo, seemingly dragged down by the heavy package in either hand. She was carrying a bundle for her neighbor. It occurred to me that anyone noticing her—if anyone notices anyone here, where they all have such grim preoccupations—a stranger, passing by, would think: Here comes a funny little old lady! An elf, a gnome. And not know. Know what? What am I trying to say? And what was she doing, carrying someone else's groceries?

Well, I could believe these twins had struggled with their miserable shopping bags, ten bucks worth of groceries, putting them down and lifting them and tugging at each other's sleeves all the way home. They went on talking; two faces like wrinkled pouches, pelican throats.

I used to resent these gate crashers.

Every time I visit my grandmother, someone always shows up. It's inevitable. The next door neighbor, for instance, picks just this moment to return the TV guide from the newspaper. "Oh, I didn't know you had visitors," she'll say, clutching and closing her wrapper. "I'll come back later on." Half-stooping, apologetic—ready to sit down, waiting to be asked.

"Stay, stay—" from my grandmother. "Anything good on tonight?"

"Phooey. Same old junk."

TV is another prominent fact of life. They all watch television—what else is there? Their heroes are the teen-age idols of yesteryear; my grandmother loves, loves, loves James Dean, Elvis Presley. They observe the pop culture daily, with its soap operas, game shows, reruns, old movies—its commercials and more commercials. So they know all about us. And it's all right with them. You can't take them by surprise; they're ready for anything. This is the modern world; it's all in the script.

My grandmother told me about a girl she had seen shopping at the A&P. The store was full of old-age pensioners of the neighborhood, plucking their little tins of evaporated milk off the shelves —when in stomps this girl, briskly wheeling a cart. She was wearing (so far as I can make out from the description) a cape, a nude body-stocking, and hip boots. That's it. If she had a mask, she'd be Batwoman.

"Everybody looked," my grandmother said. "But we didn't say nothing. We know it's the *style*."

One of the things my grandmother likes about this place is that it is not "just for old people"—like public housing for the elderly, which would be cheaper and cleaner. She resents the category. I don't blame her. And she's right, this building is not just for old people —that's not the common denominator. The poverty of this neighborhood is almost more rural than urban; rock bottom, deep-rooted; that's because there is a heavy Appalachian and Indian population—a special, stubborn despair. And then there are the Halfway Houses, which turn up here by the same natural process, the order of things, the life cycle. So it's nothing to see people haggling with themselves in the streets, talking out loud, looking over their shoulders. And old women with empty baby buggies pawing in trash cans. These people are more than old—they are outcast. They have escaped the net, they are outside every sort of social institution. In other words, they give me the shivers.

But why can't they come some other time, I would think—come when she's alone? She's alone so much. Why now? When I'm here? And—since it's no use if you don't tell the truth—who needs such visitors? Who wants them? My grandmother is my grandmother, but who are they?

Which just goes to show you: I didn't understand anything. Not the first thing.

My grandmother is one of the few in this building, in this whole neighborhood for that matter —which is, after all, a kind of reservation for the elderly—one of the very few who "has anybody." Family, that is; people who love and care, whose visits are more than duty. These others come to be close to that forgotten feeling. To steal up next to it, warm themselves at the fire. My grandmother knows this, and that's why she always tells me to "leave the door open for some air."

Ah, here's the rub. If that's true, if that's true —then what is she doing in a place like this? A place for those who have *nobody*, who are alone in their extremity, forgotten, spewed up, swept out with the sawdust and ashes, with their perishable belongings, refugees of old age.

Last winter the old lady tripped and fell in the house. (Didn't we tell her not to keep that crummy throw rug by her bed?) She didn't break anything, but she was on the floor for seven hours, passing out, trying repeatedly to pick herself up. Thinking of The Bobbeh in the bathtub, I wonder? At her age, that didn't do her much good. In the hospital, they doped her up; her mind wandered. I was afraid she'd lose hold, seeing her lip curled back from the bright line of teeth—a death snarl, like a mummy. "Don't take any pills," I shrieked at her. "You know what pain is, you're used to it. Don't swallow anything. Leave it under your tongue." Advice after her own heart; she's scared stiff of doctors with their black bags, merchants of death. And hospitals, and the smells, and the night vigils. ("You know how these old people are," the nurse said, winking with complicity, tapping her forehead.) So she stretched herself out stiffly and all she could think of was getting out, going back home. She was still insisting with a stubborn will—lifting her head from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pillows—that she didn't want to live with anyone.

But we all knew the time had come.

Everyone *offered*. Even I *offered*. She put up a fight. I live too far from the rest; she'd be stranded out there, no one else would come to see her. Besides, she knows I work at home and don't want someone looking over my shoulder. Her sons' wives aren't Jewish, though that's not the real complication. The daughters-in-law never show up for a visit. "How come, if you want me so much?" And Aunt Irene has an old mother of her own, paralyzed in a nursing home in Quaker, Pennsylvania. This other old woman was also looking forward to "going home"—which they had auctioned off with all her belongings meantime.

As for her two gay pretty daughters with their busy social lives—my grandmother defended herself. "You're never home. What would I do alone all day?"

"But you're alone all day now. Why do you want to give us an argument? You know you're no trouble!"

What's the use of talking. You see what a stubborn old woman she is.

No one heard what she was saying: that she wants to be taken care of, she needs to be; she's too old, too weak, she's ready to lay her burden down. But what good is it, moving in with someone, if she's to be "no trouble"?

My mother would have taken her as a matter of course. She quit her job to take care of their father, when he was dying. She's the one who does that sort of thing in our family. But my mother was about to go on a cruise. She had put down her deposit, she was looking forward. Ten days in the Caribbean, a call in Venezuela. All her friends go on cruises! (My father is a retired factory worker; their friends are in much higher income brackets.) The poor woman wanted to go on her cruise; she had her heart set on it. And she didn't see why one of the others, the rest of us, couldn't take care of my grandmother for such a short time, until she got back.

This was cruel. My mother didn't deserve to be put in this position, not after all her faithful service. But her father died fifteen years ago. She has since joined the Great American Public. And she's fifteen years closer to the grave herself, that's really what it's all about. She has discovered that life is for having a good time—a recent discovery with her, as it is historically. Since when do the lumpenproletariat take cruises to Venezuela? And the death of a child used to be an ordinary event. Now it seems terrible, the worst that can happen. Was it less terrible, when it was common? I might ask my grandmother, who lost two of her own, but she's not talking.

After two days, Sylvia's husband said, loud enough for the old lady to overhear: "Why don't you put your mother in the Home, where she belongs?" Well everyone knows how he is. He was raised in the Home himself—an orphan.

My grandmother couldn't rest until she crept back here, to her hole in the wall. She heard the sigh of relief. Because she's so stubborn, independent, won't take anything, be a burden to anyone. She's not senile ("thank God"). She never complains. Those seem to be the alternatives, that's the way it is these days. It's nobody's fault; she knows it's the *style*.

She will live out her life here, stick it out to the end. It's too late to leave now. She has become attached to her belongings, her surroundings, no matter how wretched. That's not for us to say. To her neighbors, tapping on the door with their rubber-tipped canes. Roots? No time to talk of that. Barnacles, better. To cling or not to cling. She has found her last spar.

It's fiercer than ever. If you go to the store for her, right away out comes the pocketbook, her stiff fingers prizing the clasp, digging and scraping as she glances up sharply: "How much? Huh? How much?" Her voice is getting rough. I find myself raising my voice more and more. She peers round at the sound—turning her whole self stiffly sideways, her whole head between her shoulders, trying to make out a strange noise in the dark. She looks very inquisitive. But of whom, of what, is she inquiring? I think she could be getting a little deaf, in her old age.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Muse of Ocean Parkway

A Story

Jacob Lampart

We met one Thursday night in an Ocean Parkway living room at the monthly gathering of a literary circle devoted to the 19th-century Russians. The place was like a museum, a European salon shortly before World War II where embittered souls sacrificed their lives to art. Heavy drapes kept out the noise of traffic below and soft lamps near the thick sofa kept the rest of the room dark and gloomy. I expected Kafka and Brod to come out of the kitchen clutching a burning manuscript. The old mahogany furniture dominated the room and kept the conversation low, inaudible, private. When the cognac and Polish vodka were served with herring fillets and hard cheeses, it broke some of the tension, but the seven or eight people in the room still looked as if a short time before they had modeled for the severe aristocratic portraits hanging on the walls.

It wasn't love for Russian literature which brought me to this old-world apartment in Brooklyn, just pure vanity. Out of the blue I received a call from a stranger who admired some of my stories. Nothing like this had ever happened before, and when he threw two plots at me, one at least ten years old, I was quite intrigued. I published in the most obscure places and never believed there were any readers out there, especially that rare kind who could remember one of my plots: a man rents out his apartment to others for afternoon trysts, and when he returns at night he imagines the different women who've slept on his sheets.

I had completely forgotten the piece, probably for good reason, but Ivan Horowitz had always loved it, praising its Russian landscape, which was why he called. He wanted me to come to a meeting of a literary circle that he headed. I begged off, much too busy, a habit of mine to stay away from literary discourses, breaks the rhythm . . . as a matter of fact I was just sitting at the typewriter.

A man in my position, Horowitz wanted me to understand, shouldn't be bothered with trifles, but this was different. An honored guest, I was being invited to judge a novice's understanding of the genre. Membership in the circle was select, and though anyone could come to a meeting, only those who showed a sensitivity to the theme of the night in question were asked to read a short piece at a later date that revealed a deeper understanding of the period. Entertainments and imitations were frowned upon.

In the end, imagining a roomful of Slavic professors and Russian emigré writers with connections in London, I consented. Though I had written enough stories to fill two thick volumes, nothing much had come of my efforts to bring out a book. Maybe I'd meet an editor in the room who loved literary circles and prided himself on a string of new talent discovered in the strangest places. "Would you believe I found Riga in Brooklyn talking about Gogol? Somebody's apartment."

As soon as I walked in the door, I had a change of heart. Ivan Horowitz introduced himself as the voice on the telephone, and pulling me aside asked if I wanted to see a few very rare documents. Thirty years ago he had carried on a short-lived correspondence with Dostoevsky's great-grandson. He showed me five postcards postmarked Warren, Michigan where he claimed the young man had worked on a General Motors assembly line. He had it from a very good source that this man's insistence on being no relation to the other Russian, though he spelled his name the same way, was a peculiar habit immigrants had in shunning publicity.

I went back into the living room to eavesdrop on conversations and get drunk. Mrs. Horowitz pushed a glass of something sweet into my hand and introduced me to the men sitting next to me. One of them told me he taught chessplayers the rudiments of Russian so that they could read international chess magazines.

"But personally I'm looking for sex."

"Is that so?" I said.

"I have nothing to be ashamed of. I'm still healthy. My hair may be gray but the hair on my chest is still black and curly. I hear the women in Europe like older men."

"Though I've been there a couple of times, I really couldn't say for sure one way or the other."

There was a mad gleam in his eye when he asked in a whisper, "Tell me, what's the best country in Europe for sex?"

Jacob Lampart was born in Legnica, Poland, in 1946. This is his first published story.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"France," I answered without thinking.

"You mean it's better than Denmark?"

"It's the best."

"Isn't Germany better, not that I'd even bother?"

"No, France is."

"After all these years?"

"Yes."

"And Spain or Portugal?"

"Not as good as France."

"The women there like it, they're hot blooded?"

"Sure they like it, like other women."

"This country is terrible. You wine them and dine them and then they won't have sex with you. So then I have to go and relieve myself. So France is the best. I should go there?"

"It's the best, I swear it."

"And the food there? There's kosher food for a Jewish person?"

"Lots of food."

"Tell me what's damper, New York or Paris?"

"Damp?"

"I can't breathe. My sinuses."

"Damp?"

"Wet?"

I escaped to another corner of the room and refilled my glass with imported Polish vodka, gulping it down in two shots. The earlier silence had given way to a strong murmur, not exactly passionate dialogues but no longer were the faces carved from stone, the lips white and the eyes drained. An older woman smiled at me and stroked her hair very gently. When I smiled back she came over and asked if I had been relishing Mr. Block's insights into the Russian soul, especially its women.

"Who?"

"The man you were just talking to."

"Yes, very much."

"He's a great scholar, and very modest about his achievements. Though his dissertation is unpublished, several graduate students have already begun to quote him. I daresay his name will live on after all of us are dead. Begging your pardon of course. Mr. Horowitz has spoken of your fine talent."

"I just try to tell a story the best way I know how to."

"No need for modesty. As a matter of fact my own life would make a great tragedy if I could find the right man to tell my story in a novel. There is no problem when it comes to talking, but when I pick up a piece of paper the words just dry up. Do you have a moment?"

When I hesitated she promised me fifty per cent of the earnings. "Just give me a few minutes before you say no."

"All right."

"Well, when I was younger I loved the stage. And I fell in love with an actor I've never forgotten about till this day. I still keep the New York *Times* review of his portrayal of Othello. 'Arthur Gordon was perfect, an eloquent sense of craft in his movements and the precise combination of longing and jealousy in his deep basso voice.' I waited for him after his last performance and in my bedroom he spoke about great parts for great actors. He begged me to listen to a monologue from his most successful play. I told him I loved his approach to despair on the stage and he complimented me on my abandoned nature in bed. There's nothing to be shy about. Our love was rare, perfect. He made love ferociously, like a boy of twenty, slept till noon, ate a huge breakfast and promised to call the next time he was in New York. A week later, the plane he was in lost an engine a minute after take-off and he was killed in the crash. For months I was hysterical. I couldn't eat, sleep, look at another man. I never married because of my love for Arthur. Am I a fool, a stupid woman? These thoughts and regrets must appear in the story. I don't yet know how to end the story except with my death. Can you help me write it?"

"I'll tell you what," I said. "Write a few chapters and I'll read it. Maybe then I'll have a better idea."

"Thank you very much," she said. "My name is Sarah Newman and I'm in the phone book. Call me in two weeks, better make it a month. I will have a fresh typed chapter for you."

IVAN HOROWITZ was discussing pain when the new woman opened the living room door very slowly. On awkward, shy steps, she selected a deep arm chair in the corner of the room, as unobtrusively as possible, but everyone stared at her. Ten years ago she must have been a raving beauty.

"Am I late? I'm sorry."

"No, it's quite all right. Miss Lublin, may I call you Sonya?" Ivan asked. "I was just remarking what play is without pain. Nonsense. It can't exist. But pain alone is no play. The great Russians would agree. Though not famous as playwrights, except two or three they wracked us with painful stories. Have you any opinions of this matter?"

Flustered, she reached for a glass of cognac that Mrs. Horowitz brought over, and after downing the drink in a quick gulp, looked up still confused. "Were you talking to me? Oh, I see. Pain? I don't know. It's such an abused word. Can I have another drink? Thank you. I'm really sorry about being late, but I got lost on the subway. Do you want me to read now or should I wait a while? I'm very nervous."

Earlier I had been introduced to a master chess player named Arfel and he pulled me aside. "That woman, I hate her. She doesn't screw."

About forty, he was easily the youngest man there, his long hair still black and strong. Looking at him, I couldn't hide my amazement.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Should I?"

"Then I bet you don't believe me that I once played Nabokov blindfolded and beat him in twelve moves."

"What does one thing have to do with the other?"

"I want you to believe me."

I turned my eyes back to Sonya Lublin. She moved close to a lamp where the light was strongest, taking out her notes. "I decided I would give neither a fiction nor a non-fiction reading. Just the truth. A few short sentences about who I am and what I think about." She hesitated but no one interrupted her.

"As a youth I read too many Russian novels. Now I'm past thirty and live alone on the West Side in a vast, empty apartment which, as a result of my fear of the landlord's whims and brutal anger, remains unpainted and unplastered. The hallway reeks of unusual smells, the memories of lost lives buried in the woodwork, and the bedroom, the only room I really use except for the kitchen, is as dark as the hallway closet with the same cramped smell and crowded space.

"In my mind's warped eye every bedroom turns into Raskolnikov's single room on the fifth-floor landing and every street seems just off Nevsky Prospect, the most oft-mentioned street in Russian literature. Every drunk babbles with love for Mother Russia or hate for the dirty Jews. And the men I meet and fall in love with, well, if not actually repentant drunkards, I am always attracted to their tragic side eulogizing faint ephemeral losses. Souls of former serfs mourn for three days straight in Broadway saloons. And the cold Hudson wind is a Siberian frost, merciless and cruel. But most vivid are the faces of clerks, without eyes, noses, or lips which abound in the subways riding toward jobs in the Civil Service."

Sonya sat down before anyone realized she had come to the end. Averting her eyes, she stuffed the page back into her pocketbook. Light applause followed. I turned away, embarrassed, and was glad to see that someone was serving tea and cakes. Like the Russians, we broke off pieces of the hard cubed sugar and held them between our teeth as we sipped the hot liquid.

Horowitz came over and asked for my opinion. I was about to nod acceptance, when I noticed Arfel across the room twisting his tongue obscenely in Sonya's direction.

"No," I said thoughtfully. "Her piece is too sentimental."

"I thought I heard an interesting little piece," Horowitz said.

"If you include her, I think you'll be compromising your own standards."

Horowitz looked bewildered. I added, "You don't want anyone to accuse your circle of being soft, where only the surface is read and what's between the lines is overlooked."

"No one can say that about us."

"I should want to keep it that way."

"I see what you mean. Of course you're right. An attractive lady. But not what we need." He shook my hand. "Thank you very much, Mr. Riga."

I excused myself and as I was putting on my coat, Sonya stopped me. "Why did you vote against me?"

Her hand held onto my sleeve. "I know that you were tonight's judge and I think I deserve a simple explanation."

"Can we talk some other place? This is rather awkward."

"What's wrong with right here?"

"How about coffee?"

It was too late to work that night, but I should have been home revising a manuscript. I didn't expect her to say yes.

"Is this a pick-up?"

"Yes, if you want it to be."

"I don't."

"All right then, good night."

I was halfway out the door when I heard her yell for me to wait. Rather than stand at the door, I indicated I'd wait for her at the elevator. We creaked down in silence. On Church Avenue, just around the corner, we found an open, almost empty, luncheonette, ordering two coffees, black.

Without describing Arfel's tongue, I told her she was far too good and clever for the circle's antics and literary pretensions. I simply thought it best for her not to spend her evenings in the company of well-read madmen.

"What then should I do with my evenings?"

"I don't know. What about movies?"

"Don't be ridiculous. You know what happens to a woman alone in a theater. Right away there are ten men, all breeds and educations, who think it's their God-given right to screw you that night, after a perfunctory drink in the nearest bar. The first night it's always a cab, a tour of a one-room studio, admiring ugly reproductions, two quick vodkas to knock the protest out of me, and then perfectly horrible, masturbatory sex. Besides," she said after a long drag on her cigarette, "I don't like movies. It's all fake. Give me Chekhov any day."

"You could take a course. Better yet, give one. Or different circles. Horowitz's friends are off the wall. Why bother with them?"

"You're a writer, aren't you? What's your name?"

She looked surprised when my name meant nothing to her.

"How could you tell I write?"

"I just guessed. Or maybe it's your moral platitudes about the world of books, as if it were different from everything out there. So what if they might want to sleep with me? At least they don't work out in a gym twice a week to knock off a few perfectly innocent sweet pounds. I don't like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men who stop to look in the mirror on the way to the bathroom or keep nothing in the refrigerator except a bottle of cheap wine and eight varieties of salad oil without a trace of tomato or a piece of lettuce. By the way, I'm curious what a writer has in his refrigerator."

"I'm not really sure."

"Try. Start by looking inside the freezer."

"Ice cubes. Peas and carrots."

She winced. "Next shelf."

"Milk, eggs, sour cream, tuna fish salad, sour pickles, olives, a few slices of cheese, but I can't remember what kind, probably Swiss, I usually get that."

"Next shelf."

"Nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Pretty conventional. But at least you have enough for breakfast. I suppose you have a few canned things. Any bread?"

"Yes."

"What kind?"

"Seeded rye."

"Wonderful. I like that, especially toasted. It makes a good tuna sandwich."

"If you're hungry we could order something now."

"That's all right. I was just wondering."

"Don't be shy. Remember this isn't a movie theater."

"Crap. it's all the same."

"I'm not making any passes."

"So what? And if you were would that be terrible? You think a woman doesn't like to feel desired sometime?"

"Didn't you just say. . . ?"

"All I said was that they were creeps. But it doesn't mean I didn't go with them still wanting something different. A woman hopes."

"We all do."

"What do you know?"

"I'm human aren't I?"

She mimicked me: "I'm human aren't I? Is that all you can say? What the hell do you write about anyway? Tell me, have you ever published?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

I mentioned several journals, nothing she'd ever heard of.

"I've known several writers myself. Quite intimately. But they're horrors. That pencil never stops. I might be sitting there bored about what to do Saturday night, and the next thing I know it's in one of his stories. I can't sneeze without him recording it. If I go to the zoo to kill an afternoon, he'll find a metaphor. If my apartment needs to be painted and the drapes hung, he'll disappear, talk about his bad back, his allergy to turpentine, but before my next period, wham, there it is, black on white. A little stroke here and there, and it seems like a different protagonist, but I know who it is all the time. What do you write about?"

"Different things."

"Yourself?"

"No. Mostly about old crippled Jews in Brownsville. But what I've really done is map out this imaginary world which I've peopled with bad and nearsighted Yiddish poets, European revolutionaries, repentant and suffering sons and bitter Kafkaesque fathers."

SHE WANTED to read something I had written. Since I wasn't carrying any rough drafts with me, I outlined a plot of a story I was currently molding: several survivors in an unnamed city sometime during World War II, suffering a miserable hunger.

"The focus of the piece is the hunger, but the sense of place is alluded to. I'm dealing with the real feelings of archetypal characters in a nightmare world that turns surreal in the course of the narration. The three main characters react differently to the hunger; madly, I would say."

"I'm not sure I understand," Sonya said.

"Well, the language is very important. Very dry, very brittle."

"What's the theme?"

"I don't have any one theme that can be underlined in red ink. Let's just say this piece is a parody of the characters' wretched existence once it's stripped to the bone."

"Like Beckett?"

"I suppose there are certain similarities, but the tone and the way I work with words is completely different. After all, I'm a New Yorker, and I don't have his Christian guilt."

"I don't like writers who intentionally fracture their view of reality," Sonya said, refusing the menu the waitress offered us. "I hate these broken lenses."

I gently suggested that there was no one way to perceive reality, though I thought it best to refrain from analyzing the discoveries of the French Impressionists after the invention of the camera. But she beat me to it when she criticized all the modernists for forgetting the Bible in their mad rush to scrape out a little meager landscape they could call their own.

"They're so greedy to be novel they're blind to the ancient surrealism evoked by a despotic God, his humble, very human angels and those screaming Babylonian poets in rags. And what about that dry, grizzly naturalism you get when the Hebrews are enslaved in Egypt, mixing mortar and cement in the hot sun. And when they're saved by Moses, it's the natural world gone mad. An epidemic of lice, frogs, water turning to blood, pitch black darkness, fire alive in giant hailstones. The plagues are nothing but the thread of sanity clipped from the conventional world. And where else can you find language like Ezekiel's vision or the heartrending melodrama of Joseph fooling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his brothers, bowing down to the Egyptian Minister of Finance whom they don't recognize. Up from jail into Pharaoh's palace, his right-hand man. Name it and you got it in the Bible."

"I don't pretend to want to evoke an entire world," I said.

"Crap! Anything less is ego."

"But I don't even write about myself."

"That's what they all say. But scratch the surface and you'll find a bleeding ego and a twisted childhood. I'll be honest with you. If it's true you don't fill your pages with a day-to-day account of musings and reflections, then that makes me glad."

"Why?"

"I have my reasons."

We had more coffee, but at that time of night the cake I ordered was no longer fresh. Between halfhearted bites, I stared at Sonya. I wanted to know if she'd ever been married, but instead I asked if she also wrote.

"Heaven forbid. Though once I tried my hand at translating."

"Only once?"

"Yes. It was a disaster. The writer was still alive, in his late 70's, and he approached me at some symposium I can't remember the topic of, after I'd made some trenchant comment, what a joke! Anyway I worked hard, and didn't even set a specific fee. Once he got his sheaf of poems back, he kept hounding me why I chose this word instead of another one he thought more appropriate. He began to sweat. I lost patience explaining nuances. I thought his English terrible but didn't tell him. He prided himself that friends of his, professors at Columbia University, had said he spoke English beautifully. I told him for a man who had friends at Columbia he really didn't need anyone else. A shame, he was a good writer, but so vain and afraid that my translation might detract from his noble vision. Now he's dead and the vision, untranslated, is with him in the grave."

"What language was that?"

"Yiddish. But whatever else can be said about these immigrant writers in America, no one can accuse them of writing literary conundrums to engage the intellect of bored critics. Prison is prison, no trimming. They stick to facts, describing suffering with real tears and pain."

Knowing next to nothing about Yiddish literature, I muttered feebly, "Didn't Kafka know Yiddish?"

"Nonsense. And if he did, what's the point? Something you picked up in a fat journal. It's just propaganda from those insipid critics, always trying to carry Kafka on whatever bandwagon they're preaching at the time. All those twisted and damned critics. You and your cohorts have misread him for three decades. The man was a realist. It all really happened. The cockroach, the hunger artist, the trial. Every word is true. No suspension of reality, just the suspension of habituated and conventional reflexes. Kafka's stories are the ten plagues of Prague. Once you get beyond the surface you can't name one fantastic thing in his work. Don't read him for symbolism. It's as natural, as horrible, as the Nile turning to blood. He wasn't a guilty Catholic or a spent Buddhist, he wasn't an impotent clerk or a whining Jew."

SONYA's Russian piece was fiction, a baldfaced lie. She lived with her father in a cramped three-room apartment in a poor Brooklyn neighborhood overrun with muggers and thieves, and not alone in a sprawling West Side flat. Her mother was dead, too long ago to talk about it, and her father had turned religious in his old age, rarely leaving his spot in the kitchen except when he went to pray. She hated it when the *Times* did a feature story on the neighborhood's problems, focusing on a typical day in the life of the sexton in the old *shul*. The story was a stamp of death, a formal burial, stuck between a piece on a blind photographer's recent work and two recipes for squash. A week later the story was just dead weight, the neighborhood forgotten. Sonya wrapped a chicken with it and threw the rest out, without showing it to her father.

"My father has seen so much pain in his life. First in Europe and then in America. I had a brother who ran away from home. One card arrived from Israel, then six months later a letter with a photograph from Australia. He was wearing a sailor's uniform. We never heard from him again. My mother lived as long as she had a strain of hope that he was alive, but after a few years she just gave up. My father is old now, but he still curses everyone; the refugees for their greed and short memory and the Americans for their innocence and passion for pleasures. He'd like to see the police patrol the streets with German shepherds."

"That's rather violent," I said.

"Violent. What the hell do you know? It's the words of a desperate, broken man. I was wild myself once. After my mother died I couldn't take coming home night after night to that ugly apartment, him sitting there with a cold glass of tea, spitting his rage at the world. He went through the *Forward* just to make fun of the writers' feeble attempts to say something about the events. How long could I take cooking for him and washing his shirts? I had to leave. And I did. But now there's nothing I wouldn't do for him, to make his life easier."

"You can't just live for others," I responded, unconvincingly.

"That's easy for you to say. You have your crappy art, a few published stories to nourish you for twelve years. I have my father, nothing else. What else can I do? He has no one else but me. At least let him have one joy in this world."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was quiet. I didn't agree with her, but what could I say to change her mind?

"I love him very much," she said.

"Is that so?"

"You can't understand how I feel. It hurts me to look into his eyes and see a broken shell."

"I believe you."

"I don't know why I get into this every time I open my mouth. You're probably laughing at me. Here you want to get a chick into bed and she's turning into a melancholy bitch."

"I'm not laughing," I said, my eyes sober and thoughtful. "And I don't think you're melancholy. Not in the real sense of the word."

"Well, that's kind of you. But I see you left the bed part intact."

I had no intention of an affair, but didn't tell her that. To change the topic, I suggested dinner. It might do her good. She refused, saying that she ate only strictly kosher, not because she believed in the ritual, but out of respect to her father. "And let me tell you something. The only reason I'm sitting here with you is because you said you don't write about your life. You see, if I became your lover, and I say that very rationally without erotic intentions, you might write about me. Then what might happen, though I realize it's unlikely, is that my father reads the story and recognizes me as I made love to you without any clothes on, lying on a deserted beach, or in the bathtub, the skin wet and silky. Who knows what kind of obscene positions you'd embroider your little tale with. I could never face him after that. I'd just die if he knew about me through your lies."

"I'll never write about you," I said.

Though Sonya was near tears, her tongue was sharp. "You'd have to prove it."

"I could show you some of the stories I've published. They're in a bookcase in my living room."

"Your living room? You're just saying that to seduce me at your place."

"Not at all. There's nowhere else you can find those magazines. Some don't even publish anymore. One editor committed suicide and took five thousand copies of back issues with him to the grave."

"What about libraries?"

"I don't know. Do you think I wouldn't like that myself? If you want, I'll send you a bibliography."

"Don't get angry. All I care about is whether you've ever written autobiographically or not. I can't be too careful."

"Believe me, Sonya, I never write about myself or anyone else I know. If I were having an affair with a woman, she could sleep for a year with me, eat blood and suck life, without chancing a vindication by me in print somewhere. After all, I've been writing for fifteen years and not one word of anything I've ever published remotely indicates that I have that repugnant trait which drags up every scrap—parents, friends, lovers, childhood—to pinpoint my literary landscape. I'll tell you the truth, this kind of autobiographical fiction even insulted my critical sensibility in college, which sparred with Kafka, Beckett, and Borges."

"I'd hate it if my name became nothing but a bit of conversation, of the cheap sort, when you divulge dirty secrets about me to your guests."

"That would never occur, Sonya. I even have a theory about what can happen and what must never happen in one of my stories. When I describe someone, which is quite rare, since I don't care about gray hair, a gnarled face, or a yellow beard, what I do is shut my eyes and picture one of the characters I've met in my time, mostly strangers sitting in a cafeteria or the park attendant where I sometimes go after a good day's work. Even if I meet some of these people, they never appear as individuals, just as a kind of fabric." I told her about a sixty-year-old virgin I knew and another man who believed he was the greatest sufferer in human history, writing letters to CBS, the *Daily News*, *Status* magazine, and Dear Abby. "I have no interest in describing people I become involved with. I don't fuse my life and the world of my fiction. I believe in invention."

"I'm safe with you?" she asked.

"I'm telling you the truth," I told her. "I hate turning a story into a confessional forum. It's against everything I've always believed in. Art is not the random facts of life, collected in chronological order, but the vision behind it."

"So long as that vision doesn't include me."

"I'm absolutely bored with writing about bed partners. For God's sake, even the sheets are more interesting in fiction, the goddamn hairs, the shade that doesn't work, the cold steam pipes."

"You promise?"

"I swear I wouldn't write about you. If you want I can bring you notarized statements of other women who've slept with me and that I never wrote about."

"Is it too late to call now?"

"What do you think?"

"I hope you don't think I'm crazy. But I have to make you understand what would happen if my father knew, if he recognized me in your story. I can't take a chance he might find your name on a slip of paper I leave behind near the telephone, and the next time he's in the library looking through a couple of periodicals he spies your name in a magazine."

"Isn't that rather remote?"

Her eyes were blazing. "I'm talking about my father's life. There is nothing remote when it comes to that. I have to account for all possibilities. He must never know that I know a writer. He's so suspicious he would do anything to find out where he publishes, even if it's under a pseudonym, and then look for evidence of my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sleeping around. I love him too much to hurt him now."

"Why should he be so suspicious of you?"

"Who said he's suspicious?"

"I'm using your words."

"I didn't mean that. Oh, Christ. You don't understand a thing."

I SIPPED the cold coffee in silence, stealing glances at her tortured eyes. Was she a child of ravaged Poland, eating radishes to keep alive, raped at twelve and abandoned to Europe's mad history at fourteen? I had seen her panic-stricken face in the brutal photographs of children shipped to the camps; her trembling body alone even among the hushed crowds at Warsaw Ghetto memorials, after years of searching for a trace of her father in the wasted cities and towns —a wristwatch, an old letter, a good shoe on a young Pole's foot—whose death she refused to accept. I saw her standing in the railway station in Vienna, five o'clock in the afternoon; then in Paris, reaching for a Yiddish newspaper, vainly hunting for one name among the living in the lost persons' column.

"Sonya," I finally said, "I do understand. Only too well. Trust me and you'll see. All my stories are kept in one spot. You're free to walk into my study and reach for whatever you want. There's no way I can hide any piece from your eyes."

"Will you give me time to read a wide selection?"

"As long as you want."

"Even till dawn?"

"Till the following afternoon if you need it."

"You won't bother me while I read? Tell me to take off my sweater, or that I'll be more comfortable on the couch, or that I should get out of my uncomfortable dress and try on your bathrobe?"

"I'll be in the other room, making coffee."

"All night?"

"Reading, sleeping. Don't worry. I have things to do."

"And if I decide it's autobiographical and want to go home right then?"

"You're the judge."

"Will you call a cab?"

"If you want to."

"Start now, it's raining outside."

Indeed it was. I wondered how she'd known, since her back faced the window. Perhaps my glasses reflected the downpour, but I didn't ask. Outside there were no cabs in sight. I suggested we walk to the subway, and if we spotted a cruising cab we'd hail it. By the time we reached the station, we were drenched. Drying off, she asked for a dime—she had to call her father and tell him she was staying with a friend.

"At your age?"

"I'm still young."

I got change of a quarter at the token booth, and waited nearly five minutes before she finished talking. Sonya seemed distraught, lighting a cigarette on the platform though it was forbidden. I told her at this hour every subway was patrolled by a policeman.

"Leave me alone."

"What's wrong?" I said, touching her shoulder for the first time.

"My father called me a whore."

"What for?"

"All I said was that I was staying with a friend, and he wanted to know why my bed wasn't good enough for me."

"Don't take it to heart."

"Look, if you called me a whore, a filthy tramp, I would wipe the floor with the paper it was written on. But that's my father. He called me that word!"

"Is it true?"

"What are you playing games with me for? All right. Since you gave me ten cents, you now owe me nineteen ninety. I'd like it in cold cash."

I ignored the remark. We spoke very little during the ride. Then as the doors were closing at Forty-second Street, she said maybe she ought to go home, but it wasn't said seriously. At Seventy-second Street, the next stop, she actually got up to leave. I held onto her arm and told her we were almost there; besides, it wasn't safe now to travel alone.

By the time I opened the locks on my door, I was a nervous wreck. The kitchen hadn't been cleaned for days. Probably there was no toilet paper in the bathroom; the floors were filthy, the sheets soiled.

I concentrated. First I took her coat, then led her into the living room. I offered her a drink. bourbon. Immediately she wanted to know why.

"It'll warm us up."

"I'm not cold."

"It's good."

"I'd rather have tea."

"It'll have to be without lemon. I'll just be a minute. Meanwhile you can start looking through the magazines." I pointed to the bottom drawer of the metal cabinet in the alcove where I usually worked on revisions. "You can see that I haven't touched or manipulated a thing."

As she gazed around the room, I felt cheap and dirty—last week's shirts on the couch, carbon paper on the faded rug, dust in every corner and cranny. I had lied about the contents of the refrigerator. There wasn't enough food for a decent breakfast; I counted three eggs and four slices of dry bread.

Upon my return with a cup of tea, Sonya absently reached for it, nodded thanks, and continued reading. Imagining love, I took a hot shower and scrubbed myself clean. When I returned to the living room, Sonya told me what she thought of my fiction, calling it damned, twisted, and aborted. The product of a diseased mind, this kind of scum belonged in the gutter, along

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with other sensibilities warped by preconceived laws and fixed theoretical frameworks. Of course, I made one or two comments, but otherwise I chose not to dispute her taste.

"Did you find anything explicitly sexual?" I asked.

She put down the pile of magazines and for the first time that night looked calm. "You told me the truth. I hardly found a recognizable situation, and no real people. Everything just drifts. Lots of obscure symbols and mangled time zones. I suppose you know what you're trying to do but no one else does."

Her reading was an act of butchery, I thought, but as her fears slowly vanished I became aroused and kept silent. Next came the seduction, if I can call it that. Since there was only one bed in the apartment, it was just a question of time before both disrobed and went to sleep.

IT SEEMED like hours passed. She drank her tea so slowly, then asked for another cup, smoked a half-dozen cigarettes, insisted on washing all the dirty dishes and cleaning up the sink in the bathroom. Then she brushed her hair, her teeth, removed her make-up in the dark, and finally crept into her side of the bed, wearing one of my shirts. Then silence, black everywhere, and after a few moments I could hear her heavy breathing.

"Sonya?"

Her body felt like ice though her skin was touching mine.

"Sonya?"

"Yes?"

"Are you up?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to?"

"I can't."

Can't is can't. Afraid of another argument, I tried to fall asleep, but the bed felt like a fortress, the crumpled sheets spilling over the sides and the one cushion too small for both our heads.

My thighs touched hers and she didn't squirm off to the edge of the bed. Another inch and my tongue would be licking her neck, my mouth choking on her breasts.

"Sonya?" I whispered again.

"You said you wouldn't bother me."

"I'm not. I just want to know what it is."

"We just met."

"But you're in my bed."

"A bed is not a lay!"

Her words tore into me and I reacted like an attacked creature: a sharp twist of the head, lips into scissors, teeth into claws. When I was younger, I often went to lectures or poetry readings with the dim hope of picking somebody up, and when that failed, I settled for a few words with any woman in black stockings and white starving breasts under her turtleneck sweater. Lying in my bed at night, after climbing four flights of stairs to the two rooms I rented on the top floor, the woman's distraught face provided me with a body to make love to, my hand sculpting a ravishing two minutes. But I refused to dig up old fantasies with Sonya in my bed.

"I'm not a very happy person," I heard Sonya say.

"Should I call you in a couple of weeks?"

"Is it the few feels now and then?"

"I haven't touched you all night."

"So what." She leapt out of bed, tightening her shirt. "What the hell am I doing here anyhow? I must be crazy. You're up to something vicious. Oh, sure, you say you won't write about me, but how do I know you're not a madman who stalks the subway trains at night, pressing your filthy thighs against unescorted women?"

"I'm a novelist, not a deviate."

"That's what the last four said."

"Well, you read my stuff."

"College crap, undergraduate exercises. Whether you realize it or not, you write bad parodies. If I were you, I'd get my hack license and make an honest wage."

I was exhausted but I'd heard enough of her judgments.

"If you shut up for a second and listen, maybe you'll understand what I'm trying to do."

"Don't take all night."

"First of all understand that I have no patience with details that confuse me. I get tired very easily from the endless descriptions of rooms, the biographies of lazy characters, the lies, the ins and outs of deceitful representations, the sick minds pursuing meaning, justice, and love while lamenting exile and anguish amidst a brew that wallows uninterrupted between the he saids, she saids, they saids, stating, arguing, obliging, replying as the days outside turn red, green, hot, wet, and cold, which leads the narrator to shift his point of view to the inevitable wretched umbrella and moth-eaten crimson scarf that protects the solitary figure against a nasty winter in the East End of London; and finally the dull comparisons between the Metro, the Underground, and our own BMT."

"That sounds far-fetched and exaggerated."

"It *is* exaggerated. And that's how they view reality. But the characters I write about are different. They're real, they suffer. They reconstruct their miserable lives until they have nothing left but a wretched parody of their own existence that condemns them to witness their own deaths. They are actors who mourn the demise of acting. They can't ever die of natural causes, commit suicide, or just vanish off the face of the earth. They must continually create their own hell. It's not enough in my fiction for a character to suffer."

I paused, reaching for a cigarette. "Their lives are empty, they feel it like a claw hanging around their necks, so that they are forced to seek any kind of nourishment. But the search for suste-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nance turns into an ironic quest that denies their earlier trials completely. They can't possibly win, they can't lose. They can only parody, burlesque. They aren't even allowed to moralize their hungers, and they can't invent a religion or a myth around the pain. They can only destroy everything mythic with it: a myth to kill myths, a hunger to hunger out hungers. To deny it, to mock it, a state of mind only balanced by the struggle between substance and air, facts and fictions. On the one hand, hunger is a normal state of affairs, people die, love disappears, sex vanishes, humans no longer function; on the other hand, there are those who cannot deal with hunger normally, that is, complain, kill themselves, die off, but must find unique ways to deny their hunger. But they cannot deny it by calling it something else—the wrath of God, for example—but they deny it by turning it inside out on its head. They invent a system, a private world, which responds to the hunger insanely. Only the mad are not mad."

"Enough talk, let's screw."

SHORTLY AFTER eight, I was roused from sleep by a neighbor's early raucous music. But once up, I decided on a hearty breakfast and went down to get cheeses, creamed herring, green vegetables, bread and rolls, and even freshly ground coffee. Back in the apartment, I scrubbed the kitchen table clean and arranged two settings. I felt good sipping my second cup of coffee while leafing through the *Times*, my eyes settling only on the innocuous stories, a curious lost-and-found item, an upstate auction, a loving description of a new seafood house near the waterfront.

Sonya entered the kitchen, coat in hand, and demanded coffee.

"Sugar or milk?" I said quietly.

"Both. And make it quick."

Again I was shocked by her mood, but said nothing. Her eyes were ice and her hands fidgeted with the silverware.

"You owe me a hundred dollars," she said, putting down the cup of coffee. "I expect fifty now and fifty when the story is published. If it's a novel, my fee goes up to five hundred, and depending on sales, various subsidiaries, movie rights, foreign translations, and news syndications, I wouldn't be surprised if you'll end up owing me five thousand for the night. I have good friends in publishing so don't think you can hide anything from me."

"What night, what money, what rights?"

"You think I can't see through your pretenses. Your stories I understand perfectly. Absolutely vapid, two-finger exercises for the piano. But after today you'll have some blood to write about. You think I just pop into writers' apartments for the fun of it? My God! Do you know who I am? I'm Ramona in *Herzog* and Helen in *The Assistant*. I gave them human flesh to sink their teeth into. And I've also been the major character in many short stories, both here and Europe, and two English novels which never made it across the Atlantic. And all of them paid for it. I don't come into an impotent writer's life for nothing. Pay up!"

"I don't believe you," I said. "You're just not in the mood for a good breakfast. Maybe some dry bread and sardines would have been enough. Or just bitter black coffee and a pack of Pall Malls to go around."

She grabbed me by the neck. "I don't give a damn about your romantic pumpernickel and I hate the smell of cheese. It reminds me of decent writers gone to pot. I just want you to remember everything, every last detail since we met last night. And when it's a novel, just try to get out of paying me. I work hard for my money and this is my living."

"I don't have that kind of money."

"Give me a check."

"There's nothing in my account."

"What about cash?"

"All I have is ten."

"I'll take that now but I expect the rest later."

Extraordinary, I thought when she had left, a literary prostitute. Of course none of it was true. Sonya must have been reading the biography of a mad 19th-century courtesan whose life was threaded with writers falling in love at her doorstep. I realized then that I was cuddling myself because who doesn't feel slightly proud after being with a woman who claims what Sonya claimed? But she wasn't the living incarnation of a character in a dusty century; she had spent the night in my bed driving nails into my world with screams and threats. Now she struck me as a ravenous witch. Suddenly I felt very frightened of her power. Spurred on, she could unleash a hatred vile enough to cause a man's suicide. I knew that if I ever wrote about her, no matter how well I disguised the circumstances of our meeting, I'd better use an innocent pen name, a simple R.E. Brown or L. Levine. Surely this was much more clever than contracting Riga into Rigman, Rigovsky, or DeRiga. I'd make the order of the syllables in the name so anonymous that Sonya, even if she read the story next month, could never unravel it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Memory of Richard Tucker

Jacob Cohen

In our house, during the war, we listened to the radio on Saturday nights, and at ten o'clock, nine o'clock Central Time, on Mutual, there was the Chicago Theater of the Air offering condensations of the great operas and operettas in English. I remember that every week at the beginning of the program the publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, Colonel Robert R. McCormick ("a notorious reactionary," my father said) would deliver a boring history lecture and that the regular soprano, Marion Claire, sang dreadfully (but was, according to my mother, "very beautiful and a *very* good friend of the Colonel's"). A reactionary, I gathered, was a menacing person ("certainly no friend of the Jews"), and mistresses, while perhaps not potential anti-Semites, were people a Jewish tenor and "family man" should approach with great caution. So that when I first heard Richard Tucker, as Rudolfo, on that program in 1944, when I was nine, and wept real tears when he sang the final "Mimi, Mimi," with that pinched poignance which was his characteristic sound and dead center on the G sharp with only a hint of a sob, he came to me under the sponsorship not only of the Chicago *Tribune*, but, as it were, my parents, who prompted me to take pride in a Jew's achievement ("he's a *hazzan*, you know, Reuben Ticker"), and to ponder, not for the last time, whether there is something vaguely unkosher in the idea of a Jewish opera star.

We were a house of hero-worshippers, singers, and lovers. My father sang the classics and my mother, the blues. (My brother and I both had "beautiful voices" and "still do.") Somewhere along the trail I learned that it was expected of a growing man that he find a great singer and love him for life. They said of my mother's uncle, Sol, a tailor (and a "Communist," according to my father) that he loved Caruso so much that after the great tenor's death in 1921 he refused to go to the Met or so much as listen to another tenor, a story which I later learned was not precisely true though Sol went along with it. Once when he visited our house in Somerville, New Jersey, I begged him to break his vow and listen to Tucker, if not the cantorial jewels at least to *"Vesti la giubba."* To me, he surrendered, and to this day his evaluation ("Not bad. Not Caruso, but not bad.") strikes me as having contained the ideal proportions of objectivity and loyalty.

Sol was right. In some respects the voices were strikingly similar, but judging from scratchy recordings and contemporary accounts, Caruso was a little better. Technically. They even looked alike: graceless but vigorous; large, dark heads set on squat frames, Tucker fleshier through the jowls and wider in the middle. Both commanded a fabulously even scale, unfailingly well-placed on every vowel and perfectly in tune, with a rich and full-bodied lower and middle voice, rare in lyric tenors, which soared without audible scar through the dreaded passage to the upper register, where the high tones, daring mixtures of chest and head, seemed to gain in plangency and thrust with each further ascent. Those high tones, with their dazzling ping, are the Caruso legacy and have been the death of would-be emulators who would have been better advised to shun the chest and suck the topmost notes into the head in the prescribed *bel canto* manner. Seizing the gauntlet Caruso hurled at succeeding generations of tenors, Tucker returned it with high notes perhaps a bit more bottom-heavy, but brilliant nonetheless.

It is said of Caruso that early in his career his voice would crack above an A but that with an iron will he had expanded his range to include the secure high C needed in the great tenor arias of *Trovatore, Bohème,* and *Faust.* Lacking not an ounce of Caruso's will, Tucker lacked the C, and prudently transposed downward those arias which required it.* While he was a thoroughly secure singer, Tucker worked closer to the limits of his vocal resource than Caruso, who always sounded as if he had ample breath and power in reserve, even in the most taxing passages. More seriously, Tucker lacked Caruso's command of the *messa di voce*, the seamless expansion of the tone from *piano* to *forte* and back again, and sometimes when he tried to sing softly in the upper register it sounded as though he were squeezing down on the tone rather than letting it float free. Both voices darkened somewhat in the course of their careers but retained great tonal variety—now dramatic, now lyric, now silver, now bronze—but when I am most my uncle's nephew I concede that

Jacob Cohen *teaches in the department of American Studies at Brandeis University.*

* And did so throughout his career, the eulogy in the New York *Times* notwithstanding. In his early recording of *La Bohème,* with Bidu Sayao, both the first-act aria and love duet are transposed down a semitone, as are four subsequent recordings of the aria. Later, in a full-length recording of the opera under Leinsdorf, he sang the C but with considerable strain. (He even transposed down the aria *"Fra poco a me ricovero"* in his recording of *Lucia* with Lily Pons, though that aria only goes to a B flat.) At the Met he occasionally ventured an optional high C in a duet or ensemble, for example at the end of the love duet in *Un Ballo in Maschera* or at the end of the second act of *Carmen,* but the note was always touch and go with him.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tucker lacked the liquid gold of Caruso or the cooler white gold of his rival, Jussi Bjoerling, at their most lyrical moments.

And yet, to me, Tucker was the supreme operatic tenor and not only because of the special way he sang to me and my family, though that's part of it and not without aesthetic relevancy either.

Consider the basic Tucker sound and musical impulse. As every experienced listener knows, Swedish, French, Slavic, German, Italian, or American singers each seem to have a distinctive cast to their voice and some distinctive musical mannerisms. Bjoerling and Nillson, Jobin and Crespin, Christoff and Vishnevskaya, Wunderlich and Gueden, Del Monaco and Tebaldi, Tucker and Price: the cultural linkages between these otherwise very individual and cosmopolitan singers are quite clear. Why this should be so is a fascinating question. Perhaps the physical habits required to pronounce and intone the mother tongue leave a lasting mark on the singing voice. Or perhaps we are hearing an echo of the peculiar timbre and melodic inflection with which basic emotions were expressed in the singer's home. The songs and poetry of the street must also play a part in addition to the singer's more formal musical exposures. Whatever the source, the phenomenon is plain: great singers, even great stylists, sound as if they are rediscovering the natural music of their nurture in everything they sing.

In this broad sense, Richard Tucker, Brooklyn bred and American trained, was first of all an American singer, our greatest tenor, sharing with Tibbett, Farrell, Warren, Merrill, Stevens, Peerce, Kirsten, Price, Milnes, America's most attractive musical characteristics: open, vigorous sound; straightforward, clean musicality; and a sense of style which makes up in adaptability and expressive candor what it lacks in ultimate finesse. I believe that close analysis of the high art of all these singers would disclose the low-down influence of American popular music and particularly the blues. Certainly it is there in Jan Peerce, and in Eileen Farrell, our greatest soprano and a terrific blues singer, and it's there in Tucker as well.* Early in his career he recorded on 78 rpm a long-forgotten pop song called "The Loveliness of You" in which he comes on like a Bing Crosby with high notes. Franz Lehár, in his hands, sounds as if he were writing for the Broadway stage; and while his later recordings of popular music are marred by acrobatic displays, they contain enough just plain crooning to demonstrate how fundamentally Tucker's musical sensibility remained in this area.

These musical values showed up in his operatic performances with magical effect. A case in point is from the second act of his recording of *La Bohème* under Leinsdorf, who for some reason always seemed to bring out the American in Tucker.† Singing softly beneath a plaintive clarinet, Rudolfo tells his new-found love, Mimi, that he could never forgive her if she treated him as cruelly as, at that moment, the tempestuous Musetta is treating her escort (*"Sappi, per tuo governo, che non darei perdono in sempiterno"*). The tenderness and vulnerability which Tucker projects in rendering these words—seductively insinuating the lyric into the melody, caressing *"sempiterno"* with a feather-light slide—is worthy of a Sinatra and, to me at least, an unanswerable demonstration of how Puccini should be sung.

BUT if he was an American singer he was also, like so many Americans, something else. Leontyne Price, an all-American girl from Mississippi. brings the ravishing intensitv of the black gospel singer to her operatic art, and Tucker, as my father kept reminding me, remained a *hazzan*. No tenor with a voice of comparable size could execute the trills needed in *Trovatore* and the Verdi *Requiem* as crisply or toss off the rapid passages at the end of the first act of *Così fan tutte* with such agility and precision: a consequence, no doubt, of his cantorial training. I have mentioned the poignant little pinch in Tucker's voice, an effect he reaches for when he wants to sound beautiful. It is a tender, intimate sound, and yet somehow it sounded almost detached from the singer. Sometimes, listening to it at the Met, I got the distinct sensation that it was not being delivered from the stage at all but from a far greater distance. It is, of course, a sound that resonates off the walls of synagogues all over the world and one to which I was personally attached, never quite understanding how people I respected, like the critic B. H. Haggin, could fail to respond to it.

The reader who is interested in hearing Tucker's cantorial sound in opera might listen to his opening notes, repeated on B, in the last scene of *Aida* (*"La fatal pietra sovra me se chiuse,"* etc.) and then note the cantorial inflection he gives the delicate alteration to C as he sings the "ee" of "Ah-ee-duh" (*"non rivedrò più Aida"*). (It's enough to make one reconsider my father's theory that Verdi was a Marrano sending signals to the Jews of the world.) Or, listen to his rendition of Des Grieux's gorgeous aria in the second act of *Manon Lescaut* (*"Ah! Manon, mi tradisce"*). There were times at the Met when Tucker's version of the final despairing lines of that aria (*"Nell'oscuro futuro di che farai di me"*), with their series of *portamenti,* was so egregiously cantorial as to risk stylistic distortion. I myself heard it as a higher synthesis. By replacing the ululant caterwauls of the Italian tradition with the dolorous lamentations of his own, Tucker was simply showing future generations of tenors how to cry more musically.

I WILL never forget a gala performance given at the Metropolitan on March 3, 1956 in honor of the President of Italy. The company offered scenes from several operas and then a program of arias by its principal artists, including Bjoerling and Tucker. It was the only time, to my knowledge, that the two greatest tenors of their time met face to face and the evening had something of the excitement of a championship fight. Jimmy

* A recording Farrell and Tucker made of Verdi duets and one he made with Dorothy Kirsten of the love duet from *Tosca* are fine examples of the American operatic style.

† I am thinking of Tucker's charming characterization of Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton in his recording, with Leontyne Price, of *Madame Butterfly*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Greek would have installed the imperious Swede as an odds-on choice, and he was also the personal favorite of the standees downstairs. I was upstairs with Tucker's crowd, in the family circle.

Bjoerling came first, his jacket resplendent with medals—from the crowned heads of Europe, no doubt. He sang the majestic *"Cielo e mar"* from *La Gioconda,* the opera in which Tucker had made his debut at the Metropolitan in 1945. And he sang it as only he could: effortlessly, the great arching phrases shaped with unfailing musical taste. One heard the inimitable Bjoerling sound, so familiar from records: a narrow thread of white gold unbroken by sob or gasp or anything but the purest musical effect, chilling the hearts of the scholarly Jewish camp counselors and hotel waiters standing downstairs, who, seeking respite from excessive sentiment, adored him. After the final, shimmering B flat, the house exploded.

Tucker followed immediately, warmly greeted. A former athlete at New Utrecht High School, with a gambler's heart, he was at his best in competition. He would sing the *"Addio"* from *Cavalleria Rusticana,* Turiddu's farewell to his mother, which, as it happens, was one of Bjoerling's specialties and is one of opera's schmaltziest numbers. After only a few phrases it was obvious, as it never had been when the men sang separately, that Tucker's voice was much larger than Bjoerling's and his dynamic range much broader. The voice resounded through the house like a great bronze bell. Bjoerling's artful phrasing and soaring lyricism were matched by Tucker's exquisite coloration and towering passion. At the repetition of the aria's grand theme, Tucker executed two mighty crescendos and he delivered the climax of the piece with unabashed fervor. The number is always a show stopper, but there seemed to be acknowledgment in the great applause that the contest had been, at least, a heroic standoff. I scored it a close decision in favor of the big voice and the honest sentimentality.

PASSION is the lifeblood of the operas comprising Tucker's basic repertoire and passion was his stock in trade. For years I was tempted to write Columbia Records with a suggestion that they put out a record called "The Essential Tucker: Fulminations, Imprecations, Renunciations, and Supplications from Italian and French Opera," a collection not of the arias and set pieces but of those cameos of ardor and rage at which Tucker so excelled. As well as he delivered the Flower Song from *Carmen,* Tucker was absolutely riveting in the third act of that opera when Don José, taunted by Carmen to leave her and visit his dying mother, warns Carmen that they will meet again and that he will permit her to love no other man. José takes his leave on a high B flat (*"Ah, partons"*) and Tucker, under Tyrone Guthrie's direction, would begin the note at stage left in the old Met and hold it, increasing the intensity, as he walked slowly, menacingly toward Carmen the entire width of the great stage (expanding the beat-and-a-half indicated in the score to a full eight or more). At such times, his voice seemed to gain breath not from its usual resource (which in truth was not remarkable) but from a great bellows of passion he could call upon when needed. Normally clear and precise in his diction, in these moments he would positively relish the words. The very pronunciation of them became a means of emotional insinuation; consonants were hurled out like thunderbolts (*"O, tentatrice," "Infamia," "Maledizione"*). Margaret Webster, who directed him in *Don Carlos* and *Simon Boccanegra,* once questioned whether he always understood the literal meaning of the words he was singing. If he didn't understand them literally, he certainly understood their emotional significations.

"The Essential Tucker" would have included moments from the final scene of *Carmen* (Tucker contrite after murderous rage); the harbor scene from *Manon Lescaut* (Tucker as pathetic supplicant); *"Vittoria, Vittoria"* from *Tosca* (Tucker triumphant); renunciations of faithless lovers in *Traviata, Lucia,* and *Pagliacci* (Tucker unforgiving); Turiddu's brief scene with Alfio in *Cavalleria* (Tucker begging forgiveness); and the final duelling scene from *La Forza del Destino* with its hair-raising cry (*"un brando, un brando"*) which demonstrates what Tucker could be when raised to a fighting fury.

There are great singers, Bjoerling for example, who would stint on these scenes, perhaps to save themselves for the arias, or, as I sometimes imagined, out of some Protestant incapacity or unwillingness to meet their emotional demands. Other singers, Mario Del Monaco comes to mind, will shout so in these moments that they lose the concentration needed for the pure music. But Tucker always *sang* these scenes, albeit with awesome intensity, and always musically. More successfully than any other tenor of his era, he was able to move from aria to dramatic outburst and back again. No other tenor, for example, could so well encompass the very different demands of the *cavatina, "Ah si ben mio, coll'essere,"* and the ensuing *cabaletta, "Di quella pira,"* from *Il Trovatore.* In operas demanding pure song (I would cite *Don Carlos* and his little remembered triumph in *The Tales of Hoffman)* he could rein in his stentorian flair, but he never curbed his zest for passionately expressive singing.

WHERE did this bridled passion come from? Surely we are dealing here with aspects of performance which go beneath individual personality to the cultural roots of the artist. I don't know what kind of family life this conspicuous family man had when he grew up in Brooklyn, but if it was anything like my own, it was positively operatic in its kaleidoscopic outpourings of love, jealousy, posessiveness, denunciation, forgiveness, indignation, and contrition. At the time, I thought the acting in our house was terrific, but now I realize that it was not so much acting as singing. Melodies of emotion. Not words, literally understood, but words as caresses, curses, and oaths. Mighty streams of consonants and vowels projected to the rafters as though the Almighty would miss their momentous drift if they were understated. Sometimes I think I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love opera so much, more than the lieder and string quartets I spend so much time with, because it provides a culturally respectable place for an American Jewish man with "a beautiful voice" to express and honor his roots. Maybe that's where the audiences for the Yiddish theater went, uptown to the family circle to get culture, but familiar culture. Maybe that is the true source of Richard Tucker's greatness: that he transmuted this sociology I hint at into art.

His epitaph should say that he was an American Jewish opera singer. Yes, he was a famous *hazzan* too, but my opinion, strongly documented in the recordings, is that for all the conviction with which he delivered his cantorial jewels and Goldfaden songs, he sang with greater abandon and natural impulse in grand opera and the Neapolitan *canzoni*. Jan Peerce, with less voice, is more persuasive in the Yiddish songs and even the *hazzanisch*.

I NEVER met my hero. His public personality like his physique was unprepossessing, a contrivance of guileless vanities and inauthentic postures. Publicly he gave no hint of the playful little boy he revealed at the Met in *Così fan tutte* or *Fledermaus*. In one moment of uncharacteristic *éclat* he sang the famous aria *"M'appari"* in Italian during an English-language performance of *Martha*. But such moments were infrequent. Articles would speak of his thorough professionalism, his business-like manner (he demanded top dollar), and then dote on his devotion to family and religion. He liked to say that he refused a recording contract with von Karajan because of the latter's former Nazi affiliations, and if that's true, I admire him for it. I have no doubt that he deserved my family's highest accolades: "He was a real friend of Israel." "He was a terrific giver."

However, when I remember the private Tucker, I shall think most of all of a worker, like my father. He sang at the Met for thirty years, remaining close to the top of his form. Critics were not being polite when they praised the force and eloquence of his final performances as Canio. To have sung that long demands sound technique but also unrelenting concentration and discipline. As every singer knows, the sheer physical and mental will to sing wears out long before the voice does. Tucker sang as long as he did, I imagine, because someone taught him that a man's portion in his life is to work hard at his trade and thereby sing praises unto the Lord.

News of his death reached me in a hotel in Miami Beach. All around me in the lobbies and streets of that condominium paradise I saw Reuben Tickers. Successful men over sixty, good Jews, family men, workers, terrific givers, with guileless vanities, inauthentic postures. I remembered then what I too often forget: that beneath the clothing of these men beats the heart of a Rudolfo, a Radames, a Des Grieux, and Richard Tucker lived to prove it. In the distance I heard an ambulance crying "Mimi, Mimi." And I thought to myself, as long as I live I shall never listen to another tenor but Richard Tucker, and when I do, none will ever touch me as deeply or lend such eloquent expression to my life as he did.

Burying the Hatchet

Paul Seabury

HAVING grown up in the depression, I share certain poignant experiences with many who were young in that American decade. Not the least of these was the troubling idea that would bother many adolescents of a literary frame of mind, as I was then: what would I do with myself, if even those who really knew how to work could not get jobs? Even now, when I have university tenure, I recall the haunting anxieties of this phase of life. The problem was: Was I already obsolete? Was I doomed to poverty? Would I be one of the great unemployed? How was I to pay my way through life?

During such gloomy reveries, a natural option was to seize eagerly upon fantasies reasonably credible to juveniles, either from tales told by fireplaces or from other transmitted family lore. Many of mine concerned family grievances over lost litigations. In them, vast sums of money and real estate otherwise due some ancestor of mine had been unlawfully transferred to others, by sheer force or through biased judicial proceedings. Others pertained to violent misdeeds, the outcome of which severely diminished the gigantic fortunes which otherwise would have been handed down, through the generations, to me.

One of these involved an ancestor of mine, a large plantation owner in Barbados, who fled for his life when his slaves revolted, pillaging the estate. My impressionable mind boggled at the prospects of this vast, lost latifundia, which adequate 17th-century law enforcement otherwise would have preserved intact, for transmission to me through probable bequests.

By genetic coincidence, however, I inherited my most grave prenatal injustice from both my father's and mother's side of the family. Both were descendants of

PAUL SEABURY *is professor of political science at the University of California at Berkeley.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a woman named Anneke Jans. She was a Dutch farm wife who, at her death late in the 1600's, owned most of the gentle pasture land in Manhattan on which now stand Wall Street, Trinity Church, and much more. One of her sons, who had been out of town at the time (as I heard it), had been done out of his share in the estate by very shady means. A chain of futile litigations was commenced by him. It continued for many generations, into the 19th century, fueled greatly by the tendency of this real estate to increase in value and of litigious heirs to increase in number. The law was as unkind to me in this instance as in a similar one which I now recount. But it was doubly so. To lose Wall Street? On *both* sides of the family?

THE next historical injustice, more poignant than all the others because of its relative closeness in time, was the swindle perpetrated upon the estate of Alexander T. Stewart, founder of America's first department store, and a cousin, of sorts, to my great-grandfather. This one was beautiful and simple, as all great swindles are. In Stewart's declining days, his will was (it is alleged) rewritten to give the bulk of it to his lawyer, a man named Hilton. The redraft in fact was done by Hilton himself. Then Stewart conveniently died. A comfortable legacy was left to his widow.

The ensuing litigation, needless to say, was joined by a sizable number of Stewart's relatives. In the second unsuccessful trial, for instance, a boatload of them came to New York from Belfast to join the act. If, when Queen Mary died, the name of Calais was found written on her heart, more names than one would have been found on my great-grandfather's: Garden City, Country Life Press, Stewart Manor, and Floral Park. Stewart had owned them all! Three times the case was tried; three times it failed. The richest suburban real estate on Long Island—stolen from my family!

During the depression, it was my sorry lot to live in proximity to one legacy of this evil deed. Two blocks from our unpainted house was a street (zoned upper income) named after that very lawyer: Hilton Avenue.

Most of us are saved from the knowledge of the evils perpetrated on our forebears by a dearth of known particulars such as these. Much gnashing of teeth is thereby spared. But also, much hope! How I dreamed of one day rectifying these historical misdeeds! I even thought of becoming a lawyer.

The seed of Anneke Jans by now is widely sown to far corners of America. But even today, I would gladly settle for, say, 10 per cent of the New York Stock Exchange building, or a parcel of the Chase Manhattan.

How disillusioning it was to confront the dampening effects of the statute of limitations on such historical fantasies. It certainly was sobering finally to learn about that statute. One fortunate consequence of this discovery to me personally was that I decided to do other things than practice law.

Now, however, for those of us who have no primary knowledge of historical injustice, no old folk tales to inspire our personal greed, there is hope. The statute of limitations seemingly operates against living individuals and families, but perhaps not against larger biological collectivities which have historians and lawyers at their disposal to forage for acts against *them*. Lawyers for Indian tribes, for instance, can rummage through ancient archives for proof that *they* were done in. Stewart Manor will never be mine, but if Marlon Brando gets his way, South Dakota will revert to the Shawnees, or some such tribe, and historic rectification will be accomplished.

This is known as getting even collectively, when you can't get even individually at such a distance in time.

One of my juvenile fantasies was some day to come upon a descendant of that lawyer, Hilton. I often contrived to imagine what he looked like. He would resemble one of F. Scott Fitzgerald's dream people, different from you and me, because of what Hemingway said —he had the money. What would I do in this encounter? I would produce from my wallet a faded clipping, out of an old album which my grandmother had made of this tragic affair. It would show (for it was a pencil sketch made at the trial) all the victims of his ancestor's villainies. He would look at it and wince guiltily. I would make him do more than wince. I in my dowdy, shabby outfit (contrasting with his blazer and linen yachting slacks) would carefully replace it in my pocket, saying quietly, "Remember who you are." He would not soon forget.

Of course, the thought of the consequences of my successful litigation occasionally crossed my mind. What would I do with Garden City? That was a poser. It was filled with houses in turn filled with people. Probably none had ever heard of Stewart or Hilton, much less my great-grandfather. What would I do with them?

What, in fact, will Marlon Brando's lawyers and professional Indians do with the people now trespassing in Pierre, Rapid City, and Yankton who moved out there after Custer had done his thing? All those Swedes and Germans who were mostly European peasants at the time of Wounded Knee? And what about the Catholic friars?

WHEN one reflects on collective historical injustices done to ancestors by other collectivities, it is a comfort for America's domestic tranquility that most of them were perpetrated somewhere else in the world. In fact, many of our ancestors moved to this country to escape them. (The recent misdeeds of the Castro regime account for some 600,000 new ones.) Most of us now living can with little difficulty conjure up some collective bestiality, to *our* kind of people, done by *their* kind of people: religious and political persecutions, pogroms, enslavement. A good thing it is for Americans of Irish descent that Belfast is in Ulster and is not a Boston suburb; to us Cromwell is nothing; to Ulsterites he is fundamental. "That was in another country, and besides, the wench is dead," we have to say, even if the wench in question was one of ours.

The Indian movement, however, has one up on the rest of us, since the Indians' collective injus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tices were geographically done to them on home ground, if by persons now long deceased.

It is one of the peculiarities of "historical collective injustices" that the supposed rectification of them, as and when it occurs, penalizes living persons for acts committed by persons not living. The incidence usually is even upon persons whose ancestors were in no way involved.

This holds true even with respect to "historical collective injustices" which once occurred in the United States itself; the majority of living Americans today do not descend from persons living in America in the 1860's.

But these are incidental ruminations, inspired by Son of Wounded Knee, by Marlon Brando's Indian cult, and assorted other causes. That a Catholic religious order now in happy guilt should pay penance for historical misdeeds of official 19th-century renegades like Custer and his boys, mostly good Protestants, says something about the diminished rigor of theological training these days as well as a more widespread and general decline in our secular modes of reasoning.

The point of my tale, however, is less directed to these current curiosities than to a fundamental irony about the effect of remote historical calamities on our most private, personal fortunes.

THE lives of all of us depend on past injustices and misfortunes. I was thinking about my Barbados ancestor recently (the one whose plantation was set ablaze). After the event, so the story goes, he fled, penniless, to Boston. There, he met the woman who became his wife. They had children, who bore children, who bore children, and so on. The simple point I have thought about, more recently, is that I would not be alive had the event not occurred. Probably he would have married a local. I have a vital interest in his catastrophe. *No slave revolt, no me.*

One way or another, that applies to all of us, the living. If the current Hilton cares to make up with me I am in a conciliatory mood. Probably, he couldn't care less.

Theater

Our Actors and Theirs

Jack Richardson

AT THE Actors' Studio some years ago I listened to a discussion that had as its subject national styles of acting. The English were spoken of with admiration, but always with the reservation that they somehow maintained a safe distance between themselves as performers and the roles they played, that they were reluctant to plunge into a character's "inner truth," to risk the dangers that lay in psychological depths. As one of the participants, himself an actor, put it, "The English are the greatest actors in the world—from the neck up."

Now this is a view that, crude as it may seem, is often used as the last line of defense by those who wish to claim for American acting a discrete excellence which excuses its obvious limitations when confronted by a great deal of our theater's traditional repertoire. The English may, as actors, rule the tongue and the mind; we, however, we hold sway over the area between the gullet and the groin. We call our productions of the classics fresh and vital when most often they are confused and callow; and when there is a flat lethargy about the doings of our kings and queens, we claim the demands of realism as an excuse. In our proud search for honesty and physical energy, we do not stoop to grandiose effects, nor do we care overmuch about the nuances of theatrical diction; for these, we feel, belong to the surface of the theater, to its old-fashioned craft rather than to its quest for art and truth. How, we ask, can an actor who attempts to ferret out the secret of a character's soul during the course of a performance, be expected to pay attention to the quality of a vowel, the accent of a word, or the calculation of an effect? If he truly has embodied the psychology of his character, all these symptoms of the role he plays will, so the prevailing theory tells us, effortlessly appear.

Now I do not wish to make this method of preparation for a role seem without merit. There have been many cogent books written about, and performances that have successfully sustained, this eschewal of results that do not flow out of the actor's sense of psychological necessity. My only quarrel with those who demand that psychological truth take precedence over theatrical manner is that the great majority of roles which an ambitious actor must undertake, roles modern as well as classic, either have no psychological basis to speak of, or else the psychology is so complex as to make it impossible for an actor within the limits of a single production to make it dramatically coherent. It is as barren an enterprise to rely on inner motivation and its "natural" consequences when performing Lear as it is when playing Sir Peter Teazle, and the only way even to adumbrate such roles is to think of them first in theatrical terms; that is, to think of ways that will at least present, clearly and distinctly, the dramatic surface of these characters so that they seem vital and comprehensible to an audience that will never grasp easily the magnitude of Lear's pain or, in our democratic age, readily understand those beings of pure society who make up so much of our best comedy.

Such clear and distinct presentation requires an emphasis on craft rather than on visceral revelation, and—to continue my observations on the English influx onto our stages and what it im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plies about our theater and theirs* —I am going to deal here with two imported works of the Royal Shakespeare Company, *London Assurance* and *Sherlock Holmes,* and one presentation by our New York Shakespeare Festival, *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THE plays the English company has brought us are patched-together trifles: *London Assurance* is a farce by Dion Boucicault that contrasts urban and country manners in a broad and creaky way, the comic excesses of its characters barely held together by plot devices that were worn out even when the play made its debut and by social observations that, unlike Wilde's or Congreve's, go no deeper than the manner and tone of their enunciation; and *Sherlock Holmes,* a play by Arthur Conan Doyle and William Gillette, is one of those melodramas that, before driving him out of the profession of theater reviewer altogether, provided Shaw with such rich targets for humorous outrage. Both of these plays have, I am sure, been pruned and fiddled with by their directors to suit any ingenious notion that popped up during preproduction and rehearsal labors, so that what one saw in the present productions were true vehicles for performance.

On the other hand, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* produced by a company which has displayed Shakespeare in every theatrical guise save that of Kabuki, and which has never thought it excessive, when the cause of contemporary relevance was at stake, to perform operations and transplants upon the text, was presented without adulterations. There was no modern point of view, no directorial inspiration for the play to overcome in order to be enjoyed: Puck was not a rock musician; the quartet of beguiled lovers remain comic attitudes of aristocratic passion and were not reduced to runaways from suburban values; Bottom and his fellow rustics were allowed to function with the dignity of clowns and not as put-upon members of the working class. And

* See "The English Invasion," COMMENTARY, February 1975.

W.B.YEATS

HIS PLAYS

A Commentary on the Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats. A. Norman Jeffares and A. S. Knowland. This definitive guide brings together from diverse sources invaluable information on the meaning of the plays and the circumstances in which they were written. The authors identify people, places, and events referred to in the plays, point out literary allusions and parallels, and explain Yeats's often obscure use of mythology and symbolism. $15.00

HIS POEMS

A Commentary on the Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats. A. Norman Jeffares. "The one indispensable companion to the poems, lucid, easy to use, and offering a matchless store of information guided by a sense of relevance that rarely falters."—*The Guardian.* "Henceforth no one will undertake serious study of Yeats's poetry without this book."—*Virginia Quarterly Review.* Cloth, $15.00; paper, $5.95

HIS IDEAS

The Circus Animals: Essays on W. B. Yeats. A. Norman Jeffares. "Moving modestly and comfortably among all the complicated details of Yeats's life and poetry, Jeffares deepens our understanding of Yeats's role as a public man, helps us to trace the origin of his concept of the masks, and comments sensibly on his tower, his gyres, his women, and his role as a critic."—*CEA Critic.* $8.50

HIS PSYCHE

Yeats: A Psychoanalytic Study. Brenda S. Webster. "One of the best books yet written on Yeats, and one of the few critical works I know that make a just and sensible use of psychoanalytic concepts for the reading of poetry."—*Harold Bloom.* "The most luminous glimpse yet into the darkness of the Yeatsian psyche."—*The New Republic.* $8.95

STANFORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington is now the crucial front line for Israel's survival...

That's why you should be reading the

NEAR EAST REPORT

Established 1957
by I. L. Kenen

Every week more than 30,000 people rely on NER for comprehensive news coverage and stimulating analysis of the events here and abroad that will determine Israel's future—

- Mideast peace negotiations
- Congressional affairs
- Oil power and politics
- Foreign aid
- Detente and trade
- Palestinians and the PLO

Join those who keep informed —Subscribe now and receive your copy of

MYTHS AND FACTS

- a 96-page compendium that counters Arab propaganda with a clear record of the facts
- more than 125,000 sold
- now in its 4th edition

NEAR EAST REPORT,
Department C, Suite 908
1341 G St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20005
Please enter my NER subscription
☐ 1 year (52 issues) at $10.00
☐ 2 years at $16.00
Send to:
Name:_____
Address:_____
_____
☐ Check enclosed for _____
☐ Please bill

yet for all the restraint and good intentions of this production, Shakespeare's masterpiece ends up seeming hardly different in worth from those nugatory items brought over by the Royal Shakespeare Company. In other words, what the troupe from England was able to provide with the most meager material, our supported and endowed theater company could only equal with the help of one of the great lyric comedies of the language.

THIS certainly brings up the question of craft, the uses it can be put to, and the abuses its absences can cause. No one can defend a bland, lyricless production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the basis that what we lose in intellectual and linguistic delight we gain in those gullet-and-groin truths that reside beneath the surface of the play. Indeed, it is because *A Midsummer Night's Dream* depends almost exclusively on theatrical ingenuity for its realization—that is, on those qualities from the neck up—that it makes it fair to compare its treatment with those of a light farce and an antique melodrama, and when it is found that all treatments produce the same pleasant, thinly amusing result, then, unless we care nothing about distinctions and differences in the qualities of art, a serious problem arises.

In maintaining that this problem revolves around craft, or the lack of it, I don't mean simply an attractive wrapping of a play's substance or a collection of theatrical tricks that must be studied and practiced until, in an odd moment of contradiction, they become apparent to an audience. I do not even mean the combined schematic cleverness of author and players so depreciated by critics who claim to discern nothing but craft in plays they like but feel they shouldn't. What I intend by the term "craft" is no more or less than theatrical intelligence, the ability to perceive the artistic limits of a play and, within those limits, to choose the effects necessary to make an audience accept, for a few hours, confinement within these boundaries of theatrical imagination.

When the play's limits are as narrowly set as those of *London Assurance* and *Sherlock Holmes*, the task of creating such a condition is both harder and easier for a director and his actors than if they were involved, say, in a production of *The Misanthrope* or *The Importance of Being Earnest*. True, no professional actor should be incapable of achieving the effects demanded by a play with modest ambitions, nor should a director find himself overwhelmed by literary depth and variety to the point where he is stifled by the number of thematic choices open to him. But, on the other hand, when the text makes few demands on the performer's technical range, it generally provides him with little help or protection. A mediocre actor in a great role can, by virtue of the role's many facets and power, seem to be doing a fairly good job when he is only being an inoffensive conduit of whatever in the written character his talent can draw forth; and no matter how he fails the role, if he has not obviously butchered it, he may take refuge behind the right of individual interpretation.

However, when one is playing Sherlock Holmes in a popular melodrama or an aging cockscomb like Sir Harcourt Courtly in a farce whose characters have tiny but definite dimensions, there is little opportunity to hide behind complexity, and craft is tested not by its ability to resolve and control the ambiguities of character, but by being able to choose, with precision, the mannerisms, inflections, and attitudes that will make the thinnest personality seem substantial enough to warrant our laughter or concern. To do this, of course, the actor must be much more naked as a performer than he would be if wrapped up in the layers of a deeply written part. His artistry is almost all that stands between the audience's willingness to believe in his theatrical existence and their readiness to be disillusioned by any obvious bit of dramatic nonsense. One mistake—an excessive bit of mugging, a coy line reading, a bit of stage business that goes just an inch too far in its effort to bustle the audience into laughter, a noticeable mo-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment of self-satisfaction or unease —any one of these can cause that part of an audience which distinguishes between the theater and the circus to wonder why its intelligence is being abused.

Nor, of course, can the actor working within these limitations afford to be too cautious, for if he does not risk the ridiculous in his performance, if he and the director do not devise a manner of production interesting and dramatic in itself, there will be nothing happening on stage at all, or so little that it would seem to be no more than a slightly animated plot synopsis. We all consider the performance of a classic role more than an ordinary success when the actor dares and avoids horrible failure; in the performing of trifles, the actor must dare embarrassment in order simply to survive his time on the stage, and it is in this survival that a craftsman's intelligence plays its part. Outlandish inflections of speech, dangerously broad gestures, shameless takes, the conspiratorial wink at the audience, the over- and the under-reaction, the ingenious prop and the clownish costume—among all these devices a selection must be made that is based upon the knowledge of how to employ them to maximum effect without straining the limits of theatrical decency.

Thus a melodrama like *Sherlock Holmes* earns our amused attention through the way in which John Wood, as the Baker Street sleuth, speaks English as if each syllable of each word were the audible result of a deductive process that is awesomely swift and infallible. One would no more think of challenging his syntactical stresses than one would consider taking on Holmes in a logical debate, and when Wood comes to the moment that dares absurdity—a pronunciation of the famous word "elementary" which he turns into a descending arpeggio of vowels—he wins by his verbal courage applause for the word itself, applause which the audience gives not because technique coerced them to do so, but because it demonstrated a perfect fusion, by making an old catchword come to life again, of the theatrical and the commonplace.

It is this type of detailed craftsmanship, this technical tension, that performers, caught in the barren circumstances of a mediocre play, can turn to their and the audience's advantage, so that the most fragile achievements of a playwright become appreciated and enjoyed. When technique of this kind is applied to *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* the result is always memorable. However, the American production lacked all the benefits of an intelligent plan. Either by choice or necessity, it presented Shakespeare's play with a straightforward lack of inspiration that flattened its poetry, blurred its contrasts, made its magic mundane, and caught its comedy only in those places where the humor was most broad. What each actor chose to do, whether successful or not, had little in common with what his fellow players had decided on, and never at any time did it seem that these choices dared more than was absolutely necessary in order to present the idea of a performance. The rich theatrical details of the roles, the colors, shadings, nuances that good actors always surprise us with, were either blurred or missing completely. Theseus and Hippolyta spoke, or rather declaimed, their lines to no one in particular, and only seemed animated when they could demonstrate, by the excessive stressing of a humble word, that they understood the meaning of the sentences they spoke. The young lovers believed, too, that articulation means the voice must bob up and down at regular intervals, thereby showing that there is human emotion behind the verbal conceits. Apart from this, they were youthfully competent, which is to say that they displayed a great deal of energy and little theatrical control of it. Puck received his most cloying interpretation since Mickey Rooney's: the actor pranced, flapped, and babbled until he and the role disappeared from the stage, leaving behind them nothing but a collection of theatrical hocum, bits and pieces of grim evidence that a fair idea had been fatally injured. Titania, who spoke about the discord her argument with Oberon was causing as if she were reciting the happenings on the six o'clock news, seemed more a camp follower than a fairy queen, and. . . .

But there's no need to go on with this list of deficiencies. The moral is clear: having decided to abandon novelty, the New York Shakespeare Company was forced to stand or fall on its fundamental theatrical ability, and the fundamentals were simply missing. They did not exactly mutilate *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* they merely wore it out with ineptitude and thereby diminished it to the point where it became an ordinary little comedy of manners pleasantly if roughly performed. This inability technically to embellish and enliven a text, or even to meet its simplest theatrical requirements, is not unique to our New York company of players. It is, sadly, a flaw that pervades our entire manner of acting, and until it is removed, the English will continue to shame us with their execution of the insignificant. And they will shame themselves a little too, if, with their richness of performing talent, they do not attempt works a little more worthy of their abilities.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

The Multinationals

GLOBAL REACH. By RICHARD J. BARNET AND RONALD E. MÜLLER. *Simon & Schuster. 507 pp. $11.95.*

Reviewed by MARTIN MAYER

THE subtitle of this book is "The Power of the Multinational Corporations," and its authors present their work as a serious and significant report on the broad and startlingly rapid growth of companies that operate as producers or sellers or both in a number of different countries. The phenomenon itself is not new, of course: we would not know what Friedrich Engels thought of the condition of the working class in Manchester had not his father sent him to England to be the boss of a German company's English factory. But as telecommunications have improved and cultural differences diminished around the world —as technology has become central to more manufacturing processes and the capital costs of opening a mine or an offshore oil well or a computer factory have soared—giant firms that operate in a number of different places, usually via separate local corporations organized under local law, have become prime movers in oil, automobiles, electronics, metals and minerals, chemicals, agricultural machinery, certain food products, cosmetics and drugs, not to mention services like advertising, banking, and engineering design. The men who head these national subsidiaries of a multinational whole tend to follow career patterns that ship them to the leadership cadres of several different overseas operations, with a limited tour of duty in each. But most of the operating management even on upper levels tends to be local; and increasingly the staff management internationally is recruited by promotion from within the firm with relatively little discrimination by nationality.

It is a fascinating and important matter. The similarities and differences among IBM, Nestle, International Harvester, Unilever, Mitsubishi, First National City Bank, Sears, Exxon, Bayer, Montedison, Ford, etc. would make a subject worthy of the most sophisticated information-gathering techniques and imaginative theorizing. Lines of business, resources employed, nations of origin, historic development, degree of international involvement, extent of competition from domestic producers in different countries—all these elements must enter variously into the operations of all the corporations. Few books that could be written today would make so great a contribution to our understanding as one that really told us about the multinational corporations. *Global Reach* doesn't even try.

The problem is that the authors, Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller, have no interest at all in reality; the world they live in and examine seems to be nothing but some statistics and a reification of slogans. Instead of looking at what multinational corporations do, they look at the generalized chamber-of-commerce claims for the contributions of such firms to international peace and prosperity and contrast those claims with equally generalized denunciations by various antagonists. They write about World Managers, a Global Shopping Center, a Global Factory, always capitalized, always contentless. In the end, they conclude with ludicrous solemnity that the "global corporation" is not "compatible with survival." What they have produced, in short, is a hash of all the dog food the New Left tried to feed us poor folk through the 1960's, dishonestly repackaged as a study of multinational corporations. The fact that the book has been respectfully greeted by a number of presumably serious people argues that our systems for legitimating scholars and scholarship may be as defective as our systems for legitimating political leadership.

Some of the authors' errors of fact are quite important. They apparently do not know that the Glass-Steagall Act forbids American banks to own stock in nonfinancial corporations, and they treat the entire loan portfolio of the banking system as an ownership position. They believe that "96 per cent of the entertainment to which 87 per cent of the population is exposed each week is produced by three networks"; in fact, networks have not been permitted to produce shows or own pieces of producing companies for some years. They think United Press International is "part of the Hearst worldwide publishing empire." Their global corporations are all centered in New York, London, and Paris, which (including their suburbs) are in fact headquarter towns for only 15 of the 50 largest multinational industrial companies. Indeed, it is the dispersion of these behemoths that is interesting: 24 in the United States, according to the *Fortune* list, 8 in Germany, 6 in Japan, 4.5 in England (Royal Dutch/Shell is the .5), 3 in Italy, 2 in France, 1.5 in Holland, 1 in Switzerland. That sort of simple fact is not to be found in *Global Reach*.

THE longest sequential narrative in the book tells a story to illustrate Raymond Vernon's theory of the product life cycle. (Vernon is credited in a footnote, not in the text, because the authors don't like him; later, they use his name in the text in connection with a study that they wish to blast.) The theory holds that a new product is first manufactured and sold in its home country, then sold for export when imitators drive down profit margins in the home market, then manufactured abroad for the established foreign market to reduce costs, and finally imported from

MARTIN MAYER *is the author of* The Lawyers, Wall Street: Men and Money, The Schools, *and, most recently,* The Bankers.

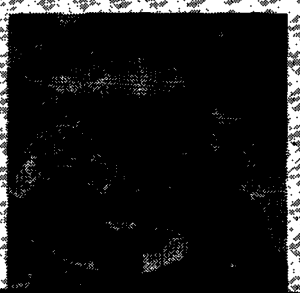
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not just another pretty book.

In this stunning volume the whole story of the Old and New Testaments is retold in the light of the latest historical and archaeological findings. A visual delight in its generous use of photographs, illustrations, and original maps by Hammond, it brings heightened reality to the people, events, land and faith of the Bible—and a "you-are-there" intimacy to the reader. For everyone who responds to the real fabric of life and faith Dr. Harry Frank—professor and archaeologist—has written a book on the Bible destined to become a treasured classic.

$14.95 until May 1, $16.95 thereafter

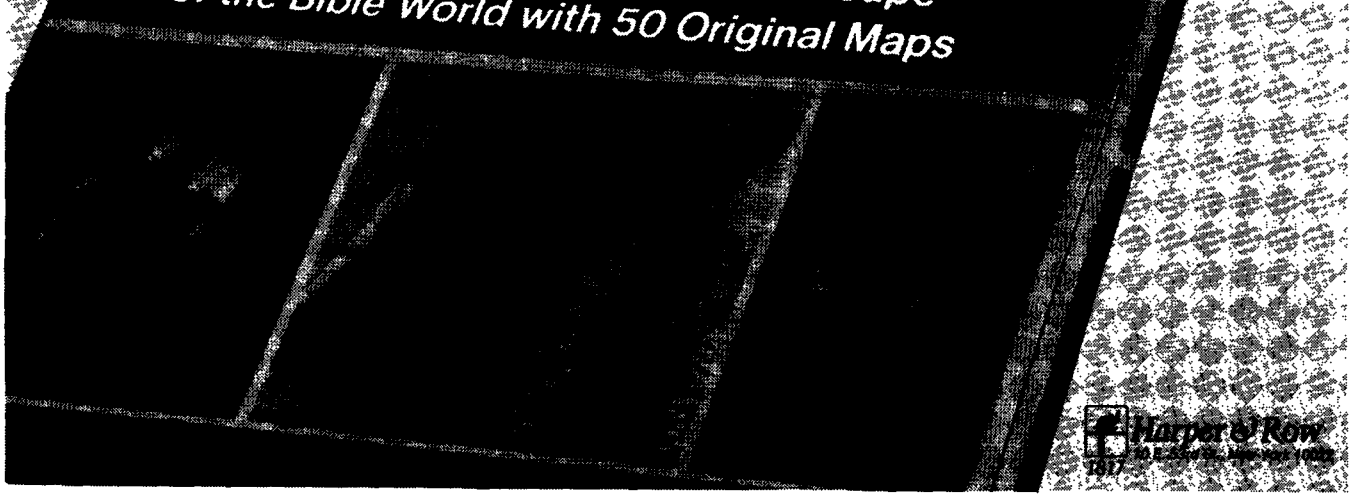
• 155 color photographs • 100 black-and-white photographs • Created by Hammond Inc.—37 terrain model maps including 27 maps in natural vegetation color • 15 town plans, including 7 maps of Jerusalem • 7 explanatory diagrams • Unique time chart of Bible history



Discovering the Biblical World

Harry Thomas Frank

The Illustrated Story of the People, Archaeology, History and Landscape of the Bible World with 50 Original Maps



Harper & Row

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book publishing

Manuscripts invited for prompt editorial review and terms of publication. All subjects. Professional editing, design and production plus expert promotion and distribution since 1920. Send manuscript or inquiry, or call (215) 563-3553. Ask for free *Author's Guide* D-75.

DORRANCE & COMPANY
1617 J.F.K. Blvd., Phila., Pa. 19103

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS

Wanted: book manuscripts on all subjects. Expert editing, design, manufacture and marketing—all under one roof. Completed books in 90 days. Low break-even. Two FREE books and literature give details, costs, success stories. Write or phone Dept. 371

EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700 (212) 895-0081

earn a degree on your job

Work-based professional development program for motivated people. No residency. Self-tailored learning plan leading to BA, MA, or PhD integrated with your job and professional life. Guided by outstanding local, national faculty and members of your chosen profession.

Program specifically designed to meet your needs and personal career goals. Begin any time.

For more information, write or call Dr. Norbert Katz, Academic Coordinator.

OPEN university

7730 CARONDELET AVENUE
ST. LOUIS, MO. 63105
TELEPHONE: (314) 727-6100

the cheaper foreign factory to the land of origin.* Barnet and Müller choose as their example the manufacturing of television sets, beginning in 1948 when "100 per cent of all television sets were manufactured in the United States" (which is not true: about 50,000 were manufactured in Britain). And soon, bearing out the theory, the pioneers found it more profitable "to sell TV sets to Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians." But of course American television sets could never be sold in those countries because they wouldn't work: different line voltages, different numbers of cycles-per-second in the alternating current, different numbers of lines transmitted per frame. The Europeans had to do this one by themselves. The incompatibility of American and European television systems has been not insignificant in various ways on various occasions; more important in terms of this book is the authors' revelation of a complete tin ear for fact that seems to me disabling in social criticism.

But the tin ear is only the beginning. *Global Reach* is in part a compendium of all the myths ignorant populists believe. Chrysler (poor Chrysler!) knows how to build a pollution-free gas-turbine car but won't do it. . . . "In the last generation, almost 80 per cent of total federal revenues has gone to purchase 'national security.'" . . . Exxon spent $100 million on its name change. . . . "It is possible . . . to produce a vehicle for $150, a radio receiver for 9 cents, and a $9 one-channel TV set.". . . Sinister real-estate speculation, not the disastrous and continuing losses of the railroad operation (which Congress now keeps alive only by cash advances of hundreds of millions a year) caused the collapse of the Penn Central. All wrong—and if true, they would be irrelevant.

Sometimes the authors descend to unquestionable idiocy: "The Chilean economist Jorge de Ahumada argues that every dollar spent in Latin America on doctors and hospitals costs a hundred lives—by which he means that if the dollar had been spent on providing safe drinking water a hundred lives could have been saved." That's tens of billions of deaths a year in Chile from bad drinking water alone—no wonder they have political problems. This one bothers even Barnet and Müller a little: "However arbitrary these figures may be, the basic point is sound." But the "sound" point here is that the multinational corporations offer a technology "for enhancing private consumption, not for solving social problems." It is no defense of the multinationals to mention that *the* social problem of the underdeveloped countries is poverty, which means insufficient private consumption: what the state consumes feeds no babies. Anyway, the authors finally admit that there is no technology for solving social problems: they end their book with a ringing call for "new knowledge."

That new knowledge cannot rest, however, on the inconsistencies of analysis that make a chain of implausibility through *Global Reach*. At first the authors speak of "growth" as the fundamental drive of the multinational oligopoly; then they speak of "profit maximization"; and finally they quote a Senate study to the effect that increasing size has tended in recent years to mean below-average increases in profits. The product life-cycle theory they adopt rests on an assumption of marketplace competition, but they insist that the multinationals have killed all markets by purchasing their needs from within the company at artificial prices (like the women of the Hebrides, all the divisions live by taking in each other's washing).

The multinational corporations, they say, have moved capital-intensive production to the underdeveloped countries, which is bad for these countries because they need employment openings and bad for American workers because

* Vernon's theory is rather more sophisticated than Barnet and Müller present. He found that corporations moved manufacturing facilities abroad not only to save costs but also because the importing nations, concerned about their balance of trade, were threatening to restrict shipments. This part of Vernon's theory does not suit Barnet and Müller's insistence that the little nation-state is defenseless against the big multinational corporation, and it is therefore omitted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

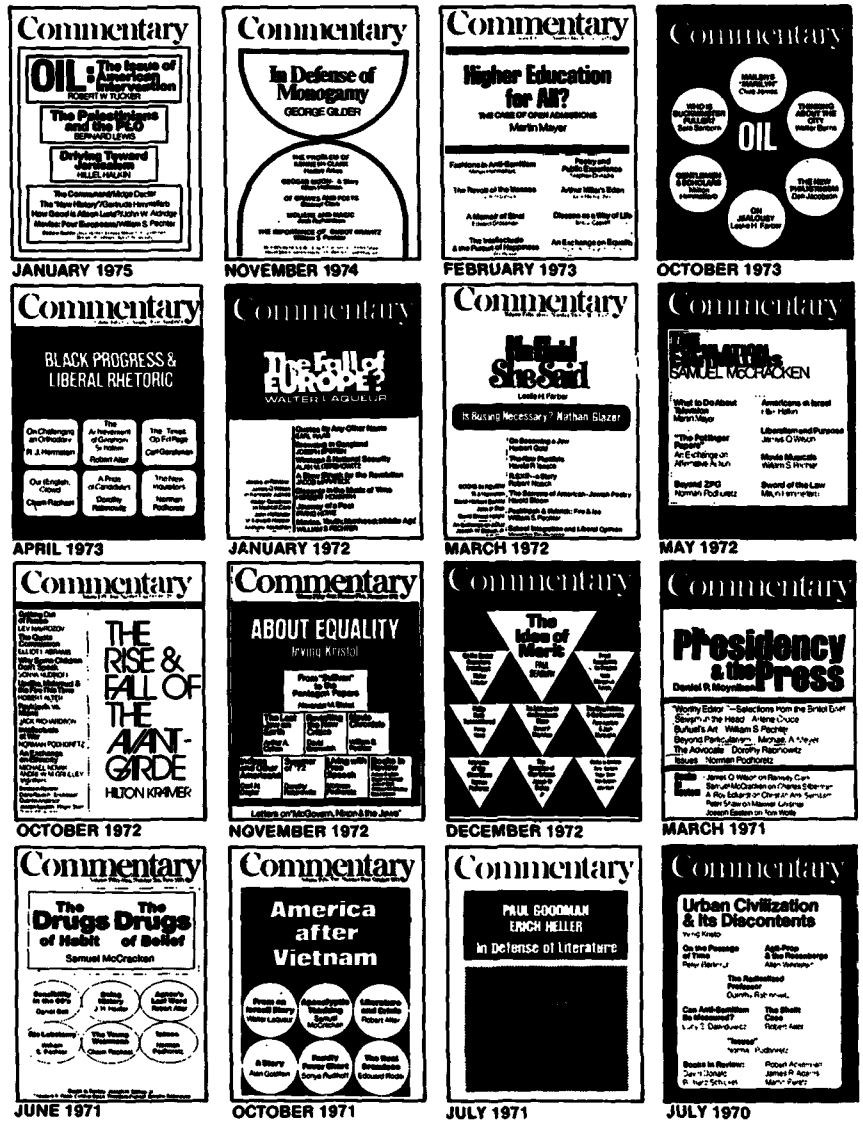
the export of capital that could be employed at home diminishes their productivity. On the other hand, the corporations have moved labor-intensive production to "export platforms" because wages are low abroad, depriving American workers of jobs; and meanwhile they have put even more Americans out of work by automating the shop (i.e., increasing productivity) at an unparalleled rate. On balance, *Global Reach* reports, the income we have been receiving from our overseas investments is shamefully greater than our export of capital to other countries, but at the same time we are shamefully exporting the capital resources we need at home. But our condition is really hopeless, because we simultaneously need higher productivity (fewer man-hours per unit of output) and "job-creating rather than job-displacing technology" (more man-hours per unit of output). So long as it looks bad, Barnet and Müller will print it.

THE prose is opaque throughout. Sometimes the point is meaningless: "By 1970 the per capita income in poor countries was about one-twentieth of that in rich countries, measured in 1900 dollars (or one-fortieth in 1970 dollars)"—as though a change in the yardstick changed the ratios. More frequently, I fear, the authors are deliberately deceptive: "In the latter half of the 1960's, when the rate of job creation in the entire manufacturing sector registered an 8.3 per cent decline compared to its 1960-65 value, *the decline for global corporations was 40 per cent*" (emphasis in the original). Only the most careful reader could possibly remember in the face of that italicized onslaught that in the period 1965-70 the rate of domestic job-creation in the "global corporations" continued to be higher than the national average for all corporations.

Enough, though there's lots more. Multinationals have greatly facilitated international trade among the developed countries and improved the average standard of living in all of them through the working out of real comparative advantages. In the

WHILE THEY LAST—

Complete your file of Commentary or send for past issues with articles of special interest—like those shown here—at $2.00 each.



In limited quantities, most issues from the past ten years are still available—as listed below. **CIRCLE THE ONES YOU WANT,** and return the form with prepayment—promptly, to insure receiving those in short supply.

Commentary, 165 East 56 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for the _____ back issues circled below at $2 each including postage and handling.

1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975
—	Jan	Jan	Jan	Jan	—	—	Jan	Jan	Jan	Jan
—	Feb	Feb	Feb	Feb	—	Feb	Feb	Feb	Feb	Feb
—	—	Mar	Mar	Mar	—	Mar	Mar	Mar	Mar	Mar
—	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	Apr	—
—	May	—	May	—	—	May	May	May	May	—
June	June	June	June	June	—	June	June	June	June	—
July	July	July	—	July	—	July	July	July	July	—
—	—	—	—	Aug	Aug	—	Aug	Aug	Aug	—
—	Sept	Sept	Sept	—	Sept	Sept	Sept	Sept	Sept	—
—	Oct	Oct	Oct	Oct	—	Oct	—	Oct	Oct	—
Nov	Nov	Nov	Nov	—	Nov	Nov	Nov	Nov	Nov	—
Dec	Dec	—	Dec	—	Dec	Dec	Dec	Dec	Dec	—

Name_____

Address_____

City, State & Zip Code_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poor countries, which are much less important in the corporate scheme of things, they have contributed by giving the local rich and middle class a domestic investment that looks safe (it is disingenuous for Barnet and Müller to say in one place that the poor countries are poor because their elites have consistently invested abroad and in another that the big companies don't help such host countries because they draw most of their local investment capital from local sources). The companies have also—and this is the most important point, not even discussed in *Global Reach*—trained fairly large numbers of managers and workers from other cultural traditions in the modern procedures that are necessary once the human ecology of tropical countries, the ratio of deaths to births, is disturbed by public-health systems and insecticides.

But the corporations are entirely too tough. They cheat on their taxes, and they promote and exploit the systematized bribery that passes for government in the Third World and elsewhere, too, not excluding here. Their "transfer pricing" within the corporate shell, of which Barnet and Müller make much, clearly does victimize the weak. (One thirsts for real examples, with names, dates, and places, but apart from occasional references to published material, *Global Reach* offers nothing but anonymities and invented percentages.) From the American point of view, some wages have been held down disgracefully, in the consumer electronics, textiles, and clothing industries especially, by the ease of "exporting jobs." And since the arrival of "floating" exchange rates in the international currency markets, the opportunities for mischief by major international financial organizations have grown too large. Barnet and Müller do not realize it (they would have had an awful lot of fun if they had realized it), but the huge American multinational banks, with their loans and investments abroad denominated in foreign currencies but their profits stated in dollars, stand to gain considerably whenever the dollar is devalued, and that's a most undesirable state of affairs.

Much of what Barnet and Müller want done—especially the reform of the tax laws affecting foreign earnings and the extension of reporting requirements—seems to me worth doing, but this book won't bring the time of its accomlishment a day closer. At bottom, their problem is Wright Patman's—they speak to the people in the hill country who want to see them pour it on, and not to any serious constituency. At one point they quote a Patman paragraph beginning: "One of the favorite pastimes of concentrated financial power is promoting concentration in non-financial industries." Well, if it's a pastime it can't be very serious. The man who calls it a pastime can't really care about it much. And the man who quotes the man who calls it a pastime is an entertainer by profession. For all the 89 pages of scholarly apparatus at the back, *Global Reach* is just an entertainment for true believers, and a slapdash example of the genre, at that.

The Vatican & the Nazis

Aftermath: Martin Bormann and the Fourth Reich. By Ladislas Farago. *Simon & Schuster. 479 pp. $10.95.*

Reviewed by Benno Weiser Varon

Aftermath deals with the thousands of Nazi war criminals who have found asylum—or at least a refuge—in South America since the end of World War II. They are for the most part living well, under their own or assumed names, and have by now gotten over the fright induced by the abduction of Adolf Eichmann in 1961. Among them, according to the author, is the notorious Martin Bormann, Rudolf Hess's successor, who as *Reichsleiter* could sign orders to the Nazi leadership in Hitler's name, and who was sentenced to death *in absentia* at Nuremberg. Farago claims actually to have seen Bormann in February 1974—"not sick but in an advanced state of senility"—in a remote Redemptorist convent located high in the mountains of Bolivia.

Whether or not the reader accepts this claim, he is likely to find Farago's case for Bormann alive more convincing, and certainly better documented, than the case for his death, based on the alleged discovery several years ago of a human skull and bones beneath the paving stones of a Berlin street. Authorities of the State of Hesse announced that the Invalidenstrasse remains were those of Bormann, come to light some twenty-seven years after his death: their identification was founded, among other sources, on the testimony of a court pathologist who had no credentials whatsoever as a forensic anthropologist, and on a dental chart drawn from memory by Bormann's dentist, since deceased. Neither medical charts nor X-rays were available during these proceedings which were launched, by an odd coincidence, only a few days after publication in the London *Daily Express* of a series of articles by Farago claiming that both Bormann and the infamous Dr. Mengele of Auschwitz were still alive. When it was pointed out in connection with the dental sketch that a three-tooth bridge was missing, a second "dig" was undertaken and the three missing teeth obligingly came to light. How convincing this evidence was may be gauged from the fact that the criminal court of Frankfurt later refused to accept it, as did Bormann's seven children.

Farago's case, on the other hand, if not definitive, is certainly a good deal more plausible. According to Farago, Bormann was seen walking alongside a tank in Berlin on May 2, 1945, and three weeks later was recognized by his former driver on a street in Munich. In June 1945 a German journalist described meeting Bormann on a train heading for Denmark, a claim borne out years later when Werner Heyde, awaiting trial in jail as chief of the Reich's euthanasia program, confessed in 1963 to having hidden Bormann after the war in the Danish castle of

Benno Weiser Varon *has been the Ambassador of Israel to a number of Latin American countries.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

David, King of Israel

Jules Maidoff

Original, hand signed and numbered etching Edition limited to 200

This graphic adventure blends the richly textured and fascinating interplay of an ancient subject in a modern treatment. In soft tones of sepia, the etching measures 16″ x 17¾″ on a hand-made ivory-colored sheet 21″ x 29½″.

From our exciting variety of signed originals, this work is an exceptional purchase, likely to increase in value over the years. (Mr. Maidoff's work in galleries starts at $75.00.) This signed and numbered etching of King David is available to readers of Commentary for only $60.00.

Maidoff's rare gifts have not gone unnoticed. His many exhibitions have been warmly and enthusiastically received by the critics in Philadelphia, New York, Rome, Milan, Florence, Lugano (Switzerland), Washington, D.C., Manhasset, Westhampton, New Hope, Bethesda, and private collections both in this country and in Europe.

"Jules Maidoff, a fine young American painter and draftsman, works within the humanist tradition of western art. Maidoff's work reveals the human condition in a highly personal way, yet it is universal in its impact because of his sensitive and poetic approach."

Oriole Farb, Director
Riverside Museum, New York

"An expressionist manner in his figure subjects with vigorous color and solid statement." **—New York Times**

COMMENTARY 165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. I have enclosed my check for $_____ to cover the cost of_____ numbered and signed impressions of DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL by Jules Maidoff. @ $60.00 each, including postage and insurance. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return this work in good condition, insured, within ten days and you will send me a refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Graasten. In 1948 Bormann was spotted in Bolzano by the widow of his Bavarian physician, a recognition which, we are told, was instantaneous, unmistakable, and mutual, and following which Bormann panicked and fled. Like other Nazi bigwigs, Bormann was trailed by the federal police from the day of his arrival in Argentina, and Farago provides photostats from his various dossiers along with the names of three physicians who described treating him in 1959, 1968, and 1972.

The Eichmann trial provided further evidence that, as of 1961 at least, Bormann was still alive. A police search of Eichmann's home shortly after his capture produced three letters from Bormann. Eichmann himself spoke of Bormann during his trial as of a living person, and Eichmann's lawyer, Dr. Robert Servatius, said on August 14, 1961, that if Eichmann was the principal culprit in the Final Solution, "Himmler had no reason to kill himself [and] Bormann can come out of hiding." In addition, a police search of the home of Friedrich Schwend, in Lima, Peru, who during the war printed fake pound sterling notes to undermine the British currency, produced an address book in which Bormann and all his aliases and addresses were listed.

Beyond that, the official spokesman of the Holy See, Professor Federico Alessandrini, has acknowledged that "Bormann was probably one of the beneficiaries" of the Vatican's "help for the helpless," and the Auxiliary Bishop of Munich, Johann Neuhaeusler, dropped the "probably" and conceded point-blank that Catholic refugee organizations had been instrumental in helping Bormann escape.

INDEED, Farago's revelations about Bormann are considerably less important than his revelations about the part played by the Vatican in the escape of an estimated 50,000 Nazis after the war. Other books have treated this subject, but *Aftermath* breaks new ground with its in-depth study of the central figure behind this rescue operation, the German Catholic Bishop Alois Hudal. Hudal's influence in German Church circles dated from his longstanding friendship with Pope Pius XII, whom he met in Rome in 1924 when the latter, then Eugenio Pacelli, was Papal Nuncio. Later, Pacelli became Secretary of State for the Holy See, and obtained for Hudal the Bishopric of Aela, making him "the senior German-speaking Bishop abroad."

Hudal put this position to good use. As early as 1933, he began "explaining" Nazism to audiences outside Germany, welcoming the 700 members of Rome's German colony, for example, at a Nazi May Day celebration, with the words: "We German Catholics greet the New German Reich, founded on loyalty to Christ and the fatherland." In 1935, Hudal published a laudatory book, *The Foundations of National Socialism*, and in 1943 it was Hudal again who was asked by the Pope to intercede with the German commandant of Rome in the matter of the planned arrest of Italian Jews. Hudal presented the case in strictly political rather than humanitarian terms, "in the interest of the good relations . . . between the Vatican and the German high command," and because he "feared" that "otherwise the Pope [would] have to make an open stand." But the German commandant knew better. Although, as Ambassador von Weizsaecker reported to Berlin, "the event had taken place practically under the windows of the Pope," the Pontiff remained silent.

From 1944 on, Hudal found a new friend in the person of the supervisor of the refugee bureau of the Vatican, Monsignor Giovanni Montini, who is today Pope Paul VI. One of the functions of the refugee bureau was to issue "identity certificates," patterned on the Nansen passes, with no questions asked as to the true identity of their bearers, "in the name of Christian charity" and as a matter of "Christian love of fellow men." According to Farago, however, Hudal also obtained from Montini, with the Pope's explicit permission, a limited number of regular Vatican passports for "important" Nazis, among them Bormann, who assumed clerical disguise in order to qualify as bona-fide Vatican citizens. Hudal knew that it was too late to save the Nazi regime. But he, too, saw in every Nazi he rescued a potential frontline fighter in the struggle against "godless Marxism."

The effectiveness of the Vatican rescue operation may be gauged by the grateful words Farago cites from a speech in 1970 by Colonel Hans Ulrich Rudel, all-time ace of the German *Luftwaffe* and founder of the rescue organization *Kameradenwerk*: "One may otherwise view Catholicism as one wishes. But what during those years the Church, especially certain towering personalities, . . . undertook to save the best of our nation . . . must never be forgotten! . . . With its own tremendous resources, the Church helped many of us to go overseas. In this manner, in quiet and secrecy, the demented victor's mad craving for revenge and retribution could be effectively countermanded."

Courage and Character

FREUD: LIVING AND DYING. By MAX SCHUR. *International Universities Press. 587 pp. $20.00.*

Reviewed by

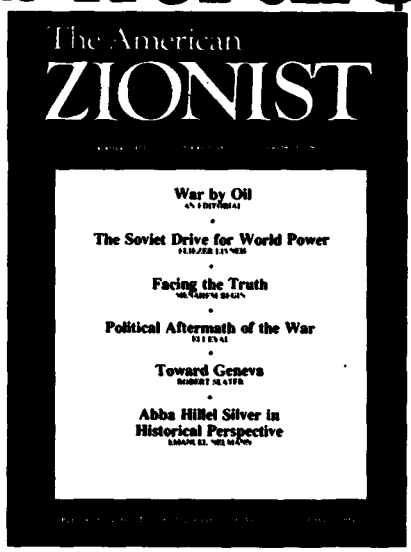
STEPHEN M. RITTENBERG

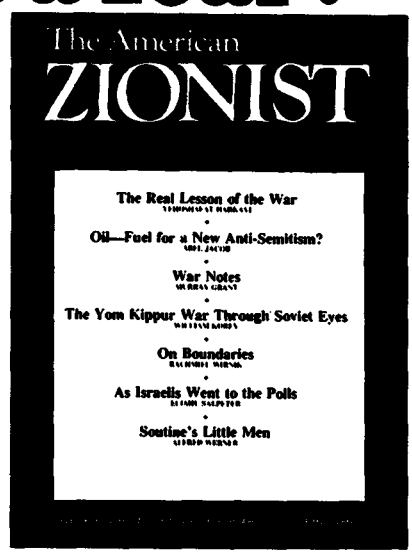
IN A remarkably prescient essay, "Freud and the Crisis of our Culture"—first delivered as a Freud Anniversary Lecture at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute in 1955—Lionel Trilling warned of a growing encroachment by the culture upon the individual's separate sense of self. In the two decades that have elapsed since then, the crisis of which Trilling spoke has, if anything, deepened; the very notion of a gradual development of character, of the achievement of selfhood as a painful, prolonged process, is scarcely acknowledged any longer as a worthwhile ideal. In its place our culture lends support to every

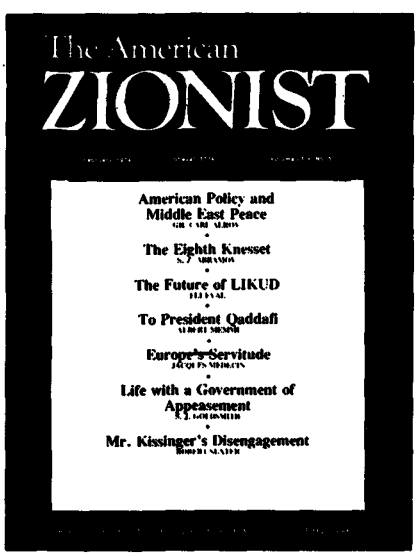
STEPHEN M. RITTENBERG, a new contributor, is a practicing psychoanalyst in New York City.

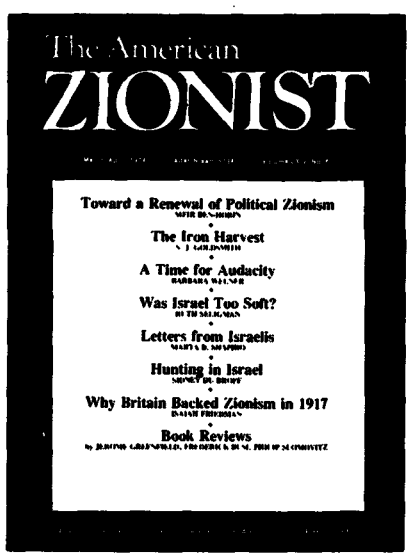
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

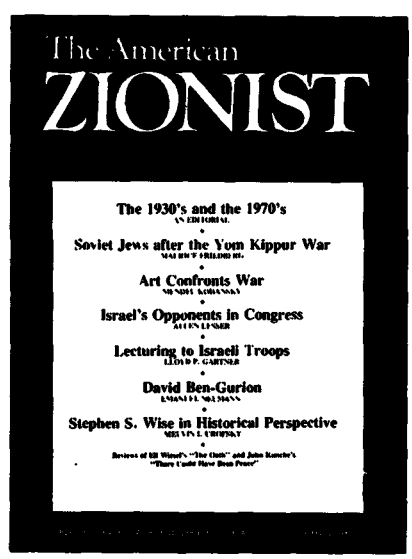
Is All This Worth $5 a Year?

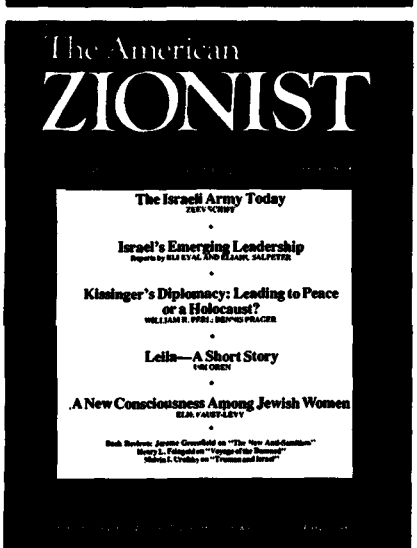


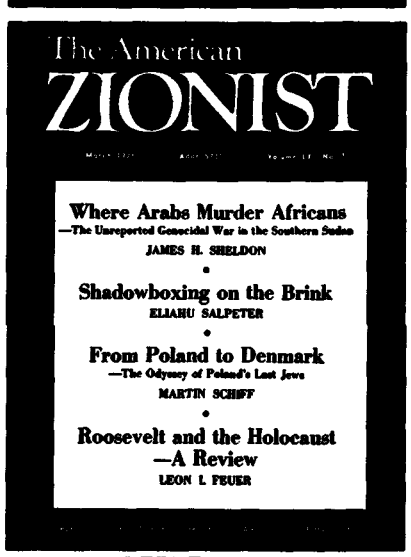


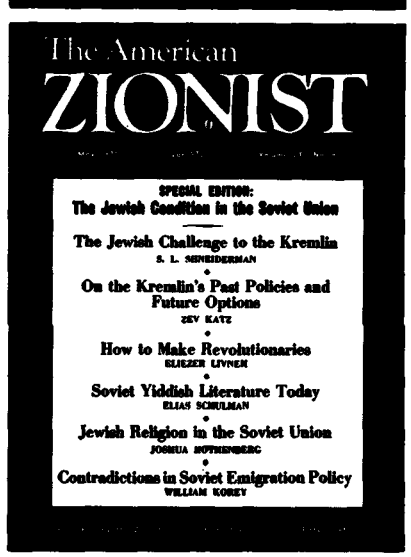











The American
ZIONIST
SPECIAL EDITION:
The Jewish Condition in the Soviet Union
The Jewish Challenge to the Kremlin
On the Kremlin's Past Policies and Future Options
How to Make Revolutionaries
Soviet Yiddish Literature Today
Jewish Religion in the Soviet Union
Contradictions in Soviet Emigration Policy

Our Cover Tells Only Half the Story. Subscribe Now and Get Our Current Issue Free!

THE AMERICAN ZIONIST
Subscription Department
ZOA House
4 East 34th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

I enclose $5.00 for my one year subscription

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manifestation of the impulse to submerge, if not completely obliterate, the self. Indeed, the very idea of character seems quaintly old-fashioned today, something left over from a Jane Austen novel.

Prescient though it was, however, even Trilling's essay did not go so far as to predict that psychiatric thinking itself would join in this assault upon individual identity. Increasingly, in the years since Trilling wrote, classical psychoanalysis, with its emphasis on character change through gradual, hard-won increments of self-knowledge, has yielded place to a variety of modish psychological theories—Esalen, R. D. Laing, behavior therapy, primal therapy—all of which exalt the primacy of immediate experience and cater in one degree or another to the demand for instant emotional catharsis. Nor is this demand limited to patients only. Young psychiatric residents are themselves reluctant to face the grind of actually sitting and listening to patients, not to mention the grueling task of mastering the 24-volume corpus of Freud's work.

Curiously enough, however, Freud's life continues to exert an immense fascination even in the present cultural climate, perhaps out of nostalgia for a vanished intellectual age, perhaps out of yearning for the very ideal of character we are in the process of abandoning. As the present biography by his personal doctor demonstrates once again, Freud's life was in fact something like a quintessential definition of that ideal.

MAX SCHUR's book views Freud's life from the perspective of his terminal illness, documenting at first hand Freud's struggle against, and eventual accommodation to, the fatal cancer of the jaw which claimed his life at the age of eighty-three. In the course of the book Schur manages, among other things, to tell us more about death and dying than all the currently fashionable books, articles, and TV shows could ever hope to do. Beyond that, he adds a dimension to Freud that Ernest Jones, for all his devotion and magisterial attention to detail, could not provide. If Jones's Freud was always a bit the Welshman, like Jones himself, Schur's Freud is unmistakably an Austrian Jew, formed by a particular cultural context which Schur takes great pains to document. Where Jones tended always to see Freud's Jewishness as a kind of appendage, for Schur it is an essential, perhaps *the* essential, element in Freud's character, expressed, among other ways, in such curious personal traits as his early identification with Joseph, the biblical interpreter of dreams, and his lifelong kabbalistic superstition about numbers.

The association of the two men began when Schur was thirty-one and continued for the next eleven years. Schur served Freud not only as a doctor, but as an ally in the struggle against the disease, and a companion in the journey to its inevitable end. Schur describes this relationship in infinitely affecting detail, painting an unforgettable

THE PULPIT OF A
VIABLE CONGREGATION
(MEMBER UNITED SYNAGOGUE)
ON THE NORTHSIDE OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WILL BECOME VACANT
DUE TO RETIREMENT OF THE RABBI.

YOUR INQUIRY IS INVITED
STRICTEST CONFIDENTIALITY GUARANTEED.

PLEASE WRITE TO:
1709 West Carmen
Chicago, Illinois 60640

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picture of Freud's struggles to maintain his dignity and clarity of thought in the face of constant, excruciating pain and the debilitating local infections which marked the progress of the cancer. Throughout this period, Freud insisted on being told the truth at all times—he had discharged Schur's predecessor for misleading him about the seriousness of his illness.

Almost to the last, Freud refused sedation, in order to keep his mind clear for his analytic work, and continued to see patients regularly until a month before his death. His heroism did not come easily. As Schur makes clear, he was not a stoic by nature, but repeatedly deplored "the gruesome business of growing old," and never really resigned himself to suffering. In a letter to Lou Salome he wrote, "I have stood the foul realities pretty well but I can't bear well the thought of the possibilities before me and I cannot get used to the idea of a life under sentence." Freud's heroism was thus of a particularly difficult kind, involving as it did the taming and sublimation of enormous passion which threatened to erupt in rages against fate.

SCHUR's fascination with his patient continued even after Freud's death; he eventually gave up internal medicine to become a psychoanalyst himself, and a gifted one, to judge by the fascinating light he throws on Freud's most mysterious achievement, his own self-analysis. This achievement, which culminated in *The Interpretation of Dreams*, indisputably Freud's greatest work, and which at the same time unleashed a burst of creativity that continued with only minor interruptions for the next forty years, has always been honored, but never really understood, by the analytic profession. Jones, like most analysts, claimed that Freud's genius was such as to exempt him from the usual stipulation that an analysand cannot be his own analyst. Yet this explanation raises more questions than it answers. The psychoanalytic situation is by definition—Freud's own definition, in fact—a two-person situation, the analyst providing the mirror wherein the analysand can observe himself.

For the cook who loves to experiment
At The Table Of Israel

by Sandy Lesberg

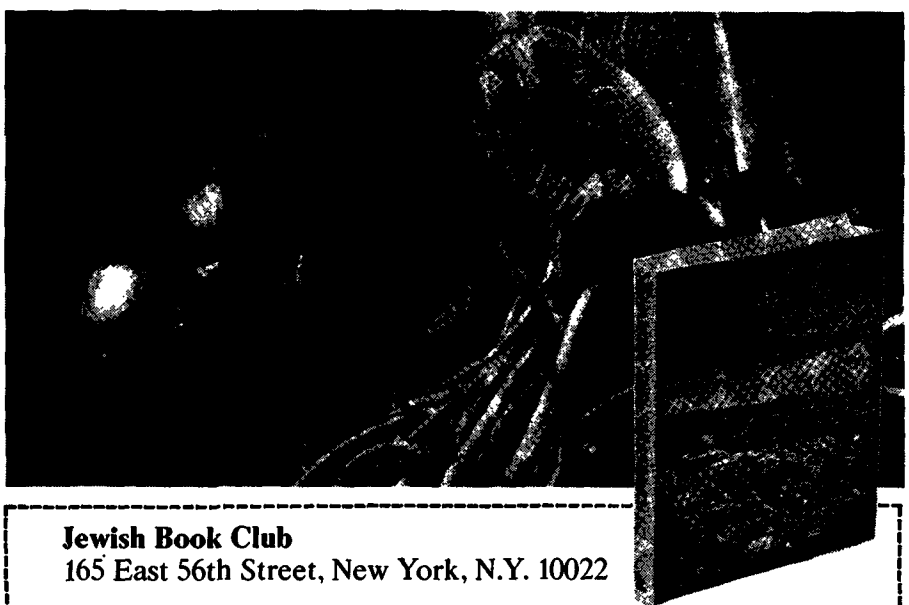
Here is a truly unusual recipe collection for those who love to try new things and who delight in imaginative cookery. A sampling:

- herring marinated in cognac
- persimmons stuffed with cheese and nuts
- roast stuffed chicken in pomegranate sauce
- chicken breasts brushed with banana-nut glaze
- baked carp stuffed with cheese and mushrooms
- fried fish with a sesame crust
- lamb cubes braised with figs
- eggplant stuffed with mozzarella and gouda
- tomatoes stuffed with fish, peas, and gherkins
- banana souffle
- spicy eggs à la Yemenite

All these recipes come from Israel, but they are not all Israeli, since the Israeli cuisine is actually the cuisine of a thousand different nations. The Jew from Morocco has his own way of roasting, his own favorite lamb/fruit combinations; the Jew from Algeria brings with him a culinary heritage different from that of the Yemenite Jew. Diversity is the main ingredient in the Israeli menu.

Diversity is what makes *At the Table of Israel* so fascinating and so distinctive a collection. And because it derives from cultures so different from our own, not all its recipes will appeal, just as not all Indian or Korean or Mexican dishes will have universal appeal. But you will certainly enjoy a large proportion of the recipes in *At the Table of Israel* and you will want to add them to your collection, adapting and experimenting to please your own taste and that of your family and guests.

Author Sandy Lesberg specializes in international cuisine. His other books include: *The Art of African Cooking, Great Classic Recipes of Europe, Great Classic Recipes of the World, Sandy Lesberg's Economy Gourmet Guide to London, to Paris, to Amsterdam.*



Jewish Book Club
165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send ____ copies of AT THE TABLE OF ISRAEL at $15.00 each. My check for $ _____ is enclosed. (The Jewish Book Club pays all packing and shipping costs.)

Name

Address

City State Zip

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Fought Back

Uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto
BER MARK
Translated by Gershon Freidlin

Uprising in the Warsaw Ghetto is the harrowing story of months of struggle against incredible odds, and of the heroism of Jewish resistance fighters in the face of impending destruction. It is the most detailed, exhaustive account of the Jews' last stand in Warsaw that we have to date. Through this vivid narrative, we see the rebellion carried from house to house over the streets and rooftops and in the bunkers and sewers of the burning Ghetto. We see the moods, strategies, and responses to the Uprising on both the Jewish and Nazi sides. Ber Mark was a founder of the Jewish Historical Institute in Warsaw.
$6.95/hardcover/Just Published

They Fought Back
The Story of Jewish Resistance in Nazi Europe
Edited and Translated by Yuri Suhl
With 26 Illustrations

"Read Yuri Suhl's book and you will never again ask why they went to the slaughter like sheep. . . . No one came to the aid of the Jews. They fought their own battle. They drew their courage from within themselves." —Elie Wiesel

"A profoundly stirring book."
—Saul Bellow
$4.95 paperback/Just Published

Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto
The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum
Edited and Translated by Jacob Sloan
$4.50 paperback

The Holocaust
The Destruction of European Jewry, 1933-1945
NORA LEVIN
$6.95 paperback

Hannah Senesh
Her Life and Diary
HANNAH SENESH
Introduction by Abba Eban
$2.75 paperback/$6.95 hardcover

from your bookseller or
SCHOCKEN BOOKS
200 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

What Schur discovered in the course of going through Freud's voluminous correspondence is that there was in fact such a "mirror" in the person of Wilhelm Fliess, Freud's closest friend during the period of the self-analysis.

Following the self-analysis, Freud gained the confidence to revise radically some of his most cherished earlier theories, thereby freeing himself for further discoveries of inestimable importance. Thus, it was in the course of shedding his early theory about the causes of hysteria in women that Freud came to discover the central importance of fantasy in mental life and symptom formation, a discovery crucial to present psychoanalytic theory. Here we see how character and intellect interact—an example of courage making possible the free use of intellectual powers in the service of scientific discovery.

Schur is at his best as a sympathetic and perceptive chronicler of Freud, the man; when he attempts to extend his observations into the more theoretical realm, he is somewhat less successful, as in his explanation of how the death-instinct theory was a product of Freud's effort to come to terms with his own fear of death. One rebels against this sort of "explanation" not only because it is reductive, but because it quite simply does not accord with one's sense of the man as Schur himself has portrayed him. Reading Schur's book one is struck over and over again by how remarkably *unafraid* of death Freud showed himself to be; concerned with it, to be sure, respectful of it, but not afraid. Indeed, drawing on Schur's account of Freud's early childhood one could argue in psychoanalytic terms that Freud's spiritual strength in this area was directly traceable to his relationship with his mother, by whom the young Freud was first introduced to the mystery of death. Whatever its source, however, of Freud's ultimate bravery in the face of death there can be no doubt. What else could have enabled him, when the time came, to turn to Schur in all calmness and ask that the fatal dose of morphine on which they had both agreed be administered? Faithful to the end, Schur complied.

As is usually the case with the great innovators, Freud's life and work are difficult to separate; his personal heroism permeates both. Freud himself believed, as he wrote with a curious modesty to Stefan Zweig, an early biographer, ". . . that insofar as achievement is concerned it was less the result of intellect than of character." The simple virtue of courage that marked his character grew out of a deep-rooted sense of self, and expressed itself not only in his attitude to death and dying, but also, as we learn from Schur's biography, in a remarkably intense capacity for savoring the pleasures of life.

Chroniclers of the Jews

IDEAS OF JEWISH HISTORY. Edited, with introductions and notes, by MICHAEL A. MEYER. *Behrman House. 360 pp. $12.50.*

Reviewed by ERICH ISAAC

THE *aim of this volume is an* excellent one—to assemble a selection of writings reflecting diverse conceptions of Jewish history (and, incidentally, of history in general), beginning with the biblical period and ending with Jewish historians of our own time. The book's value lies not only in its being the only anthology of its kind, but also in Meyer's introduction and in the informed discussions which precede each of the textual excerpts, ranging from II Maccabees to Salo Baron. One must note further with gratitude that Meyer himself has translated selections from eleven authors (mainly from Hebrew and German), thus providing an English-reading public with at least a glimpse of a number of major writers, some for the first time, others in welcome retranslation.

The presentation is largely chronological; while one might wish for a future study that would take a "history of ideas" approach in the manner pioneered by Arthur

ERICH ISAAC, *who teaches at the City University of New York, is a specialist in the geography of religion.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lovejoy, the anthology format, with its focus on characteristic conceptions of individuals, has merit. It must be stressed that the volume provides *Jewish* conceptions of Jewish history—views of Jewish history propounded by Christians or Muslims are not included, nor has any space been allotted to discussions of Jewish history, however interesting, to be found in the works of theologians or philosophers rather than historians. Such omissions are, of course, dictated by the overall design of the book; still, I find them regrettable. One would have welcomed the inclusion of something by Max Weber, for example, especially since Meyer complains that 19th-century historians like Heinrich Graetz neglect social and economic history.

THE first part of the book covers the period from II Maccabees to Nathan Hannover's *Yeven Metzula* (1653). Meyer is right in his assertion that a fully secular approach on the part of Jewish historians did not come about until the 19th century. Before that time, and for observant Jews until today, Jewish history was always interpreted in a religious light. Meyer maintains that there were strongly divergent viewpoints within the religious tradition itself, even before the advent of secularism. If this is true, however, he fails to elucidate them. Instead of divergent views on the nature of Jewish history, the reader is offered examples of one or another trait held in esteem by modern historiography.

In general, Meyer gives us too little insight into the biblical-rabbinic view of history that, with essentially minor variations, informed Jewish writings on Jewish history prior to the 19th century. It is true that Solomon ibn Verga's *Shevet Yehuda* (16th century) reveals a good deal of sociological and psychological sophistication, as Meyer maintains, but it is neither more advanced nor even more perceptive than earlier Jewish or non-Jewish writings. Again, Meyer finds the 16th-century thinker Azariah dei Rossi "the only truly critical Jewish scholar of the pre-modern period" for his questioning of the reliability of rabbinic legends as historical source material, but such material had been treated cautiously even by the rabbis themselves, if not perhaps by the more fundamentalist among Rossi's own contemporaries.

Flavius Josephus, in the first century, stands as an exception to all this, and his treatment is thus particularly revealing of Meyer's approach. Meyer ranks him, as a historian, above the authors of the Bible, for he "puts forth the goal of historical truth for its own sake," but below Thucydides. Josephus's account of the division of the Red Sea in the book of Exodus is offered as an example of an event Josephus found it hard to credit. Yet if anything, this particular event enhances the credibility of the biblical account, for it is en-

THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT

Edited by JOHN NORTON MOORE

A key reference book on one of the most persistent international problems of our time. . .

Sponsored by the American Society of International Law

The Arab-Israeli conflict continues to be one of the most potentially explosive situations of the modern world. To demonstrate the utility of an international legal perspective in analyzing the problems involved, John Norton Moore has assembled this three-volume compilation of readings and documents. Together, the three volumes provide the best contemporary writings on the subject and the primary documents necessary for in-depth research.

$75.00 Pre-publication price until June 1, 1975. Thereafter, $95.00

Abridged paperback volume available Fall 1975 $12.50

A brochure on THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT is available on request.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS • Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Editions by Philip Birnbaum

MAIMONIDES' MISHNEH TORAH
Authoritative, abridged translation; the essential legal and ethical aspects of Judaism for today's scholars, students and laymen. Paperback, 334 pages. **$3.95.**

JEWISH CONCEPTS
An invaluable desk-top reference volume. 730 pages of facts and definitions. Revised and updated. **$7.50.**

LARGE TYPE PRAYER BOOK
For Sabbath and Festivals. Both Hebrew and English enlarged 50% to meet requirements of those with poor vision. 372 pages. Reg. edition $7.50. Gift Edition **$10.00.**

Available at all Jewish bookstores or from

Hebrew Publishing Company | בית ההוצאה העברי

79 Delancey Street, New York, N.Y. 10002

——Books for the People of the Book——

ASSOCIATE RABBI-EDUCATION DIRECTOR
Princeton, New Jersey

Dynamic, Diverse, Unaffiliated Congregation of 400 Families Seeks Associate Rabbi to Take Full Charge of Our 350-Pupil School and Youth Organization and Also Assist Senior Rabbi in Performing Other Rabbinic Duties.

Apply in Writing to:
SEARCH COMMITTEE
The Jewish Center
435 Nassau Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

tirely in accord with geographical facts. (The waters do divide at the head of the Gulf of Suez and formerly did so also between the Bitter Lakes, which is today accepted as the actual route of the exodus from Egypt. As late as the 19th century, Bedouins and sometimes even pilgrim caravans to Mecca used this passage under weather conditions perfectly described in Exodus 14:21.) Actually, I suspect that Josephus should be read not as a doubter of religious truth but as the exponent of a viewpoint which made its appearance among Jews of his period: that miracles were "natural" events, timed to occur when the need for them was most acute.

Meyer ranks Josephus below Thucydides not, one assumes, on grounds of relative historical accuracy—Thucydides invented most of the speeches of his protagonists and cooked up some of his historical data—but for the latter's superior methods of interpretation and judgment. Josephus, that is, remained in thrall to the older biblical view of what makes history unfold, whereas Thucydides brushed off the old accounts of Greek history as "mythical" and substituted human action and the dictates of reason as the springs of historical writing. Yet in ranking authors as historians, it is essential to distinguish the sober narrative of an event from the explanation offered for its occurrence and its location in an author's overall view of history. That neither Josephus nor the Jewish historians who followed him through the centuries were able to free themselves from the idea of history that informs the Bible is ultimately due to the immense and compelling force of that conception of history, one which, along with its Christian and Muslim variations, has dominated the historical thought of much of mankind. This conception is not dealt with adequately in Meyer's introduction, nor is it given sufficient emphasis in the pre-modern texts themselves, which have been selected primarily on the basis of historiographical innovation.

THE book is strongest in its treatment of writings from 1800 onward, though here too a certain perspective is lacking. Thus, in his introductory essay, Meyer establishes the pervasive influence of German idealist philosophy on most of the early historians of the 19th century (represented in this volume by Immanuel Wolf, Abraham Geiger, Leopold Zunz, and Isaac Marcus Jost). While there is no doubt of the extent of this influence, and Meyer's presentation is very cogent, there were other factors involved besides intellectual ones. It would have enhanced this section of the book had Meyer made clear the polemical purpose behind the effort of these thinkers to discover some eternal, unchanging "essence" of Judaism which could be dislodged from its historical accretions: in doing so, they hoped to abolish Jewish "peculiarities," thereby enabling Jews to participate fully in the majority culture.

In other words, these writers were not merely historians, but also reformers and apologists who were responding consciously and often explicitly to the anti-Semitism endemic among German intellectuals. From the 1830's on they found themselves constantly called upon to defend Judaism against defamation, and their persistent efforts both to uplift the Jew and to defend him were evident not only in their writing but in the societies they founded, and the meetings they convened.

By failing to emphasize the social and political setting of these "historian-reformers," Meyer conveys an imperfect understanding of their ideas of Jewish history. For their scholarly denial of the relevancy of Jewish historical practice to the present—the bibliographer and Orientalist Moritz Steinschneider was of the opinion that the time had come to terminate the history of Judaism altogether—was also a way of shedding the burdens of the past. They periodized Jewish history, extracted its "fundamental" and "universal" concepts, pronounced these fulfilled—at least in the realm of German culture—and departed. Not surprisingly, a good number of them later converted to Christianity, generally for the sake of furthering their academic careers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ARTnews special package

Our book club. FREE!
Our travel program. FREE!
And ARTnews
For as low as $6.77

ARTnews, the No. 1 Best Seller. The only art magazine for everyone, from student to connoisseur. Bright. Concise. Informative. Entertaining. Filled with good reading that makes the pleasure of the world of art even more pleasurable. More people get more news of art from ARTnews than from any other magazine. In-depth coverage of price trends, intriguing looks at the museum system and art investment. Profiles of artists and of the movers and shakers who influence art while largely staying out of the public eye. Book reviews. Armchair tours of the world's art capitals. Art history. Antiques. It's all here, with the anecdotes, background and lively writing that are uniquely ARTnews. Share in the excitement of new discoveries and developments. In addition, you will be able to save up to 40% on the world's finest art books through free membership in the ARTnews Book Guild and to participate in the ARTnews Travel Program, which features behind-the-scenes tours of museums, galleries and private collections in the United States and abroad.

ARTnews • 121 Garden Street • Marion, Ohio 43302

☐ 6 ISSUES $6.77 (New Subscriber Only) ☐ New ☐ Renew
☐ 1 YEAR $14.00 ☐ New ☐ Renew
☐ 2 YEARS $26.50 ☐ New ☐ Renew

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please Bill Me Directly.

☐ Please bill my: ☐ Mastercharge ☐ BankAmericard

Acct# _____ Exp. Date _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One "fundamental" concept of Jewish historical thought which was for the most part ignored by the 19th-century historians, and which receives too little attention from Meyer as well, was the idea of national redemption. This idea, born in Egyptian slavery, where the memory of the patriarchal past was linked with a promised redemption ("God will surely remember you"—Genesis 50:25) and return to the land of the fathers, had become by the end of the biblical period a comprehensive view in which national history, social, individual, and even cosmic destiny were integrated into a single redemptive scheme. Undoubtedly, part of the appeal of this conception of a redemptive goal of history for Jews in times of dispersion came from the unhappy conditions in which they found themselves. Nonetheless, it cannot be explained simply in sociological terms as a "religion of the oppressed." For one thing, the conception received its full development at the high tide of national sovereignty and cultural achievement, not during the period of national dispersion. For another thing, history itself, through its repetitive symmetries, seemed to validate the redemptive idea: the Egyptian exile and the Babylonian exile; the exodus from Egypt and the return from Babylon; the conquest of Canaan and the restoration of the commonwealth after the Babylonian exile. All these seemed to point to a divinely established cyclical pattern whose final fulfillment was prevented only by man's failings.

THE belief in an ultimate return culminating in redemption, when man will finally *not* fail God, provided the underpinning of the Jewish idea of history for Jewish historians up to the 19th century; it is a belief that continues to remain central for some Jewish historians today. Meyer, to be sure, mentions the idea of redemption as the target of Jewish history, but he treats it as an ahistorical concept. Perhaps so, but it was one of the dominant notions in Jewish history, and it is a shortcoming of this volume that messianism is given so little weight as an "idea of Jewish history."

Impractical Politics

TAKING SIDES. By RICHARD J. WHALEN. *Houghton-Mifflin. 320 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by JEANE KIRKPATRICK

THAT American political parties are pragmatic rather than ideological is not only a truism, it is also the premise of most standard interpretations of American politics. Because the parties are pragmatic—familiar theory asserts—they value victory, adopt or abandon policies in accordance with the wishes of the electorate, and choose candidates on the basis of voter appeal rather than adherence to a body of doctrine. Because they lack firm doctrinal commitments—the theory continues—American political parties can easily accommodate diverse interests, compromise various points of view, and orient campaigns toward that happy hunting ground of pragmatic vote-seekers—the moving center.

This theory was, no doubt, fairly accurate as a description of American parties for much of this century, but theories—especially good theories—tend to acquire lives of their own and to persist long after the reality they explain has ceased to exist. Thus, the conviction that American politics is dominated by two pragmatic parties has hardly been affected by the growing accumulation of evidence to the contrary, including the Presidential nominations of Barry Goldwater and George McGovern. Yet the behavior of both parties during the last decade demonstrates that these were not isolated aberrations from the norm but part of the continuing, perhaps growing, vulnerability of Republicans and Democrats alike to unpopular policies which, though repugnant to majorities, satisfy the ideological needs of militant minorities who happen to have operative control of the parties. The attachment of Republicans to tight money and balanced budgets, and of Democrats to busing and quotas, are but a few among many examples of the nonpragmatic tendencies of both parties. Perhaps the clearest such example is the steadfast refusal of both Republicans and Democrats to give the voters what the voters so clearly desire: both "liberal" economic policies *and* "conservative" social policies.

At least since 1967, public-opinion polls have documented the emergence of cultural and social issues which cut across traditional party lines based on economic cleavages. Growing numbers of ticket-splitters, abstainers, and persons who identify with neither party have dramatized voter dissatisfaction with available alternatives; for those who missed the point, Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg spelled it out in *The Real Majority*: a majority of Americans support welfare-state policies to ensure minimum levels of security, comfort, and well-being for all, and an even larger majority support traditional cultural values and the practices related to them.

Nevertheless, though the combination of welfare-state economics and cultural conservatism is common enough in the world today—purveyed, for example, by every major French party including the Communists, and by every important British and German party—and though it was the foundation of New Deal policies and the majorities that supported them, American parties of late have been curiously unresponsive to voter demands. Republicans have continued to offer free-market economics (grudgingly and haphazardly modified by crisis) along with a defense of traditional values; and Democrats have proffered welfare-state economics along with broadly unacceptable social-cultural policies. Democrats responded to the lessons of 1968 with reproaches, reforms, and George McGovern. Richard Nixon seemed, during the 1972 campaign, to be offering an alternative—social security *and* neighborhood schools—and reaped a landslide for his flexibility; yet his promises proved as chimerical as his apparent moderation. The fading of the New

JEANE KIRKPATRICK *teaches political science at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. and is the author of* Political Woman *(Basic Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONUMENTAL ADDITIONS TO YOUR JUDAICA LIBRARY

SALO WITTMAYER BARON JUBILEE VOLUME
on the Occasion of His Eightieth Birthday
SAUL LIEBERMAN, Editor
ARTHUR HYMAN, Associate Editor
In this jubilee volume, a host of international scholars in Judaica have gathered together to pay homage to Salo W. Baron, author of the magnum opus *A Social and Religious History of the Jews*. Two volumes of this *festschrift* are in English, one is in Hebrew. Also included is a complete bibliography of Dr. Baron's printed writings.

3 volumes 1533 pages $60.00 the set

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS
Second edition, revised and enlarged
SALO WITTMAYER BARON
Widely praised for its erudition and scholarship, *A Social and Religious History of the Jews* embraces the entire realm of Jewish cultural history and traces the growth and significance of Judaism throughout the centuries. The series has now reached its fifteenth volume, bringing the history into the Age of European Expansion.

Ancient Times
Vol. I: To the Beginning of the Christian Era (1952)
Vol. II: Christian Era: The First Five Centuries (1952)

High Middle Ages (500-1200)
Vol. III: Heirs of Rome and Persia (1957)
Vol. IV: Meeting of East and West (1957)
Vol. V: Religious Controls and Dissensions (1957)
Vol. VI: Laws, Homilies, and the Bible (1958)
Vol. VII: Hebrew Language and Letters (1958)
Vol. VIII: Philosophy and Science (1958)
Index, Vols. I-VIII (1960)

Late Middle Ages and Era of European Expansion (1200-1650)
Vol. IX: Under Church and Empire (1965)
Vol. X: On the Empire's Periphery (1965)
Vol. XI: Citizen or Alien Conjurer (1965)
Vol. XII: Economic Catalyst (1967)
Vol. XIII: Inquisition, Renaissance, and Reformation (1970)
Vol. XIV: Catholic Restoration and Wars of Religion (1970)
Vol. XV: The Resettlement Era (1973)

Each volume $17.50

STUDIES IN MEDIEVAL JEWISH PHILOSOPHY
ISRAEL ISAAC EFROS
In this compendious study, the philosophical problems discussed in medieval Arabic, Jewish, and Latin scholarship are seen as forming the background against which the rise of modern philosophy took place. The first part of the volume presents a comprehensive view of the philosophy of Saadia Gaon. Later parts of the study seek to show lexicographically how the Tibbon family of translators, with others who stated their own philosophies in Hebrew, influenced the poetic Hebrew of the Bible. The discussion is at once philological and philosophical, encompassing analyses and confrontations of attitudes.

300 pages $17.50

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Address for orders: 136 South Broadway Irvington, New York 10533

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Majority did not await the revelations of Watergate; Republican economics took its toll before the tapes took theirs.

Now, two years later, Richard Whalen tells us in his new collection of essays that what the people want, and will want in 1976, is "an economic liberal and a socio-cultural moderate/conservative who incidentally enjoys a reputation for clean living." An acute observer of the contemporary scene, Whalen is uncertain (as I am uncertain) that either party will respond to the voters' desires. Among Democrats, he believes, the strain of "moralist liberalism" which gave us George McGovern has been growing since the late 50's and "has become, in effect, the operative tradition." McGovern's landslide defeat will not deliver that party from its McGovernite wing because "experience teaches that when a party transforms itself into an ideological vehicle, and true believers take the wheel, even an election crash produces only a limited corrective reaction." Watergate and the collapse of the Nixon Presidency will make McGovernites "more self-righteous and intransigent than ever." Nor is there any assurance that a Democratic party delivered from McGovernite control would prove any more responsive to the voters, since the trend to "moralistic liberalism" in fact antedates Lyndon Johnson, and by 1968 had created problems within the then-dominant Humphrey forces.

The Democratic mini-convention held last December in Kansas City did nothing to cast doubt on Whalen's prognosis. Although "mainstream" Democratic forces had presumably elected a majority of delegates, although public-opinion polls published on the eve of the mini-convention identified George Wallace, Hubert Humphrey, and Henry Jackson (in that order) as the favorites of Democratic voters, the conference achieved "unity" by way of compromises that once again sacrificed pragmatic politics and majoritarian preferences to the ideological claims of a minority. The capitulation of Democratic governors to the demands of certain blacks and women may have been "symbolic" rather than "substantive," as was later claimed; but "symbols" are a major part of the substance of politics, and the "symbols" involved in the last-minute "compromise" in Kansas City clearly expressed the moral and political priorities of the Democratic leadership.

And the Republicans? Curiously enough, here Whalen sees hope. Relieved by Watergate of their recent past, they just might, he thinks, prove able to claim the "Kennedy legacy" of pragmatic idealism, patriotism, individual excellence, and social activism.

JOHN KENNEDY as inspiration for a reborn Republican party—this, to say the least, is a peculiar vision. But then Richard Whalen represents a rare political species: he is a Republican intellectual who has worked for three of his party's principal leaders—Barry Goldwater, John Lindsay, and Richard Nixon—and been disappointed by all three. Whalen's fascination with John Kennedy has proved less disappointing and more enduring, and has already been responsible for one major study of the Kennedy family—*The Founding Father*, a biography of Joseph Kennedy which, though widely regarded as "critical," always seemed to me more admiring than otherwise. The jacket of *Taking Sides* informs us that Whalen is now at work on a history of the Kennedy family since the death of John F. Kennedy.

Whalen is not only a special kind of Republican, he is also a special kind of conservative, one more interested in community than in free enterprise, more interested in the revival of a "just pride in what we have attempted and accomplished" than in a restoration of the market mechanisms. Whalen, in short, *is* a Tory. He mourns the nation's loss of confidence and consensus. He worries that nothing less than our civilization is in jeopardy. He regrets the rise of cultural politics which pits "a privileged minority" in search of power against a "less privileged majority" with an appetite for equality. This conflict has if anything grown bitter and more familiar since Whalen described it in a 1969 speech before the National Women's Democratic Club, included in this book:

> The family and the churches and every other non-governmental institution have been steadily drained of cultural legitimacy and moral authority. . . . To a greater or a lesser degree they have defaulted on their crucial responsibilities. This cumulative default of responsibility—like a line of dominos—has fallen with literally crushing impact on our nation's schools and colleges, which are unable—even if they were willing—to discharge it.

Or perhaps unwilling even if able. One of the most striking and little-discussed phenomena of the recent past has been the disappearance of once generally accepted character ideals. Half a century has passed since e.e. cummings parodied, for the amusement of the few, the bright-eyed youths who went to war "for God for country and for Yale." The erosion of consensus on the desirability of producing such young people proceeded rapidly in the succeeding decades. The "superior" few, who disdained the ideals of four-square living, multiplied, while the many, who had shared those ideals and communicated them to their children, diminished in numbers and in self-confidence. When a society no longer knows what kind of people it desires to produce, the major institutions abandon their socializing functions and the pathway from childhood to maturity becomes complicated and hazardous.

Who replaced cummings's "clean upstanding well-dressed boy"? For Whalen, John F. Kennedy is one who embodied traditional virtues, traditional commitments, and traditional pride in our national accomplishments, but did so in a form acceptable to all, or almost all, Americans. Kennedy "told his fellow citizens that America was a good country which could become better. He expressed the faith they felt in themselves, their values, and their ideals. He called for individual sacrifice on behalf of those ideals, and this struck a deep chord among young people. . . ." Patriotism was the core of the Kennedy Presidency and the Kennedy legacy—but it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a patriotism tempered by realism, by a concern for ordinary citizens, and above all by a sensitivity to the new media-inspired style of life that came to the fore in the 1960's.

Whalen describes the rise in recent decades of a new culture class, which takes its bearings and its values from communications technology, especially television. John Kennedy, "though a conventional and traditional politician, . . . stood within the media culture" inhabited by this new class, reached it, and "offered the reassuring possibility of heroism." "Kennedy-style media politics," Whalen asserts, "had special appeal to the upwardly mobile upper-middle class." For Whalen, then, Kennedy was the first and last politician to combine the skills and virtues of the old politics with a style attractive to the new class.

Leaders are very important in Whalen's conception of politics; he devotes a large part of *Taking Sides* to discussions of six contemporary politicians who have sought or exercised national leadership: Barry Goldwater, John Lindsay, Richard Nixon, John Connally, Henry Jackson, and, of course, John Kennedy. The Democrats (and ex-Democrats) come off rather better than the Republicans; among the latter, Goldwater fares best. Goldwater symbolized the "resurgence of aggressive, self-confident conservatism" with which Whalen has substantial sympathy, but the Goldwater movement suffered from romanticism and "stale free-enterprise rhetoric," and Goldwater himself is charged with a share of responsibility for Watergate:

> Although they [Goldwater and like-minded politicians] knew from personal experience Nixon's limitations and flaws of character, they set no watchdogs on his White House. Although they were painfully aware of the arrogance and ignorance of the men around the President, who systematically humiliated them, they made no protest. They did not even demand the bare minimum due them as the administration's loyal legislative shock troops—continuing private access to the President. They took their orders from underlings and confined

A Photographic Journey to the Past

The Old Country

by Abraham Shulman

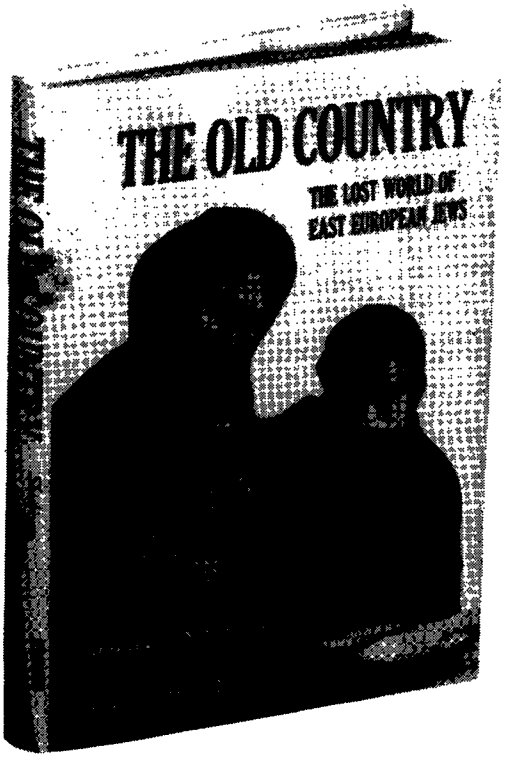
Introduction by
Isaac Bashevis Singer

Here is a truly stunning volume of hundreds of unforgettable photographs, each of which is an extraordinary document of the life of the Eastern European Jew—a life that has had no equal in the history of human culture, a life that was absolutely unique in its form and content.

The photos were taken over a period of some 60 years, most of them between 1860 and 1920, at a time when life in the Old Country, in the so-called *shtetl,* was at its peak. All the photographers, except for one or two professionals, were amateurs moved by the richness of their subject or carried away by a subconscious desire to preserve for posterity these episodes of a Jewish life now vanished. We are forever in their debt.

These pictures, one more evocative than the next, depict the *shtetl* in its various aspects—there are general views of the *shtetl* with its marketplace, houses, stores, stalls, and pushcarts, as well as synagogues, houses of study, and ritual baths. But the truly haunting photos show the remarkable faces of the people—the aged and the young, the Hasidim in their traditional raiment; the pious Jews on their way to the synagogue wearing their prayer shawls; the students of Talmud, immersed in scholarly discourse; the refined upper-class Jews; the humble people, the coachmen, the water-carriers, the beggars; children playing around the well in the center of the market.

An extraordinary volume, the mirror of an extraordinary time and people, it is a fitting tribute to the lost world of the Jews of Eastern Europe.



250 illustrations
8½ x 11

Jewish Book Club
165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send ____ copies of THE OLD COUNTRY at $12.95 each. My check for $ _____ is enclosed. (The Jewish Book Club pays all packing and shipping costs.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their grumbling to the Republican cloakroom, fully justifying Nixon's contemptuous judgment that he could keep the right wing in line with rhetoric and occasional patronage plums.

Whalen's harshest judgments are reserved for Nixon, the President who had "the mind of an intellectual and the temperament of a huckster." His assessment of the former President, however, does not seem altogether on target. Like most close observers of Richard Nixon, Whalen is impressed by the synthetic quality of the ex-President's personality: "plastic," he calls it, "transparently artificial and mechanical." Nixon is described (inconsistently) as "dumb," as a conspirator desiring nothing more than power, fearing nothing but its loss.

The notion that those political leaders whom we admire are motivated by principle while others simply crave power is eternally beguiling, but it contradicts all we know about the psychology of power-seeking and it wrongly implies that in politics evil and disaster more often result from opportunism than from dedication to impersonal, non-material goals. In fact, the great political crimes of the century have been conceived not by careerists but by zealots. Watergate, too, was conceived and perpetrated not for "personal gain" (as Nixon never tired of telling us) but for principle. In the tapes Richard Nixon stands revealed not only as a man prepared to lie and cheat and break the law, but as one who never doubted that his values and his vision *justified* these transgressions. Fanaticism is the great enemy of restraint in the use of power: small surprise, then, that beneath the "plastic" personality there stands revealed the certainty and utter self-righteousness of the fanatic.

Whalen's revulsion from Richard Nixon does not extend to all those associated with him. John Connally strikes him as "equipped to be President." He "*looks* like a President," he knows politics, and he understands the needs of the hybrid economy and the nation's changed international position. Nonetheless, "Connally seems finished politically." In an age of image politics, the charge of complicity in Watergate is deadly—regardless of guilt or innocence.

Who, then, remains with the skills, knowledge, and vision equal to the Kennedy legacy? Whalen is attracted to John Lindsay's "charisma" but faults Lindsay's inability to deal with the diversity of conflicting interests that is the essence of politics. His choice falls in the end on Henry Jackson, "the last new frontiersman." Whalen shares many of Jackson's preoccupations and perspectives, especially the concern with national defense and the conviction that the Nixon-Kissinger détente is in fact "a policy of gradual accommodation to emerging Soviet dominance and phased capitulation to Soviet demands." He sees Jackson as embodying the combination of attitudes required by contemporary problems and desired by contemporary voters. Jackson "stands where the majority of the voters presumably stand; somewhat to the Right on social issues, to the Left on economic issues, and withal astride the commanding center of American politics." Whalen does not doubt that if Jackson can be nominated, he can be elected. But if the Democratic party has abandoned pragmatic politics and its own tradition in pursuit of headier ideological pleasures, Jackson's potential electoral strength may prove of little weight to those who choose the next Democratic standard bearer.

"WHAT ails America?" Whalen asks. He answers: "Our sickness of the spirit arises from a prolonged absence of just pride in what we have attempted and what we have accomplished." The U.S., he believes, is a successful society fallen victim to a prolonged identity crisis. Neither his description of the symptoms nor his diagnosis seems entirely accurate. Consider, for example, the following assertion: "What was distinctive in American culture was mechanical, technical, and managerial, capable of satisfying seemingly human needs and desires to be sure, yet seemingly incapable of supporting a secure identity." Or, "The 'American way of life' extolled from the platform was an appeal to visceral patriots and a synonym for a middle-class standard of living, not a binding set of shared memories, customs, and associations."

Whalen almost surely cannot mean it when he suggests that we have lacked the shared memories, associations, customs, and values which alone are capable of supporting a national identity. It is true that Protestantism, egalitarianism, science, pluralism, pragmatism have produced a rather flat and literal culture, short on ritual and shared symbols. It is true, too, that our shared symbols have emphasized the commonplace and that our greatest accomplishments are collective and anonymous—taming the wilderness (as we used to call it), moving West, vanquishing (as we used to call it) the Indian, preserving the Union, building political democracy, pioneering a technological revolution, emancipating people from drudgery and providing them with a modicum of leisure and well-being. But our national experience is nonetheless real though it lacks elegance, our shared memories nonetheless binding though they do not feature heroes of noble blood.

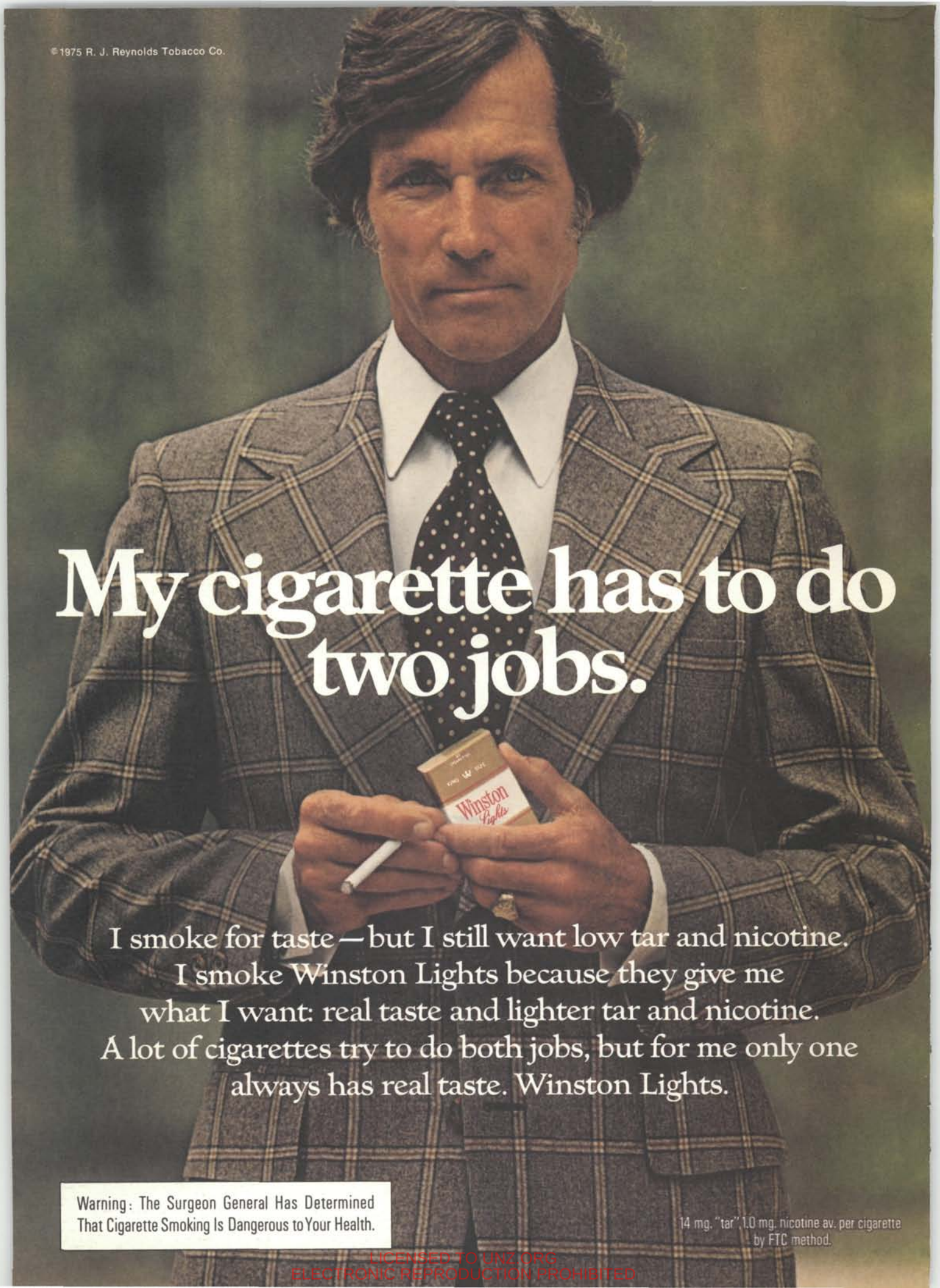
Despite such doubtful or inconsistent judgments, Whalen's book is a stimulating treatment of the times, filled with insights, characterized by intelligence and realism, a good antidote to much of the cant which passes in our times for thoughtful social criticism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's no Canadian more Canadian than Lord Calvert Canadian.

LICENSED TO UNT DIGITAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



My cigarette has to do two jobs.

I smoke for taste—but I still want low tar and nicotine.
I smoke Winston Lights because they give me
what I want: real taste and lighter tar and nicotine.
A lot of cigarettes try to do both jobs, but for me only one
always has real taste. Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED